A MACHINE TO END WAR–by NIKOLA TESLA

FEB 9,
1935

Liberty

5¢

NRA
U.S.
CODE

HOW
TO
REDUCE
H.R.
Sklar

The ANCIENT DAWN
by
ZONA GALE

Regards
CONTINENTAL
DISTILLED BY
LONDON DRY
DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED
DRY
GIN
CONTINENTAL
STRAIGHT WHISKY
100° PROOF
100° PROOF
ONE QUART
RITTENHOUSE
SQUARE
Straight
RYE WHISKY
RITTENHOUSE
Square
CHOICE PENNSYLVANIA RY
100 Proof · Straight Whisky

Lift high your glasses, and for sentiment's sake, propose your toast with RITTENHOUSE SQUARE. For every drop of this choice Pennsylvania Rye comes to you mellow-smooth from charred oak barrels. Here's one really fine straight whisky EVERYONE can afford.

Distilled, Matured and Bottled by
Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia
Also Distillers of DIXIE BELLE Distilled Dry GIN

A *Fortune* FOR PLAYTHINGS

Yet she uses this 25¢ Tooth Paste

Do you realize why? **Results,** *that's all!*

IT is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

METROPOLITAN
GRAND OPERA
direct from its N. Y. Stage
Broadcast by
LISTERINE
announced by
Geraldine Farrar
Every Saturday. All NBC Stations.
See your newspaper for time

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢

FEBRUARY 9, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 6

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

REFORM NEEDED IN OUR ANCIENT DIVORCE LAWS

THE divorce laws of many of our states are antediluvian. Senator Julius Berg of New York State recently introduced a resolution in the New York Legislature asking for an investigation of all matrimonial laws. He maintained that collusion and perjury are rife in these actions; that the present laws in New York and some other states do not encourage conciliation; that they encourage rather than discourage immoralities; and that they cause rather than prevent human suffering.

In former years divorce was an appalling disgrace. Divorced people were taboo to a certain extent. They were shunned by our best people.

But today marital infelicity is found among people of all classes. Being a divorcee is no longer a stigma. In fact socially such people are often viewed with added interest because of their dramatic experiences.

If all marriages were made in heaven, if they were all sanctified by the Divinity, doubtless there would be no need for severing the tie. But we will have to admit that marriages are man-made. Those that are sanctified by religious ceremonies may begin with a more reverent appreciation of the sacred character of this union; but as far as we know, statistics do not indicate that such marriages are any more permanent than those that are made outside of the Church.

Doubtless there is nothing that brings human beings closer to the heavenly realms than a marriage sanctified by a deep heartfelt affection. Such marriages rarely go wrong.

But many unions are hastily consummated. What we call love at first sight is a common experience. Two people find themselves intensely attracted to each other. The allurement is so vivid that it strikes them like a bolt of light from a dark sky. They just find themselves in a whirlwind of emotion that is difficult or impossible to avoid. And when such marriages are wrecked we can only say: "I told you so."

There are, however, psychologists who tell us that marriages of this sort are about as dependable as any other kind. The lovers find the superhappiness of their dreams for a time at least.

But many marriages begin felicitously and end in tragedies. Hate of the bitterest sort replaces affection. Love reversed is said to bring a kind of fierce aversion that is difficult to explain.

We cannot deny that two people who loathe each other should not live together. It not only means mental torture for one or both but it might mean bodily harm or even murder. Such enforced association has often resulted in such tragedies.

And love is something that cannot be controlled. You cannot command yourself to love any one. It is entirely spontaneous; it comes automatically.

Therefore, when two people tied together by marriage find themselves not only out of love but bitterly antagonistic toward each other, the necessity for a separation is clearly indicated. And a separation without divorce sends two people out into the world with certain moral restrictions which every sensible individual definitely knows are rarely observed. A separation may be desirable as a test to insure the necessity for a divorce, but the percentage of those who adhere to its legal requirements for a prolonged period is very small.

We all admit that love cannot be controlled—that it is a dominating force guided by human instincts. It is the sacred fire that joins man and woman together for the practical purpose of perpetuating the race. Is it not possible, therefore, that hatred—bitter distrust—comes from a similar protective instinct? Is it not conceivable that it is sent to separate two people who are not mated, just the same as the allurements of an intense affection are sent to draw them together?

If we say, " Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," could we not say with equal emphasis, " Those whom God hath rent asunder let no man join together "? It is certainly true that the fierce antagonism that develops between married people at times makes a separation imperative. No amount of legislative or theological commands could make them live together in harmony. Although their natures may have fused and harmonized at a previous time, certain changes apparently have reversed the love influence.

Divorce is the only remedy in such situations.

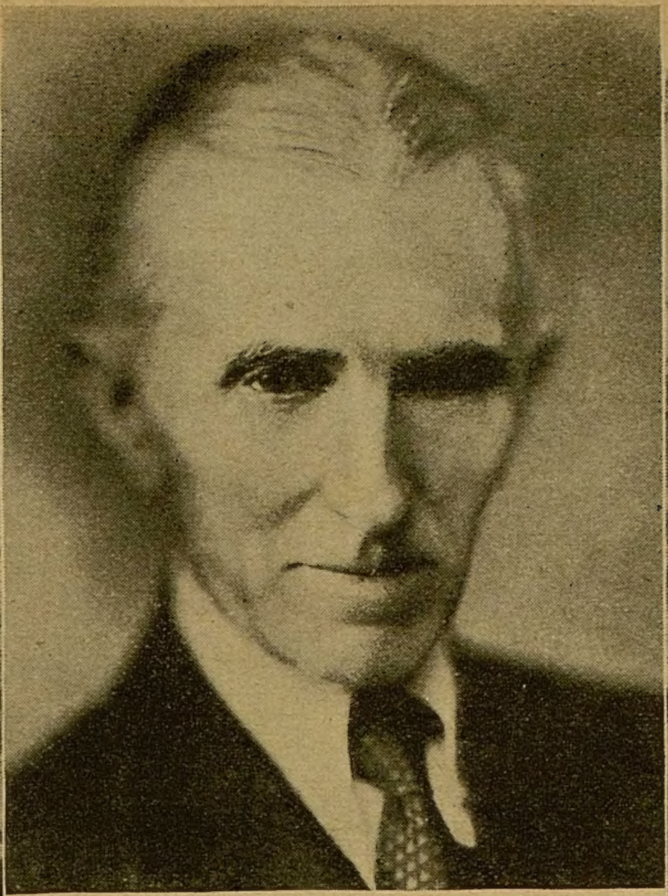
And there is the possibility of children through such enforced associations. The very thought is horrible to contemplate when one thinks of such a distorted inheritance.

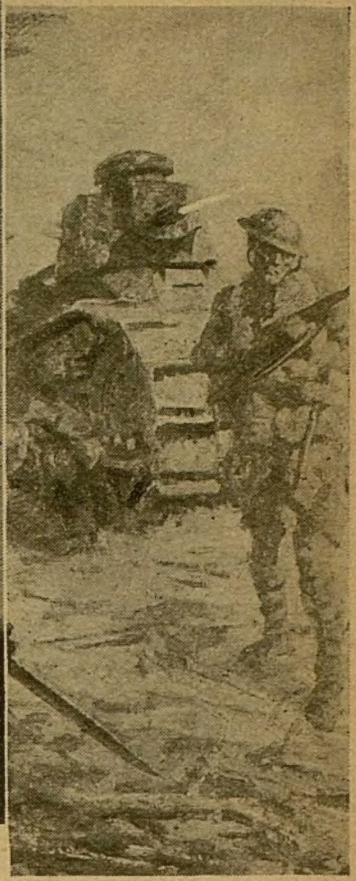
Divorce may sometimes be an evil. It may at times be resorted to unnecessarily. But to condemn two people to live together when love has turned to hatred is a horrible penalty. The hottest place in Satan's realm could hardly be worse.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.





Painting by Harry T. Fisk

Tesla. "It seems," he says, "that I have always been ahead of my time."

A MACHINE to END WAR

A Famous Inventor, Picturing Life 100 Years from Now, Reveals an Astounding Scientific Venture Which He Believes Will Change the Course of History

by NIKOLA TESLA

AS TOLD TO

George Sylvester Viereck

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Nikola Tesla, now in his seventy-eighth year, has been called the father of radio, television, power transmission, the induction motor, and the robot, and the discoverer of the cosmic ray. Recently he has announced a heretofore unknown source of energy present everywhere in unlimited amounts, and he is now working upon a device which he believes will make war impracticable.

Tesla and Edison have often been represented as rivals. They were rivals, to a certain extent, in the battle between the alternating and direct current in which Tesla championed the former. He won; the great power plants at Niagara Falls and elsewhere are founded on the Tesla system. Otherwise the two men were merely opposites. Edison had a genius for practical inventions immediately applicable. Tesla, whose inventions were far ahead of the time, aroused antagonisms which delayed the fruition of his ideas for years.

However, great physicists like Kelvin and Crookes spoke of his inventions as marvelous. "Tesla," said Professor A. E. Kennelly of Harvard University when the Edison medal was presented to the inventor, "set wheels going round all over the world. . . . What he showed was a revelation to science and art unto all time."

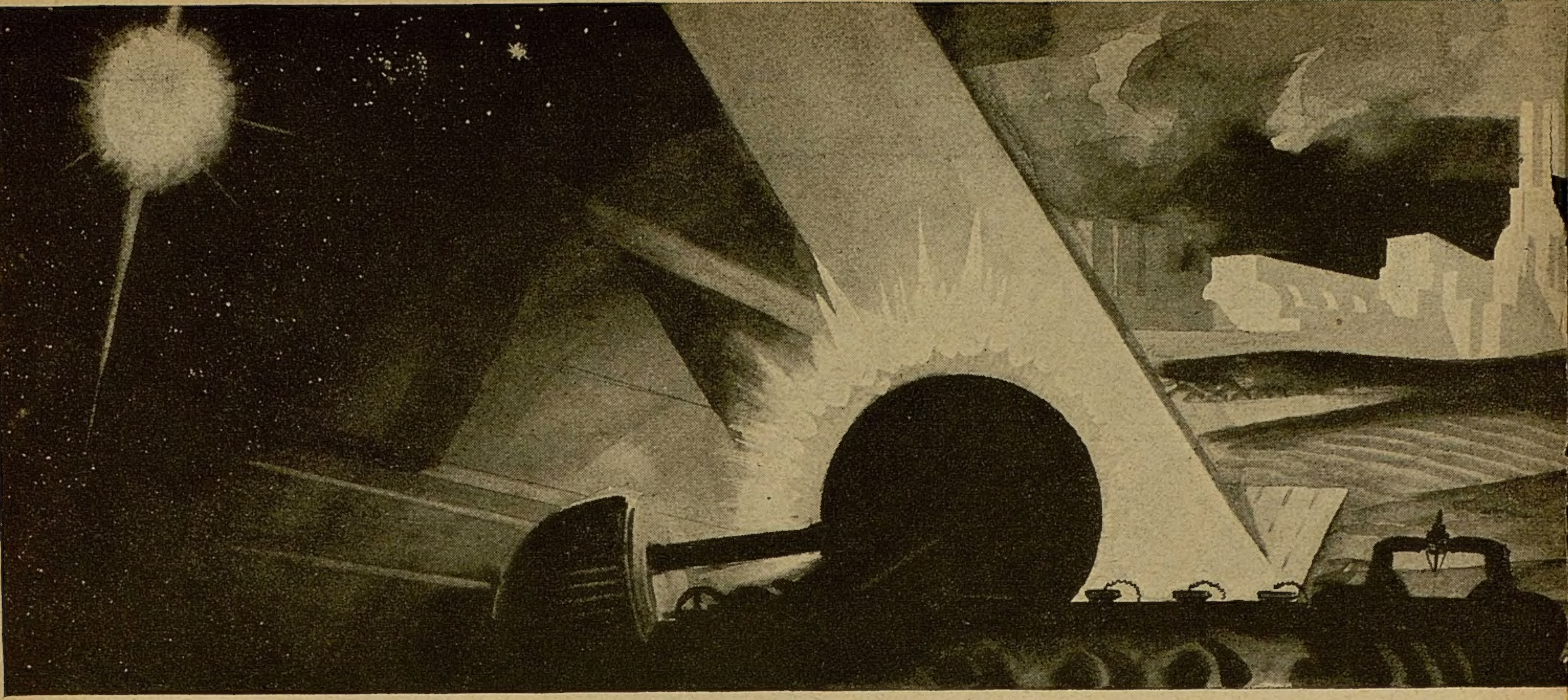
"Were we," remarks B. A. Behrend, distinguished author and engineer, "to seize and to eliminate the results of Mr. Tesla's work, the wheels of industry would cease to turn, our electric cars and trains would stop, our towns would be dark, our mills would be dead and idle."

FORECASTING is perilous. No man can look very far into the future. Progress and invention evolve in directions other than those anticipated. Such has been my experience, although I may flatter myself that many of the developments which I forecast have been verified by events in the first third of the twentieth century.

It seems that I have always been ahead of my time. I had to wait nineteen years before Niagara was harnessed by my system, fifteen years before the basic inventions for wireless which I gave to the world in 1893 were applied universally. I announced the cosmic ray and my theory of radio activity in 1896. One of my most important discoveries — terrestrial resonance—which is the foundation of wireless power transmission and which I announced in 1899, is not understood even today. Nearly two years after I had flashed an electric current around the globe, Edison, Steinmetz, Marconi, and others declared that it would not be possible to transmit even signals by wireless across the Atlantic. Having anticipated so many important developments, it is not without assurance that I attempt to predict what life is likely to be in the twenty-first century.

Life is and will ever remain an equation incapable of solution, but it contains certain known factors. We may definitely say that it is a movement even if we do not fully understand its nature. Movement implies a body which is being moved and a force which propels it against resistance. Man, in the large, is a mass urged on by a force. Hence the general laws governing movement in the realm of mechanics are applicable to humanity.

There are three ways by which the energy which determines human progress can be increased: *First,* we



may increase the mass. This, in the case of humanity, would mean the improvement of living conditions, health, eugenics, etc. *Second,* we may reduce the frictional forces which impede progress, such as ignorance, insanity, and religious fanaticism. *Third,* we may multiply the energy of the human mass by enchaining the forces of the universe, like those of the sun, the ocean, the winds and tides.

The first method increases food and well-being. The second tends to bring peace. The third enhances our ability to work and to achieve. There can be no progress that is not constantly directed toward increasing well-being, peace, and achievement. Here the mechanistic conception of life is one with the teachings of Buddha and the Sermon on the Mount.

While I am not a believer in the orthodox sense, I commend religion, first, because every individual should have some ideal—religious, artistic, scientific, or humanitarian—to give significance to his life. Second, because all the great religions contain wise prescriptions relating to the conduct of life, which hold good now as they did when they were promulgated.

There is no conflict between the ideal of religion and the ideal of science, but science is opposed to theological dogmas because science is founded on fact. To me, the universe is simply a great machine which never came into being and never will end. The human being is no exception to the natural order. Man, like the universe, is a machine. Nothing enters our minds or determines our actions which is not directly or indirectly a response to stimuli beating upon our sense organs from without. Owing to the similarity of our construction and the sameness of our environment, we respond in like manner to similar stimuli, and from the concordance of our reactions, understanding is born. In the course of ages, mechanisms of infinite complexity are developed, but what we call " soul " or " spirit," is nothing more than the sum of the functionings of the body. When this functioning ceases, the "soul" or the "spirit" ceases likewise.

I expressed these ideas long before the behaviorists, led by Pavlov in Russia and by Watson in the United States, proclaimed their new psychology. This apparently mechanistic conception is not antagonistic to an ethical conception of life. The acceptance by mankind at large of these tenets will not destroy religious ideals. Today Buddhism and Christianity are the greatest religions both in number of disciples and in importance. I believe that the essence of both will be the religion of the human race in the twenty-first century.

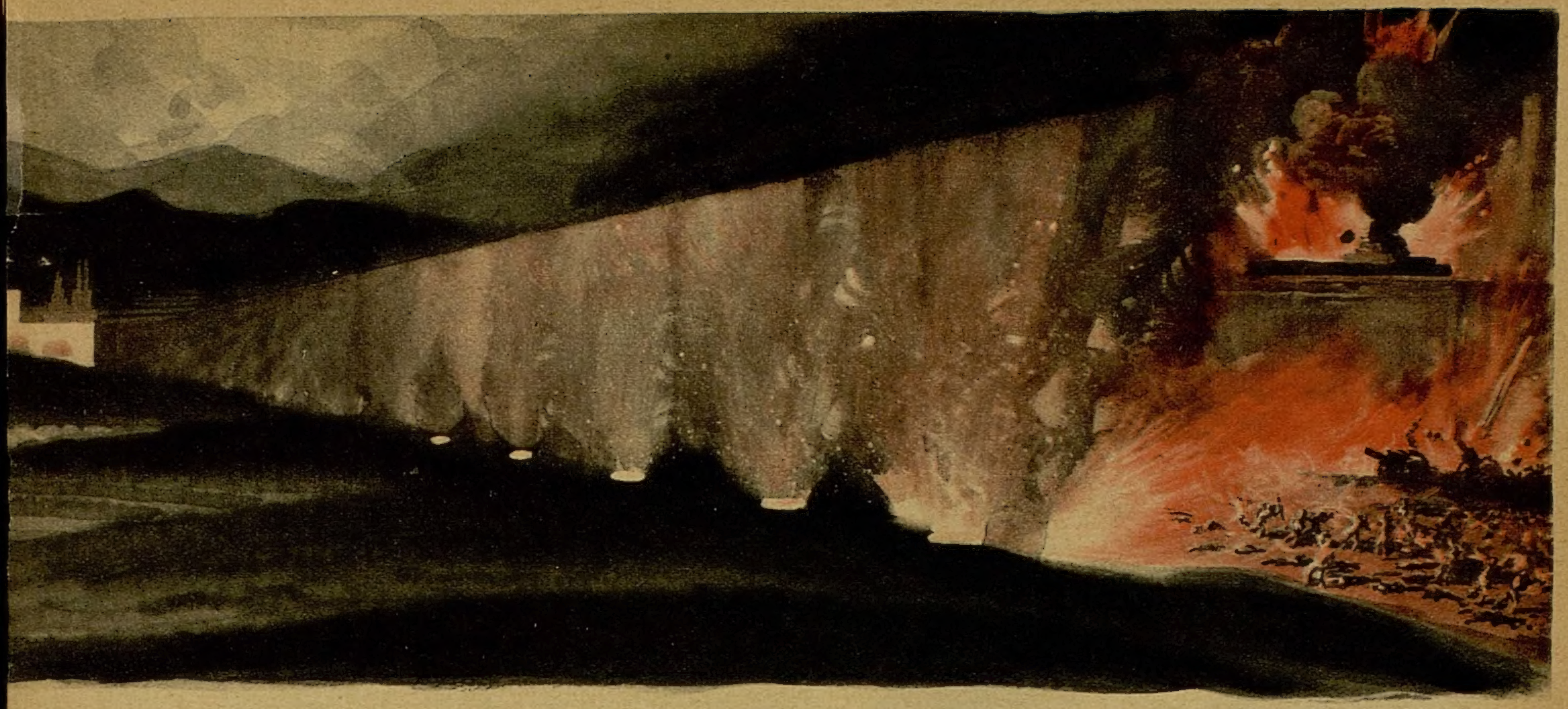
The year 2100 will see eugenics universally established. In past ages, the law governing the survival of the fittest roughly weeded out the less desirable strains. Then man's new sense of pity began to interfere with the ruthless workings of nature. As a result, we continue to keep alive and to breed the unfit. The only method compatible with our notions of civilization and the race is to prevent the breeding of the unfit by sterilization and the deliberate guidance of the mating instinct. Several European countries and a number of states of the American Union sterilize the criminal and the insane. This is not sufficient. The trend of opinion among eugenists is that we must make marriage more difficult. Certainly no one who is not a desirable parent should be permitted to produce progeny. A century from now it will no more occur to a normal person to mate with a person eugenically unfit than to marry a habitual criminal.

Hygiene, physical culture will be recognized branches of education and government. The Secretary of Hygiene or Physical Culture will be far more important in the cabinet of the President of the United States who holds office in the year 2035 than the Secretary of War. The pollution of our beaches such as exists today around New York City will seem as unthinkable to our children and grandchildren as life without plumbing seems to us. Our water supply will be far more carefully supervised, and only a lunatic will drink unsterilized water.

MORE people die or grow sick from polluted water than from coffee, tea, tobacco, and other stimulants. I myself eschew all stimulants. I also practically abstain from meat. I am convinced that within a century coffee, tea, and tobacco will be no longer in vogue. Alcohol, however, will still be used. It is not a stimulant but a veritable elixir of life. The abolition of stimulants will not come about forcibly. It will simply be no longer fashionable to poison the system with harmful ingredients. Bernarr Macfadden has shown how it is possible to provide palatable food based upon natural products such as milk, honey, and wheat. I believe that the food which is served today in his penny restaurants will be the basis of epicurean meals in the smartest banquet halls of the twenty-first century.

There will be enough wheat and wheat products to feed the entire world, including the teeming millions of China and India, now chronically on the verge of starvation. The earth is bountiful, and where her bounty fails, nitrogen drawn from the air will refertilize her womb. I developed a process for this purpose in 1900. It was perfected fourteen years later under the stress of war by German chemists.

Long before the next century dawns, systematic reforestation and the scientific management of natural resources will have made an end of all devastating droughts, forest fires, and floods. The universal utilization of water power and its long-distance transmission will sup-



"It will be possible to destroy anything approaching within 200 miles. My invention will provide a wall of power," declares Tesla.

ply every household with cheap power and will dispense with the necessity of burning fuel. The struggle for existence being lessened, there should be development along ideal rather than material lines.

Today the most civilized countries of the world spend a maximum of their income on war and a minimum on education. The twenty-first century will reverse this order. It will be more glorious to fight against ignorance than to die on the field of battle. The discovery of a new scientific truth will be more important than the squabbles of diplomats. Even the newspapers of our own day are beginning to treat scientific discoveries and the creation of fresh philosophical concepts as news. The newspapers of the twenty-first century will give a mere "stick" in the back pages to accounts of crime or political controversies, but will headline on the front pages the proclamation of a new scientific hypothesis.

PROGRESS along such lines will be impossible while nations persist in the savage practice of killing each other off. I inherited from my father, an erudite man who labored hard for peace, an ineradicable hatred of war. Like other inventors, I believed at one time that war could be stopped by making it more destructive. But I found that I was mistaken. I underestimated man's combative instinct, which it will take more than a century to breed out. We cannot abolish war by outlawing it. We cannot end it by disarming the strong. War can be stopped, not by making the strong weak but by making every nation, weak or strong, able to defend itself.

Hitherto all devices that could be used for defense could also be utilized to serve for aggression. This nullified the value of the improvement for purposes of peace. But I was fortunate enough to evolve a new idea and to perfect means which can be used chiefly for defense. If it is adopted, it will revolutionize the relations between nations. It will make any country, large or small, impregnable against armies, airplanes, and other means for attack. My invention requires a large plant, but once it is established it will be possible to destroy anything, men or machines, approaching within a radius of 200 miles. It will, so to speak, provide a wall of power offering an insuperable obstacle against any effective aggression.

If no country can be attacked successfully, there can be no purpose in war. My discovery ends the menace of airplanes or submarines, but it insures the supremacy of the battleship, because battleships may be provided with some of the required equipment. There might still be war at sea, but no warship could successfully attack the shore line, as the coast equipment will be superior to the armament of any battleship.

I want to state explicitly that this invention of mine does not contemplate the use of any so-called "death rays." Rays are not applicable because they cannot be produced in requisite quantities and diminish rapidly in intensity with distance. All the energy of New York City (approximately two million horsepower) transformed into rays and projected twenty miles, could not kill a human being, because, according to a well known law of physics, it would disperse to such an extent as to be ineffectual.

My apparatus projects particles which may be relatively large or of microscopic dimensions, enabling us to convey to a small area at a great distance trillions of times more energy than is possible with rays of any kind. Many thousands of horsepower can thus be transmitted by a stream thinner than a hair, so that nothing can resist. This wonderful feature will make it possible, among other things, to achieve undreamed-of results in television, for there will be almost no limit to the intensity of illumination, the size of the picture, or distance of projection.

I do not say that there may not be several destructive wars before the world accepts my gift. I may not live to see its acceptance. But I am convinced that a century from now every nation will render itself immune from attack by my device or by a device based upon a similar principle.

At present we suffer from the derangement of our civilization because we have not yet completely adjusted ourselves to the machine age. The solution of our problems does not lie in destroying but in mastering the machine.

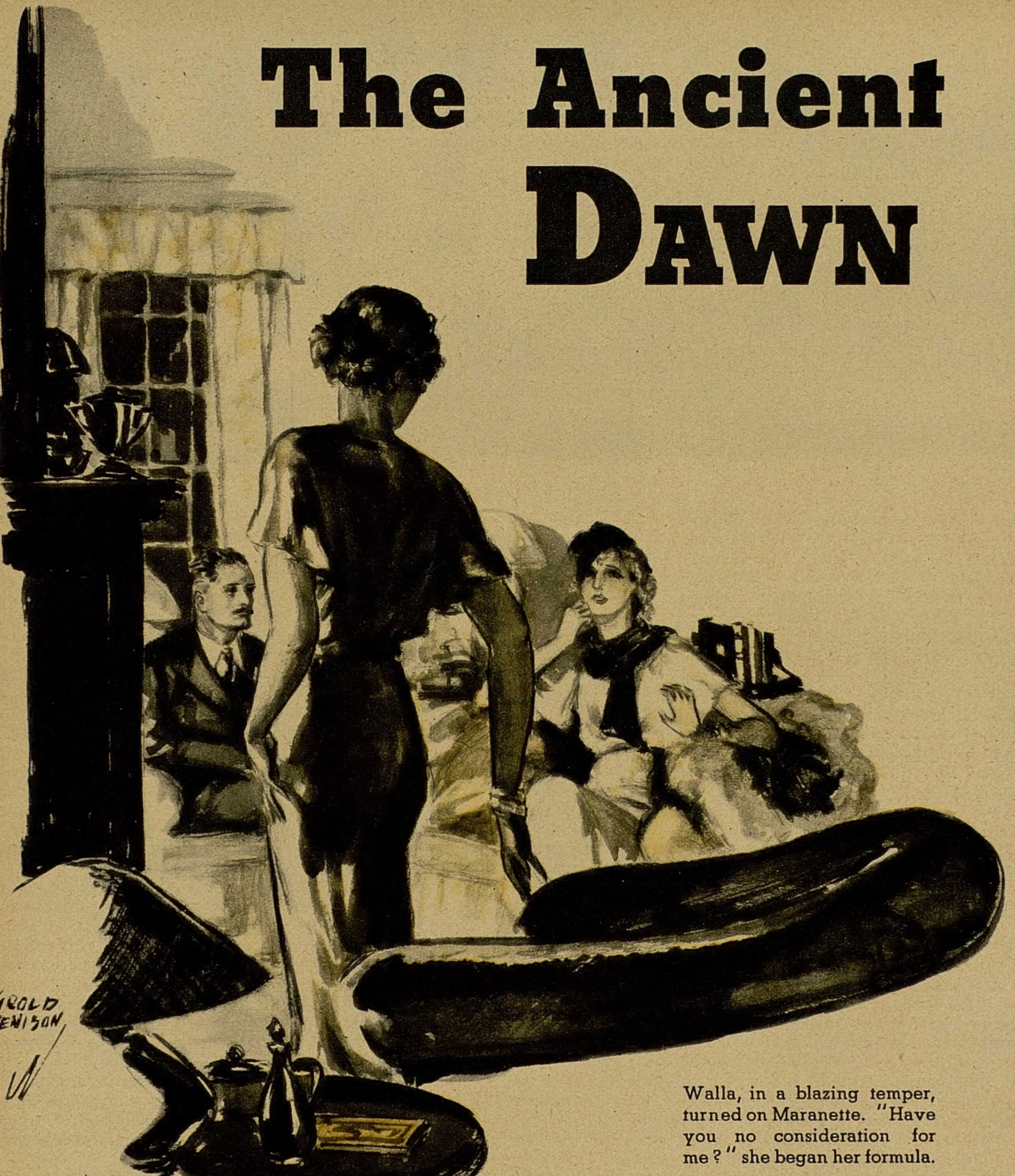
Innumerable activities still performed by human hands today will be performed by automatons. At this very moment scientists working in the laboratories of American universities are attempting to create what has been described as a "thinking machine." I anticipated this development.

I actually constructed "robots." Today the robot is an accepted fact, but the principle has not been pushed far enough. In the twenty-first century the robot will take the place which slave labor occupied in ancient civilization. There is no reason at all why most of this should not come to pass in less than a century, freeing mankind to pursue its higher aspirations.

And unless mankind's attention is too violently diverted by external wars and internal revolutions, there is no reason why the electric millennium should not begin in a few decades.

THE END

The Ancient Dawn



Walla, in a blazing temper, turned on Maranette. "Have you no consideration for me?" she began her formula.

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHEN Maranette was married, she knew something of the future which she faced.

"My income is so-and-so," Phil told her. "I'm neither more decent nor less decent than you suspect. Our great problem will be Walla."

"Walla and I shall make out," Maranette had said lightly.

"You'll make out," Phil said. "But I suspect that Walla is going to be much as she always has been. And she's not an easy prospect."

"I like uneasy prospects," said Maranette.

Maranette at twenty-six was marrying Phil Lorne at forty-four; and there was Walla, Phil's eighteen-year-old daughter, motherless for these two years—

by ZONA GALE

A Story for Those Rare Souls Who Can Smile at Life as They Find It—As Penetrating and Gently Ironic a Tale as This Distinguished Author Ever Wrote

and Maranette was marrying Walla too, so to say.

This Maranette had realized when Phil had first taken her to the opera, and Walla with some friends had confronted them in the foyer at the intermission.

"You know Maranette, Walla," Phil had said.

Walla's straight eyebrows had said, "Just so I don't know her better," though Walla's lips were sufficiently courteous. Courteous but icy; so that when Walla had swept on, Maranette and Phil had glanced at each other and smiled.

"She's protecting her dad," Phil had said ruefully.

"She needn't worry," Maranette countered gayly.

Even in the days of her gentle and watchful mother, Walla had been difficult. "Brilliantly difficult," one of her teachers had phrased it at her expensive school, and had said little more—trying as she was to steer a middle course between permitting Walla to disrupt the school and the school to lose Walla's considerable fees. The Lorne cook had put it differently—she had called Walla "a tonguey piece"; and the yardman had prophesied privately that ultimately she would be end man in a minstrel show. There was about her something adorable, as when in her little-girlhood she had come home from school inquiring:

"Mama, what kind of people are there in this world? I asked a girl how much she stood in g'og'phy, and she said, 'None of your buithneth.'"

But she had a way of assurance, had Walla, which antagonized people, so that they longed to "take her down a peg"; and this attitude naturally engendered in Walla the incessant wish to assert herself, which she did. And by the time that she was eighteen, and her gentle mother had slipped away, and Walla was done with school, she did little else than assert herself—brilliantly enough still, but with a constant and unconscious wish to prove the importance of being Walla.

When her father told her that he was going to marry Maranette, Walla was majestic with indignation.

"I knew it," she said, "but I didn't believe it of you!"

"Why not, Walla?" her father asked.

"I didn't think you would so far forget *me!*" said Walla.

PHIL laughed. "When you were two," he said, "and we had a formal dinner party, you appeared in your pyjamas and roared at us: 'Where is *my* place?'"

"What's so funny?" Walla asked stiffly. "There's never been a place for me in this house, and there'll be no place now."

"My dear," said her father, "your idea of your place is upon a throne of gold. You'll like Maranette, you know."

"I do like her," said Walla, "but not for a mother. Didn't you think of that?"

"I confess, my darling," her father said dryly, "that, rather, I was thinking of myself."

"You see?" said Walla accusingly.

Phil's attempt to take Maranette and Walla to dinner together proved happier than he had expected. Maranette at twenty-six and Walla at eighteen looked very like sisters and Phil was inordinately proud of them both. Seated on the terrace of the Nordhof, with an admirable dinner before them, Walla said—as she so often said—the impossible. This was:

"I was to have kept house for daddy next year. He told me that I could."

"But, my dear, then so you can!" Maranette cried.

Phil sent her a warning look, but she was absorbed in trying to conciliate Walla.

"Really?" Walla asked suspiciously.

"I should like nothing better," said Maranette, "than not to know what I was to have to eat at any meal. I should like nothing better than never to have to order anything to eat."

"Now that's something like!" cried Walla, sparkling. "Daddy, do you hear?"

"And I have nothing to say about this, it seems?"

"But you'd want it that way, wouldn't you, dear?" Walla's eyebrows were highly arched.

"I'll see the bills first," said Phil.

Maranette smiled into Walla's eyes.

"We shall do famously," she prophesied.

AND at first they did do famously. So long as Walla was directing, conducting, planning—or giving orders, as she always preferred to say—she was serene and poised. Nothing was too much to do, no time was too short to do it in. But let any one else suggest or devise, and at once Walla was completely uncentered.

Maranette and Phil had been married for a month or more when the first bolt came down. A car full of Maranette's friends, exploring the countryside as cars will, arrived at the hotel in the village, and somebody telephoned up to see if they all could come to call, and agreed to bring everybody for lunch an hour hence. This was a crisis in which Walla shone. In the hour, with cook a mere auxiliary, she had the luncheon ready.

Maranette, who had forborne to make a suggestion to the housekeeper, went into the kitchen to praise and admire.

"Veal birds," she said. "Oh, Walla, I should have told you—"

"What's the matter with veal birds?" Walla inquired shortly.

"But your father agreed to come up for lunch. And the last time we had veal birds he said he'd hang himself if we had them again—he said he had the limb picked out. We must have crab meat in the house—I'll cream that."

"I'll take care of this," said Walla.

She was in the car, bound for the village. After the guests had arrived, she returned with some trout. Half an hour late, luncheon was served—a fish luncheon, and perfect.

But when the car had driven away, Walla, in a blazing temper, turned upon Maranette.

"Have you no consideration for *me*, Maranette?" she began in her inevitable formula—it had seemed too absurd for Walla to call her "mother" and after a few ineffectual trials they had abandoned this.

"I'm really too sorry, Walla!" Maranette had begun penitently. "It was too bad of me to forget."

"Well, it took it out on me, I can tell you!" said Walla. "And this isn't the first time. While we're on the subject, Maranette, I may as well tell you, you've been pretty inconsiderate of me several times."

Maranette closed her eyes. Having watched Walla with others, she had found herself wondering sometimes just what she should do if once Walla broke through that reticence which, so far, had webbed them round.

"You've given orders to cook directly," Walla went on, "and all orders should come through me. You've gone into the kitchen yourself and made dishes for father—"

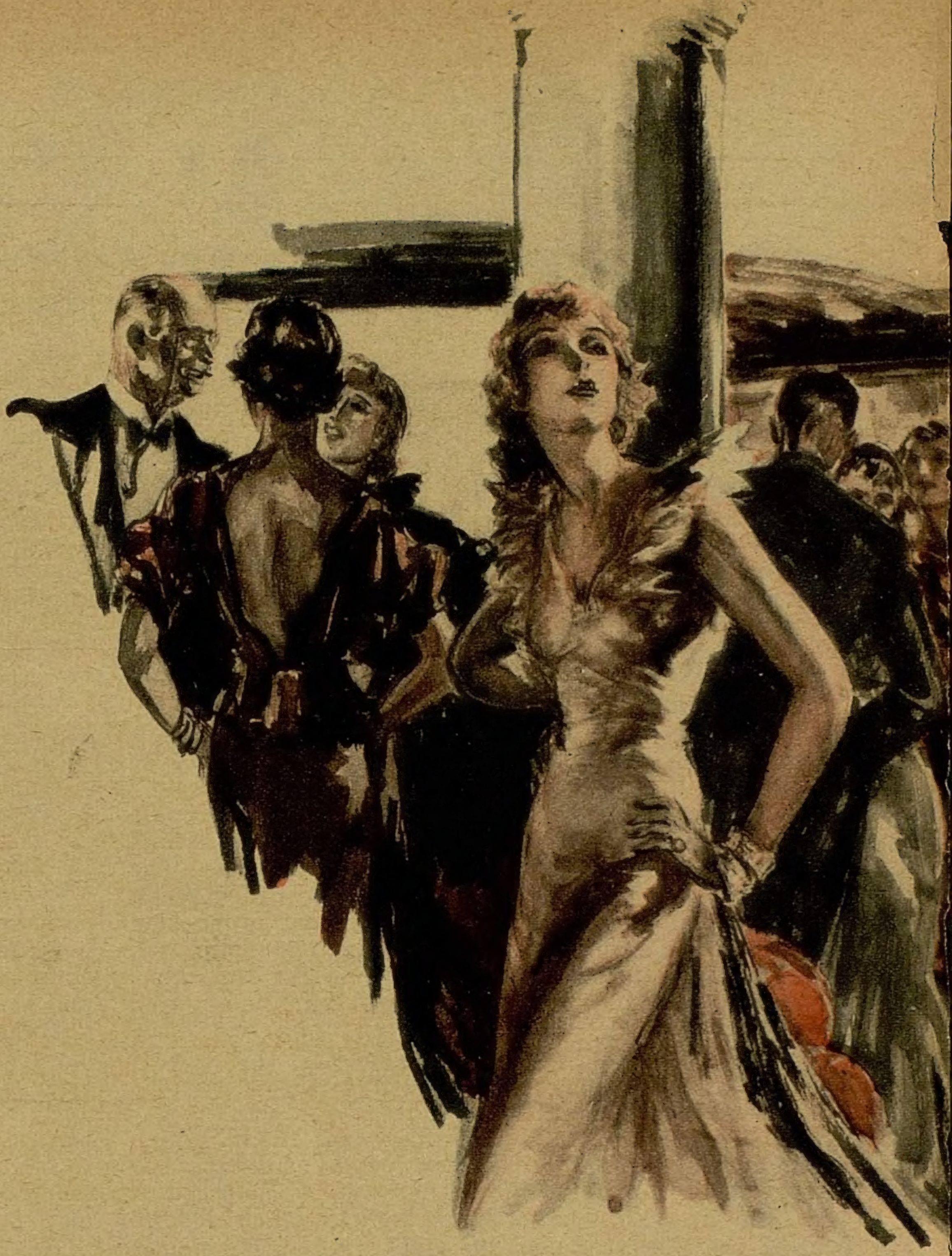
"But, really, Walla—"

"How would you like me to interfere in your affairs?"

She went on, while Maranette thought: "Furniture shifted by Walla without my consent; pictures moved and even taken down; curtains and rugs sent away for cleaning; old furniture given away; orders issued affecting my own personal possessions." Yet what was the use of reprisals? She said nothing.

"I'm responsible for my daddy's comfort," Walla informed her, "and I intend to see that my housekeeping is not interfered with."

The impossible child was not in the least, it seemed, like the social Walla, with her pretty dignities and daring sallies. Still Maranette said nothing. Peace in Phil's home and her own peace—these mattered most.



Just before dinner, Walla arrived in the drawing-room, flushed and hurried.

THEIR first dinner party was a nightmare to Maranette. Table decorations, service arrangement, even seating were, it seemed, in the province of the housekeeper.

"I'm going to set my table now," Walla said.

"I'll help," said Maranette.

"No, really—there's no need."

When Maranette came downstairs, dressed, Walla said:

"I got snapdragons instead of larkspur and lilies—I thought they went better with the candles."

It was larkspur and lilies that Phil had sent Maranette every week, because she loved them.

But she said nothing.

"And I changed from cold artichokes to endive—did I tell you? And I used only three of the avocados in little strips on top instead of slicing them round the edge. I thought that was enough."

"But the avocados were ordered for the dinner especially."

"You don't mind, do you? We'll have enough for Sunday supper this way. And I'm going to have coffee with the dinner instead of after."

"Walla, that's not formal."

"Daddy likes it that way. And no nuts—they're too formal."

Maranette began laying down place cards.

"Oh, I wrote the place cards," Walla said. "Here they are—I'll lay them down."

Just before dinner was served, Walla arrived in the drawing-room among the guests, flushed and hurried, and confiding to one or two that the dinner was unavoidably ten minutes late. Throughout the dinner she gave orders in low tones to the maids. And Phil thoughtlessly climaxed all by saying:

"Walla, will you have them turn on the light there by the door?"

Talking with her dinner partner about the increased longevity of human life, Maranette heard Phil and said to herself:

"But don't be an idiot. What earthly difference does it make to you whom he tells to turn on the other light?"

When the guests had gone, Phil said to Walla:

"Well done, Walla. That was a quite perfect little dinner. Wasn't it, Maranette?"

"Quite perfect," she answered.

Walla sighed.

"It's a great strain on the hostess—I mean on the housekeeper. I was pretty jumpy right through it."

"There was no cause for you to be," said Phil heartily.

Lying in the darkness that night, Maranette tried to think:

"But I *am* lucky. It *is* grand to have all the responsibility taken off my shoulders."

But abruptly she found that she was weeping.

Jam making and canning Walla took over as a matter of course. No one was even consulted about either.

WHEN they left for their summer vacation, which they were to spend together, Maranette said casually in Walla's presence:

"Is there an extra latchkey? I'll have my little seamstress come in and go over my winter things while we're gone."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Walla quickly. "I couldn't stand that."

"Stand what?" Maranette asked in surprise.

"Having a stranger come in here, among our things."

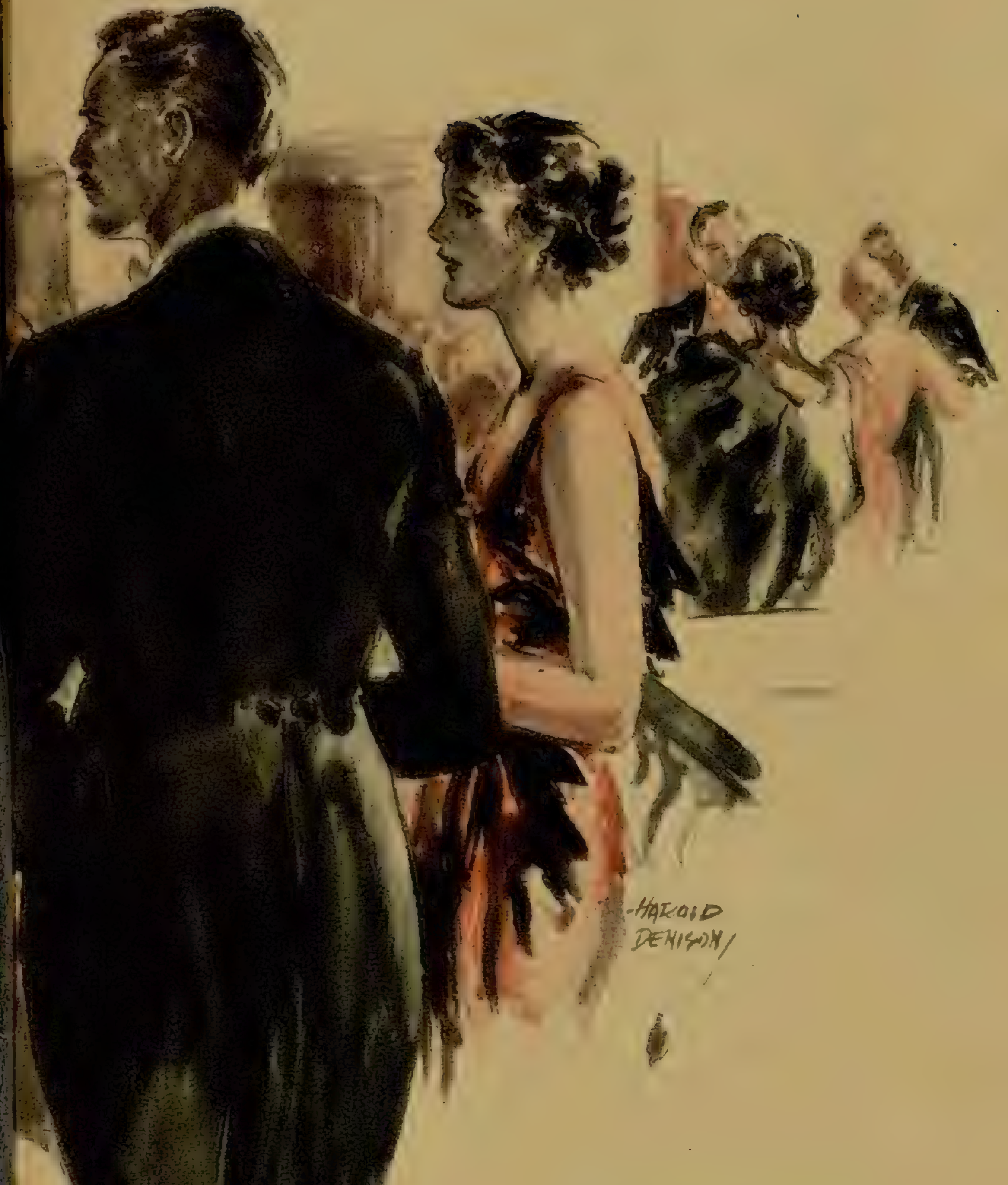
"But how absurd! It's no more than having the servants here."

"I tell you, I can't stand it—having a stranger about here, among mother's things!"

"Walla, really, that is absurd!"

This was the first time that Maranette had opposed her. Walla leaped to her feet. Her eyes were blazing. She pounded her hand flatly on a table.

"I tell you, I can't bear it!" she screamed, and ran



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HAROLD DENISON

from the room. "Daddy! Don't you let her follow me!" she shouted.

Maranette sat looking at Phil. He shook his head and said:

"You might seem to give in. I'll give you a key for the seamstress."

"But, Phil, that's dishonest."

"You can't deal reasonably with an unreasonable person. You can't reason with Walla. You must have seen that."

"We'll let the seamstress wait until we come home."

"All right, darling," Phil said, manifestly relieved.

"Peace in Phil's home," Maranette said over and over to herself.

Sometimes Phil would say to her:

"Not one woman in a thousand could handle Walla as you do. And you seem to do it without effort."

"I do, eh?" she thought. Aloud she said: "It was Walla's home before it was mine, Phil." And she was repaid for all when Phil would whisper: "You're wonderful. Simply wonderful!"

Then abruptly everything was changed. Billy arrived.

Walla had met this young architect at the beach on the family vacation, and they had fought right through that fortnight. But on the night that she was leaving, Billy had roughly pulled her out of the water, had sat her down on the beach, folded himself on the sand behind her, held her by her elbows, and told her that he loved her.

"And you're never going to get up or leave this place," he added, "until you own up that you love me."

Walla said indignantly:

"I've never kissed you. How do I know that I love you until I've kissed you?"

"As if that had anything to do with it!" said Billy. "However, you may kiss me, of course."

Thus they had laughed and laughed as they went on becoming engaged; and Walla had written him solemn letters all night. A week later he came down.

AND now Walla was a different person. Not to Billy—for in her he had seen, all the time, the loveliness which few had ever brought out—but to the family.

"Lunch on the terrace or in the house?" Maranette would say tentatively.

And Walla, whose opinions had been wont to fall like rain, would counter:

"Where do *you* think, darling?"

"Most families might not call that a revolutionary change," Maranette would think; "but it is. It isn't that she is putting her best foot foremost for that young man. Is it true that love works miracles like this?"

When Billy came, Walla was even more miraculous. There was in her eyes a misty look, in her voice a vagueness, in her motions a languor, all as unlike as possible to the old Walla—definite, sharp, decisive, controversial. Now she was gentle and hesitant of hurting people's feelings. She suited her wishes to theirs.

Once, earlier, she had said to Maranette, in telling about a visit:

"It was wonderful. Everything that I wanted they wanted."

And again, when she kept loudly interrupting an evening of their reading, Maranette had suggested:

"Didn't they read, at your friends' house?"

And without a trace of humor Walla had responded:

"Only when I read."

But now her will was the will seeking a middle ground with everybody else in the house. She was suddenly not only a quite normal and companionable person—she was an exquisitely sensitive and charming person.

"You know," Phil said one day to Maranette, "we were afraid that Walla was going to be such a problem. But, really, she hasn't been at all."

"Oh, *hasn't* she?" Maranette thought; but aloud she said: "Being in love is the greatest civilizer, it seems."

"It is if it is," Phil agreed.

Billy was a charming person too, but he had a trace of the masterful which Maranette noted.

"If," she said to Phil, "he's masterful on purpose and to keep his self-respect, then that isn't so bad. That is merely justifiable vanity. But if he's being masterful without knowing it, then it means that he hasn't a trace of humor. And I'm afraid—"

"They'll be all right," said Phil. "Look at us."

"But you," said Maranette, "are a born human being. That's very rare."

On the day before Walla's wedding, which was to be quiet as Billy had preferred, and not at all as Walla would secretly have delighted to have it, Billy came in from golfing with his best man and tossed some tickets into her lap.

"Surprise," he said.

He was extraordinarily good-looking, this boy, Maranette thought, watching his bright expectancy.

Then Maranette saw that Walla's face, and even her body, had stiffened in all their particles.

"Whom are these for?" she asked.

"For us, woman," said Billy. "Did you think I bought 'em for this best boy here?"

"Europe!" said Walla tragically. "Why haven't you told me?"

"S'prise!" Billy insisted. "I didn't know whether I could get the rates, and a grand stateroom too—"

Walla sprang up.

"I won't go!" she cried. "I'm a hideous sailor. I won't have you see me seasick on our honeymoon—I won't go a foot!"

"But you're not going afoot," Billy tried to save the moment. "You sail, you know."

"You can return these, absolutely, or go alone!" she said. "I'm sorry, Billy"—and ran into the house.

"Oh, Billy," Maranette said. "That's too bad!"

"It rather bowls me over," said Billy. "I thought—Of course I'll return these things."

Maranette leaned toward him. With all her soul she longed to give him the supreme pointer of his life.

"Billy," she said gently, "don't return those tickets."

He looked up. "You mean—"

She looked at him in silence, directly, rather beautifully; and he seemed to catch it. He grinned, and his look held.

"Right-o," he said.

The wedding took place on the lawn, and nothing was in the least different from any other wedding. Walla looked beautiful and drooping and even languishing—looked as if she would meet Billy sigh for sigh all their lives.

"Gad!" said Phil to Maranette. "She looks the clinging vine if ever one clung. I tell you, darling, I think you've done wonders for her."

"I!" said Maranette. "No, not I. Walla is Walla yet!"

Walla came down in a gray knit dress and gray hat and shoes, and moved in the maple shade to Phil's roadster.

"Where you going, Walla?" Billy's best man shouted.

"Little trip down East in the car," she answered.

But Billy said calmly, in the presence of all:

"She's going to Europe. We both are!"

"Absurd!" said Walla. "Our luggage—"

"It's aboard the train. Come on!"

"But, Billy—"

"Get in there," said Billy, and hustled her into the car.

They rolled down the drive, the bride's hand lifted to her friends but her eyes blazing up at the bridegroom.

FOUR months of "peace in Phil's home"—a peace which was Maranette's first active sense of possession in her own house. With the best will in the world to be decent, it was impossible for her to put down the rich satisfaction of ordering her own household, its food, its furniture. And she frankly liked to hear Phil look back and say, "You *have* been an angel, Maranette," even though she knew that he had no least idea how much of an angel she really had been in those first months of her marriage.

The letters from Europe were not too definite. There were chiefly post cards, with virtually no expression of opinion. "Saw this today." "Went here yesterday." "Dead tired." "Bought some swell things at this place." "I never imagined such food"; and a few lyrical post cards: "I never dreamed of such beauty."

"Brides and grooms are a witless lot," said Phil.

Billy had wangled a long leave of absence from his firm—he was to study modern English small-town architecture, and his firm evidently valued his opinion enough to give him a fairly free hand. Walla, Maranette concluded, must at least have been reconciled, for she seemed to be entering into the experiences of the trip, and in her letters she had not once referred to it as a capture or a kidnaping. In his brief notes Billy had made but one reference to the manner of the original mechanics of the voyage, and that was in a post card mailed to Maranette when they had landed.

"Advise me any time you will," it read cryptically, and evidently secretly.

But on an October night, four months after the wedding of Walla and Billy, the first open fire was snapping in the living room, and Maranette and Phil were sitting before it, each with a book, each free to interrupt and to be received without rancor. Maranette had just remembered, with a kind of sad amusement, Walla's old incredible defense when she interrupted their reading:

"My friends read only when I read!"

"Thank Heaven you're civilized, Phil," she said, and smiled across at him.

They heard the doorbell ring, and he knocked the ashes from his pipe and got up to answer it. It might be So-and-So, come to play bridge, and Maranette thought of the contents of the ice box, and took time to think, as she thought often, that it was good herself to know what was available.

Then she heard a loud high excited voice, and she sat frozen in her dismay. There was only one voice like that. It was Walla's voice. She strained to hear Billy's voice; but, after all, no one could hear anybody but Walla when she was going on like that.

Phil threw open the door, and he came in with Walla alone.

Maranette's welcome was a strange one.

"Where's Billy?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Walla violently. "And I certainly don't care!"

She sat down and poured it all out while Maranette and Phil sat silent before her.

"I LEFT him in London. I don't know where he was going or when he was coming back. I sailed alone and I've stayed for a week in New York, just feeling good to go about exactly as I pleased. You don't know Billy! He's—he's incredible. He's unbelievable. He's impossible!"

"How," asked Maranette, in a voice of curious quiet, "is he impossible?"

"Yes, by gad," said Phil. "How is he? I confess I thought you were settled—"

"But he," said Walla majestically, "has never thought anything about me from the time I left here. Has never considered me. Has never paid the slightest attention to any of my objections or my tastes and prejudices. He has never consulted me in anything that I did want—that I didn't want. I haven't had any w-wedding trip at all!" Walla wailed. "It's b-been B-Billy's wedding trip."

"Go on, please," said Maranette.

Walla went on. It was a strange medley of experiences in every capital and most resorts of Europe, and the burdens of all the incidents were identical: Billy had not considered *her*. She had been left out of his plans. Her objections had consistently been overridden. Also, she hated men.

"When I would be left alone in a hotel room merely because I wouldn't be dragged off to see some building which I cared nothing on earth about seeing, when I had to take early trains and be raced out in stuffy railway cars to see horrible little industrial villages that all looked alike, I said to myself that I wasn't going to spend my life living somebody else's life. I intend to live my own life. Billy won't go to shops with me—he won't eat in tearooms with me—he loves eating on the sidewalks with dust in his plate. He talks French with people and *laughs* with them, even though he knows I can't understand. 'What do you think about *me?*' I asked him, and he just laughed."

Phil growled: "Where do *I* come in?"

"Exactly," said Walla absorbedly. "*You* would understand. You always have understood, daddy. Even Maranette has understood a little," she said kindly. "And when I thought of this home, with you two blessed people, where I could have things exactly as I pleased, I said to Billy that I was coming home—that I intend to live my own life. And here I am."

Now Maranette had stood up, and she looked as if the phrase "peace in Phil's home" had gone forever. She was quiet enough, but there was in her face a look which not Walla and not Phil had ever seen there before.

"It may be, Walla," said Maranette, "that you intend to live your own life. But your father and I are not intending to live your life any longer."

Walla stared. "What do you mean?" she asked blankly. "When have you ever lived any of my life?"

"Every minute that you've been in this house," said Maranette. "And you've put it over for the last time."

When Walla tried to speak, Maranette swept on.

"Listen to me," she said. "I have tried my level best to have peace here—peace in your father's house. To do that, I've let you take my place—the place that I should have loved to fill—that any woman would love to fill. I've let you order my house, my table, my kitchen, my furniture, my guests, my plans, and my time. I've said that it was your home before it was mine—and I've realized that the adjustment for you was not easy. I've given in to your whims and accepted your interferences and put up with your officiousness until I'm tired and sick to the bone. For you've been absolutely merciless. I was wrong—I see that now. It's done you no good. It hasn't prepared you for life—for living with people who are honest and not hypocritical toward you. Who treat you as they treat every one else. Well, from now on that's what we're going to do—isn't it, Phil?"

BUT Maranette wasn't waiting for a reply. She had the moment in her own hands and she held it there.

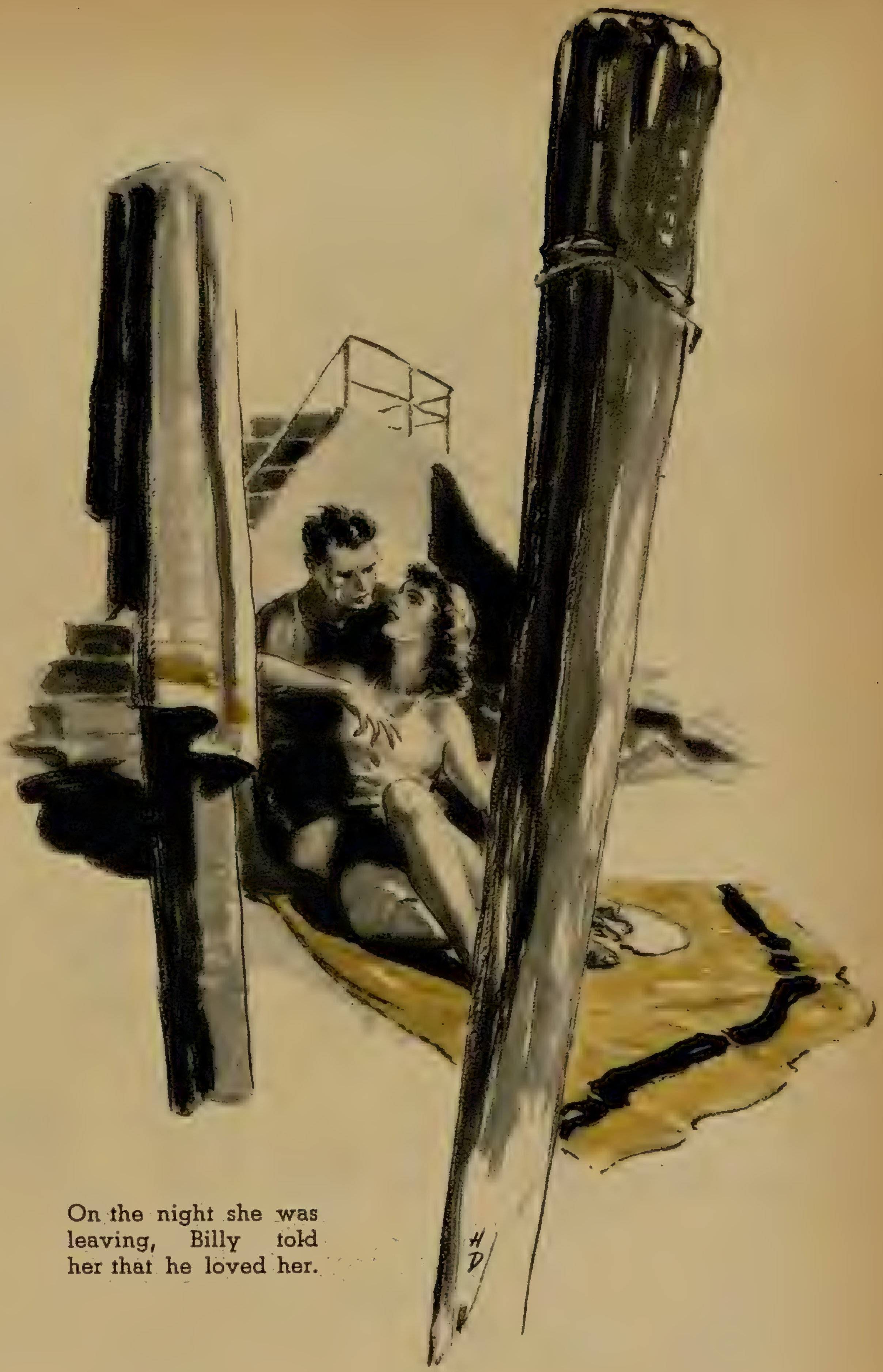
"You may come back to this house, Walla—yes. I'm fond of you, and I'd love to think of you as my daughter. But I am not going to have you here unless you can live in this house and know your place."

Walla gasped and cried out something and turned blindly to her father.

"Daddy! You'll open your arms to me—"

"Why, you bet," said Phil, "as my daughter. But not any longer as my boss, my child."

Walla burst into tears and sobbed in little beats and pulses. The bell was ringing again, and while Phil, with a manner of relief, rushed off to answer it, Maranette was trying to lead Walla to another room and Walla was indignantly refusing to be touched. So she was still there when Phil let in Billy.



On the night she was leaving, Billy told her that he loved her.

"Walla!" Billy cried. "Quit it! Think about *me!*"

She flew to him, buried her face in his shoulder, and her arms were about his neck.

"Billy!" she said. "What do you think? They don't understand me. They think I want to run them. Oh, Billy—I've no one on earth but you!"

"I've been miserable enough without you, Walla," he began. "I caught the first boat I could make—"

"I thought you didn't love me," she sobbed, "because you didn't—you did—well, you didn't—"

"Let you run everything," said Billy. "Well, I'm not going to now either, for that matter. But I love you."

Walla wept on.

"I'll tell you now," she said absorbedly, "I was coming home to dad and mother and have my b-baby all alone."

"*What?*" said Billy.

"Yes," said Walla.

Maranette and Phil looked at each other.

"She wins," Phil muttered.

Maranette hardly heard him.

"Why—Walla—sweetheart," she said. "I'm so glad—so very glad!" Phil was taking her hat. As for Billy, he was comatose to everything but Walla and her news.

Walla looked at her father and at Maranette—a look sweet but reproachful, and as if they had been the ignorant, and the sole, offenders, and now were to be forgiven.

"I understand that you didn't understand," she said brokenly. "Oh, it's heavenly to be back here—with Billy!"

"And the kid," said Billy soberly.

"Do you know," said Walla, "I'd love to stay here, Billy—and dad—and mother"—that word which Walla had almost never used—"and to have the baby born right here at home."

"Why, you bet!" Phil cried. "Just you two try to get away from here before the Event—eh, Maranette?"

Maranette looked at Phil with an expression that he had never before seen—brave and gay and as if she were accepting some bright immemorial challenge.

"Of course," said Maranette. "This is where you both belong!"

THE END

Adolph Hitler in action in 1930, before he became a world figure. He is shown reviewing Nazi recruits.

HITLER'S Coming Doom

Continuing a Revelation of the Hidden Forces that Threaten the Nazis' Leader—How an Amazing Woman and a Secret Treaty Brought the World Close to Another War in 1933

by PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PRINCESS RADZIWILL began these revelations in Liberty last week by showing how Hitler, who had been jailed for leading an attempt at revolt in 1923, was afterward taken up originally by a group of women monarchists working for the restoration of the Hohenzollerns. The disgraced Prince zu Eulenburg evolved a political plan calling for a fiery orator who could capture the public imagination for the monarchist cause, and Hitler seemed to him to fill the bill. His associates, the self-styled Knights of the Round Table, including Roehm and Ernst, became Hitlerites and promoters of the intrigue. Eventually Von Papen, then Chancellor, was won to it, and the aged President von Hindenburg was so compromised through a trick that he had to assent to the appointment of Hitler as Chancellor.

Much money was needed; Germany's big industrial barons must be brought into the movement, averse though they were to having the monarchy restored.

PART TWO—WHEN ROOSEVELT SPOKE AND HITLER LISTENED

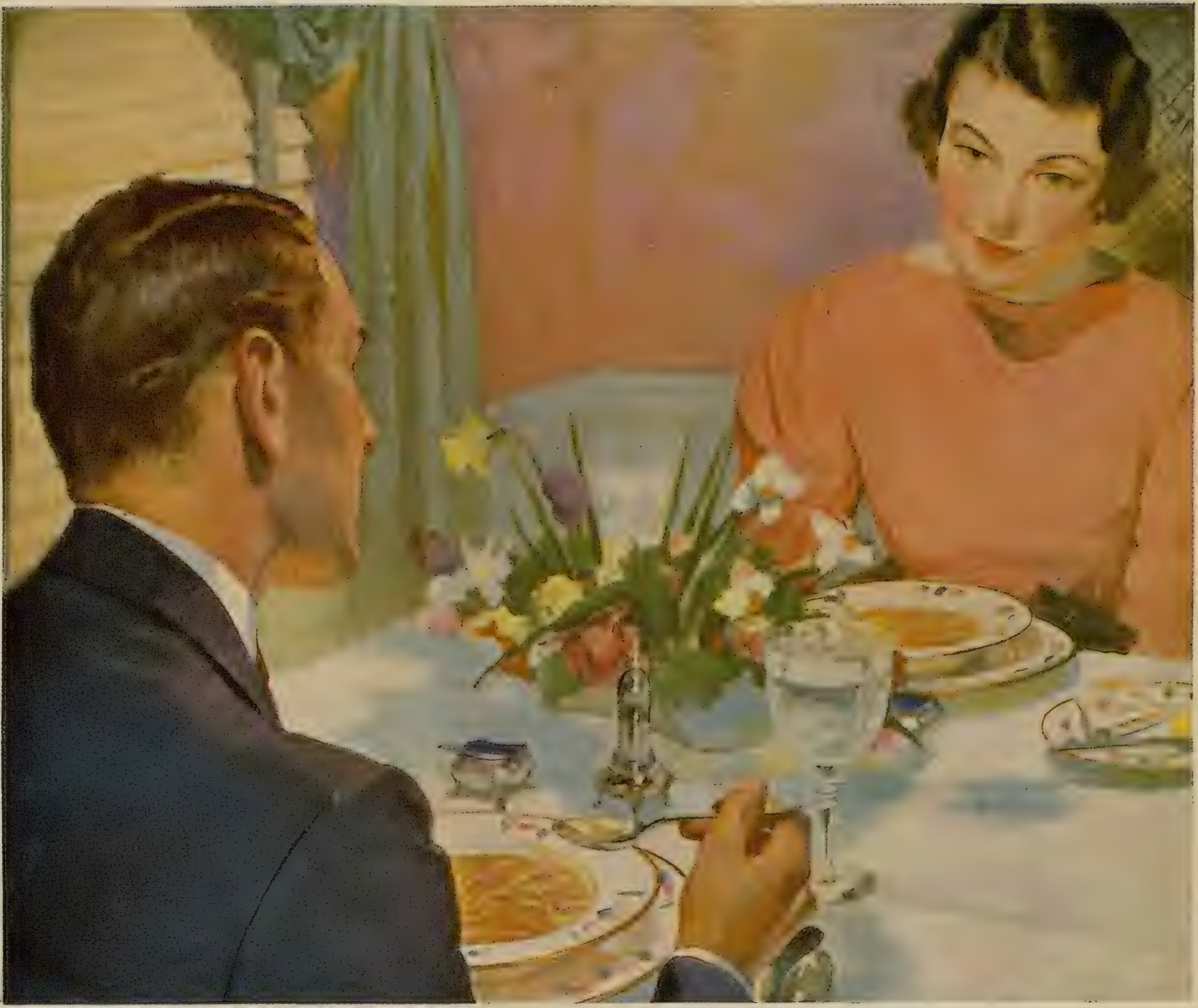
IN this article I am going to pull back the curtains and reveal to the world for the first time the inside facts of Germany as they are today, explaining how and why the great industrialists and bankers are behind Adolf Hitler.

I am going to disclose for the first time how close the nations were to another World War only a comparatively short time ago without being aware of it.

I also am going to tell for the first time the hitherto unrevealed story concerning one of the most powerful women who have moved across the diplomatic stage in many years, a woman virtually unknown outside the halls where the statesmen maneuver.

In Germany itself, except for those who are close to the monarchist movement and a few of the great industrialists, the people actually do not know who put Hitler in power, who is keep-

(Continued on page seventeen)



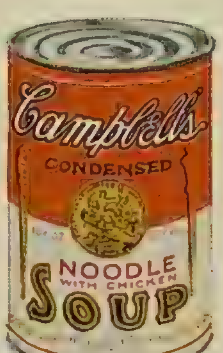
Gentlemen prefer the soup *substantial!*

My rosy cheeks
 And winning looks
Are really due
 To Campbell's cooks!

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Double rich!
Double strength!

Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.



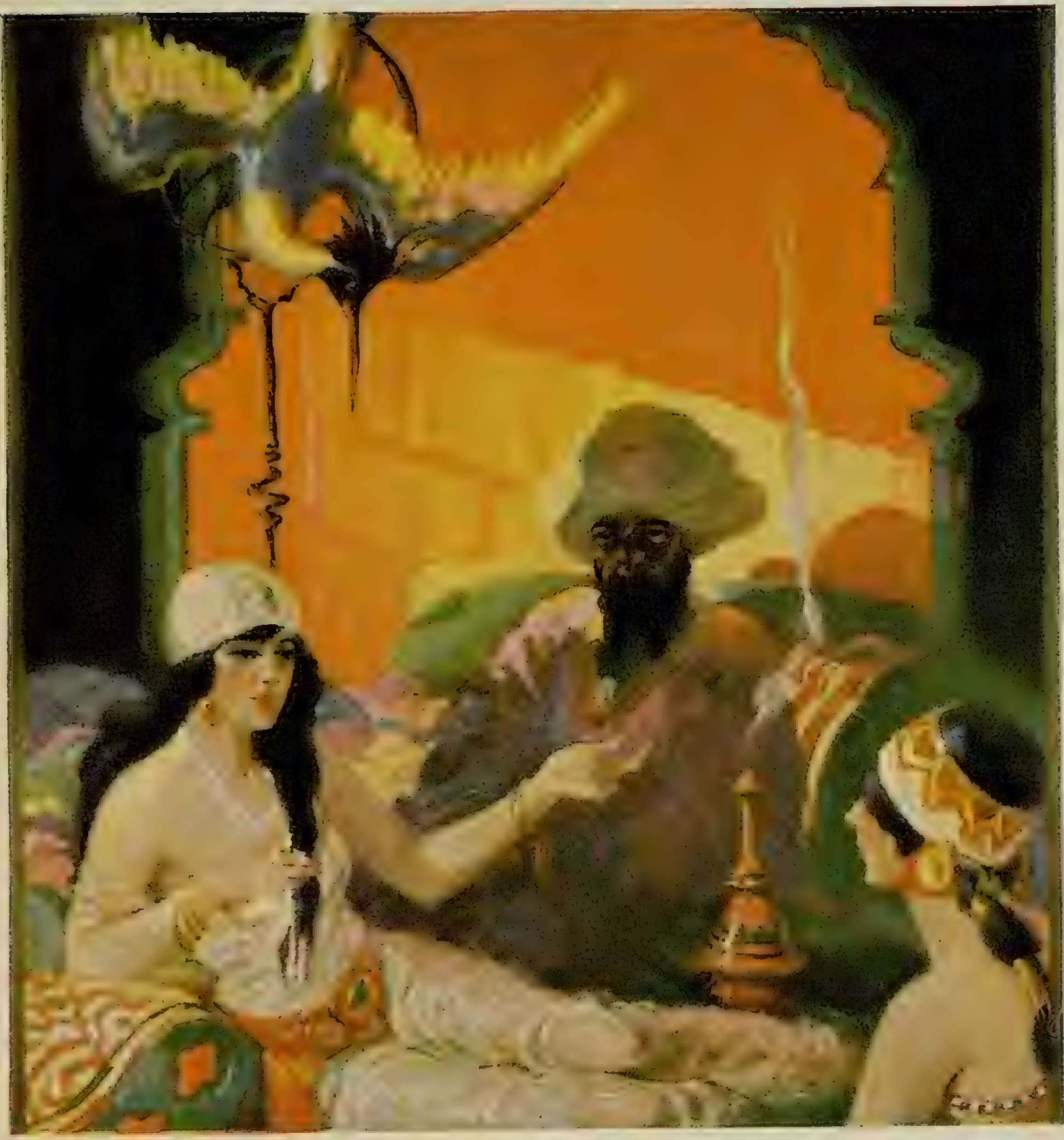
Noodle soup with chicken . . . the very words sing a song to a husband's appetite . . . for the soup that soothes hunger gets the man's vote every time . . . So he-America, with its husky appetite, cheers for Campbell's Noodle Soup with chicken . . . it smacks of the good old homestead and its hearty eating . . . a traditional home favorite lifted by Campbell's famous chefs to its supreme perfection.

Glorified! . . . that's the only word to describe what Campbell's have done with Noodle Soup . . . bettered this honored "old-timer" almost beyond recognition . . . made it almost unbelievably delicious . . . choicest egg noodles in great abundance . . . steeped in chicken broth of extraordinary richness . . . garnished with tempting and luscious morsels of chicken meat, white and dark, cut from the very choicest parts . . . Oh, what a soup to greet a husband's hunger!

Campbell's
Noodle *with Chicken* Soup

The Arabian Nights

BEAUTIFUL DE LUXE EDITION



Shahrazad, the beautiful slave and her master, King Shahriyar.

For Lovers of the

Rare and Exotic

◆

Original

Lane Translation

1260 Pages

PRICED AT ONLY

$2.98

POST PAID

The Arabian Nights
1001 Nights
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS
1260 PAGES
COMPLETE AND UNEXPURGATED

WHAT lover of rare, beautiful and exotic books has not longed to own The Arabian Nights as translated from the Arabic by Edward William Lane?

Who, having read them, can ever forget these astonishing stories of lion-hearted heroes and their madly loved ladies? Of silken-clad beauties who turn from the murmuring of amorous verses to the devising of diabolical tortures for erring lovers! Where but in the Orient could love blossom so tenderly or distil so maddening a perfume? Only the passion and imagination of the Oriental could conjure up these stories of love and hate, poison and steel, intrigue, treachery and black magic.

For many years after Edward William Lane completed his famous translation from the original Arabic that placed the Arabian Nights among the great literary achievements of all time, it was published as an elaborate set of volumes, priced at $60.00 and upward. Thousands of institutions, collectors and individuals of affluence purchased it, but at that price it was out of the reach of uncounted thousands who had heard of its magnificence and who wished ardently to read it. It was not, however, until comparatively recently that an enterprising publisher succeeded in securing the necessary rights to enable him to publish the entire contents of the original set in one great, magnificent volume—and what a volume it is! How widely, wonderfully, gloriously different from the simple children's volume which so long passed current as The Arabian Nights.

It is printed on fine quality paper in beautifully clear type, luxuriously cloth bound in black and red and gold—124 Oriental tales, 1260 pages, rich in the lure and thrill, fire and passion of the mysterious East. Complete, with a wealth of translator's notes on Oriental life, customs, magic and other alluring subjects, the Economy Educational League has been extremely fortunate in securing a limited number of copies upon a basis which permits us to offer it to our customers at the amazingly low price of $2.98, postpaid—a credit to any collection of beautiful and exotic books. Order today before the supply is exhausted. You risk nothing for if this great volume, which weighs over three pounds, fails to come fully up to your expectations, you can return it for immediate refund of your money.

Send coupon today with $2.98. Money back if not satisfactory. When ordering request catalog of other exceptional book bargains.

ECONOMY

EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Dept. L 2-9.

I enclose $2.98 for which please send me the original Lane translation of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS beautifully cloth bound. I understand that my money will be refunded, provided the book does not prove satisfactory.

Name ....

Address.......................................

City ....State............

(Continued from page fourteen) ing him there, who is trying to pull him down, and why.

As I have said, the great industrial barons of the Ruhr, the most powerful element in Germany, did not want the monarchy back under the old conditions that had prevailed before the war.

In those days, despite their wealth and importance, they had been held down socially and arbitrarily kept from exploiting the public and the workers too much. However, there was a factor gaining strength that both the monarchists and the industrialists lived in terror of. That was the spread of communism.

The fatherland, with its millions out of work and starving, was a fertile field for the elaborate propaganda brought in from Russia.

Americans have absolutely no idea how desperate the situation was out of which Hitler rose; the Germans themselves in their pride did not want it to become world property. The communist wave was growing stronger and ever stronger, as was evidenced in the serious riots from time to time. The monarchists knew that if communism ever gained control it would end their dreams of restoring the throne, as it also would end the power and wealth of the great industrialists. They used that as a pressure argument on Papen and on the financial giants.

Acme photo

Mme. Alexandra Kollontay, who negotiated with Hitler for a Russo-German alliance.

Hitler, they insisted, could win the people away from communism and unite them in a solid front against it. When that had been accomplished, if they wanted to oust Hitler it could be done readily enough.

I know that privately to the monarchists the whole Hitler group were making profuse promises and pledges that once their leader was elevated to the Chancellorship the next move would be the restoration of the monarchy. Ah, those were joyous days for the nobility! The anticipation, the eagerness of these powerful and proud men and women, so long robbed of what they considered their birthright, were actually infectious. It was a trifle pathetic sometimes. As I have explained, many of them were my close friends and I was glad for them. Also I was glad as they were over the possibility that a well regulated and governed state might bring order out of chaos, start the wheels going, and lift seventy-odd million human beings out of the abyss of misery.

WE all knew that the industrial barons like Fritz Thyssen and the Stinnes interests, and the powerful bankers like the Rothschilds, and even the great armament makers like the Krupps, who had been befriended and given a title by the Kaiser, had no hankering for the monarchy's return, chiefly because their own wings of exploitation would be clipped. But, to use an American expression, they were scared stiff. The communists had gained many seats in the Reichstag, and in the industrial districts they were defying not only the industrial leaders but the police and soldiery.

In this stage Papen arranged a series of conferences with Thyssen, the great Thyssen who had become the Thor of German industry, and with Baron von Rothschild. Those conferences were held in October, November, and December, 1930. What went on at them, of course, can only be surmised. It is well known that Hitler was taken to at least some of them by Papen. The Hitler movement needed enormous financial backing at that time to hold it together and pay its bills. After one of these conferences attended by Hitler, Papen, and Baron von Rothschild a couple of Nazi leaders clos Hitler told the monarchists that it was all settled—that the Rothschild interests were advancing fifty million reichsmarks to back the Hitler cause.

We all knew it. Hitler himself, I believe, told it. Men like Thyssen and Rothschild like to do their planning in secret, especially when they are mixing in affairs of state. They do not go around talking about it or making it a matter of public knowledge. The Nazi chieftains did, however, and of course they had been heavily financed by the monarchists.

As the monarchists got the story of what went on at these conferences—and it must be remembered that Papen was an ultra-monarchist—the outstanding conditions in connection with the Rothschild loan were that General von Schleicher must be removed entirely from German politics and that the Jews must not be persecuted or in any way discriminated against. Baron von Rothschild had an old personal feud with General von Schleicher, the Prussian War Minister, and Baron von Rothschild is a Jew. Hitler had been quite free in his condemnation of the Jews. It was only natural that Baron von Rothschild should demand protection for his people. As to why the Rothschild interests would advance this money to a political cause, they were, of course, tied in with the industrialists as bankers are all over the world.

ANYHOW, General von Schleicher was removed completely from German politics by being shot. That might have been expected, however, because the hatred between Hitler and Schleicher had been quite open ever since the general had thrown Hitler into prison after the November, 1923, Munich revolt.

It was after this series of conferences, which everybody on the inside of the monarchist group knew were in progress, that a sudden meeting of the Industrialists Club of Düsseldorf was called in January, 1931. It was a sensation when word was privately sent out that the mighty Thyssen, the giant who so rarely appeared even before such a closed corporation, would be there and have something important to say. And this titan, whose arms reach out to embrace an empire of iron and steel and coal, appeared with Adolf Hitler, who still was regarded in many quarters as a ridiculous figure, in tow. He introduced Hitler to the lesser barons of the Ruhr as "the savior of Germany."

That was enough for them. They flocked to the standard. When Thyssen spoke, especially thus semipublicly, wise men listened and agreed or pretended to.

But every effort was made to keep this meeting at the Industrialists Club as quiet as possible. Hitler was trying to win those who were leaning toward communism into Nazi ranks. Obviously they would not flock to the standard of a leader if it was known that the leader had been espoused by both monarchists and industrialists, besides his being the chosen pet of the topmost aristocracy.

He did break the back of the communist advance, too, and he did it by incorporating into the Nazi platform many of the choice theories of communism. He outorated the communists and stole their thunder. You only have to go back over his speeches delivered in the communist strongholds in the industrial centers to see how he took the wind out of the sails of the communist agitators.

In addition to pledging a strong united Germany, ance of France, and repudiation of the Versailles Treaty, he promised practically everything that the communists were clamoring for. The world had a bad case of jitters in those days of 1931, as it waited to see whether this man who figuratively breathed fire and war could get control of the German reins. He certainly stirred Germany. Monarchists, industrialists, and communists each believed they had him pledged to their cause and under their thumb, and even the rank and file of the German people thought he would bring them everything they wanted, including a lessening of the enormous taxation which was necessary under the terms of the Versailles Treaty to pay the war reparations.

Thus the drama worked offstage. From that day when the Industrialists Club of Düsseldorf took him up with the backing of Thyssen, the Hitler star was in the ascendant. Shrewd Von Papen stepped aside to the Vice Chancellorship, where he could continue to work out the plans of the monarchist cause. Hitler became Chancellor.

AVERAGE SPEEDS

By F. Gregory Hartswick

We started the other day on a motor trip. On our journey to our destination we made as good time as was possible, but found on our arrival that we had averaged only ten miles an hour. (It was a lovely Sunday afternoon on one of America's finest trunk highways, which explains this terrific speed.) Coming back that night over the same route, we found that traffic was lighter, so we were able to average fifteen miles an hour for the return journey, which you will admit is going places.

However, that's not the point. The point is—what was our average speed for the whole trip? We may warn you not to jump too hastily to conclusions or you may find yourself wrong.

The answer will be found on page 48

But all that was really only the beginning. The story that I shall now go on to unfold is even more amazing.

With Hitler established, it was quite natural that the monarchists should begin to wonder when things were going to happen for them. The Hohenzollern faction began pressing for the start of the movement that was to put them back in power at Potsdam. Nothing happened, except that Hitler made the remark that he would crush the Hohenzollerns with the mailed fist if they pressed him too hard. This was like a dynamite blast in the faces of the monarchists.

However, Hitler did begin his plans for the repudiation of the Versailles Treaty and the rearmament of Germany. The uneasiness of the world increased, and this was the occasion when the world was led up to the brink of war without realizing how imminent the danger was. Through certain intimates of mine who were involved, and whose names I will not reveal because their careers and possibly even their lives would be at stake, I learned the facts. It is a long, involved tale of intrigue and diplomacy and centers around the most astounding woman in the whole world today. She is actually a world figure and yet practically nothing is known of her or her activities.

BEFORE the war, when I was at the Czar's court in St. Petersburg, I first learned of her. Her name is Alexandra Kollontay. She was the daughter of a small Russian landowner and was brought up in a bourgeois and very conservative manner. A beautiful girl with greenish eyes, she was married off at sixteen to a retired general of the Russian army, a man much older than herself. She dropped from sight for a while until a young student at Moscow University, the son of a parish priest, first brought her into contact with several figures of the revolutionary party. Her husband, the middle-aged general, divorced her. Then she married a sailor who later distinguished himself by his cruelties during the massacre of naval officers that took place at Kronstadt immediately after the revolution broke out.

I got to know her when I owned one of the big daily newspapers in St. Petersburg and she came to see me in an effort to have me intercede with the Czar for a man with whom she was then in love and who had been arrested for revolutionary activity. After the sailor husband she was next associated with the famous Bolshevik leader Kamenev, and then with the equally noted Radek.

It was Radek who used her to carry messages to and from the St. Petersburg Bolsheviks and Lenin, who was then hiding in Finland. This became known to the provisional government headed by Kerenski, and the beautiful and mysterious Mme. Kollontay whom so many men had worshiped was arrested along with some of her friends and imprisoned in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. One of the friends arrested along with her was a man named Leon Trotsky. That is how the rumor started that she had been Trotsky's mistress, which was not true.

But Kerenski was afraid to detain them. They were too formidable in what he knew was a strong revolutionary party. He eventually released them.

AFTER the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks, she blossomed forth as an important personage in their ranks. When the Russians withdrew from the World War and the Bolsheviks were conducting the negotiations at Brest Litovsk with Germany for peace, the German delegation aroused the ire of Trotsky, head of the Bolshevik delegation. He said he would never accept the treaty offered. Lenin rushed Mme. Kollontay to Brest Litovsk, and this woman, of course in the background, "persuaded" Trotsky to sign.

Her return to Moscow was a triumph and she was accepted into the highest councils of the Bolsheviks. She was admired not only for her bewitching beauty but also because she was so clever and tactful. Count Mirbach, the first German ambassador to the Bolshevik government at Moscow and who was murdered by an anarchist, was so taken with her that he suggested to Lenin sending her on a special mission to Berlin, where the Bolshevik diplomat, Joffe, had committed several blunders. She handled this mission to the satisfaction of everybody.

By that time her exuberant personality had turned completely toward diplomacy and her great desire was to be sent as ambassadress to London or Paris or Washington.

But if the world at large did not know about her, the diplomats did. None of the most important nations wanted to receive her, and finally she was appointed to a diplomatic post in Mexico. That was during the time Dwight Morrow was American ambassador. What happened there never has become public, beyond the fact that communist activity began to grow quite suddenly in Mexico and proceeded at such a pace that it became alarming. Quite suddenly in the midst of this situation Mme. Kollontay was recalled by Moscow; and, although there is no way of proving this, several diplomats in London and Berlin told me the United States through Dwight Morrow had made such strong representations to the Mexican government that Mexico privately asked Russia to recall her. The charge was that communist activity had also doubled in the United States, and that the Mexican authorities themselves were alarmed over the situation at home.

This beautiful lady, who was what the French term a *femme fatale,* was next sent to Oslo, Norway, as the Soviet government's representative. From her post in Oslo she conducted negotiations with Hitler in Berlin for an alliance between Russia and Germany.

Early in 1932, without the world at large knowing anything about it, she slipped off to Germany and there for weeks carried on these negotiations. When they began to reach a stage of serious development they were shifted to the isolated castle of Count Schafftsgotch in Silesia, where this woman herself closed the parleys with Hitler and Goering by which Communist Russia and Nazi Germany, natural enemies, agreed to a treaty of war alliance.

Then this remarkable

(Continued on page twenty)

The new XR Yeast...
"is a really great discovery for Constipation!"

—CONFIRMED BY GREAT DOCTORS EVERYWHERE

Physicians acclaim this stronger new yeast that corrects Indigestion, Skin Ills, Loss of Energy more quickly than any yeast before!

A FAMOUS American scientist, connected with a great university, has discovered a wonderful new *kind* of yeast.

It is much stronger than any previous yeast . . . an entirely new "strain" of yeast . . . that acts far more vigorously!

Such eminent physicians as Dr. Georges Rosenthal (in group at right), past president of an important medical society, say, "It gives the quickest results ever seen from yeast in constipation."

As XR Yeast speeds up your juices and muscles, your food digests better, is kept softer, does you more good, and is more easily eliminated.

Your appetite perks up. You can eat more of the things you really like. You lose that *distress* after meals.

Soon you should be able to stop taking cathartics that so often weaken you and make your trouble actually *worse.*

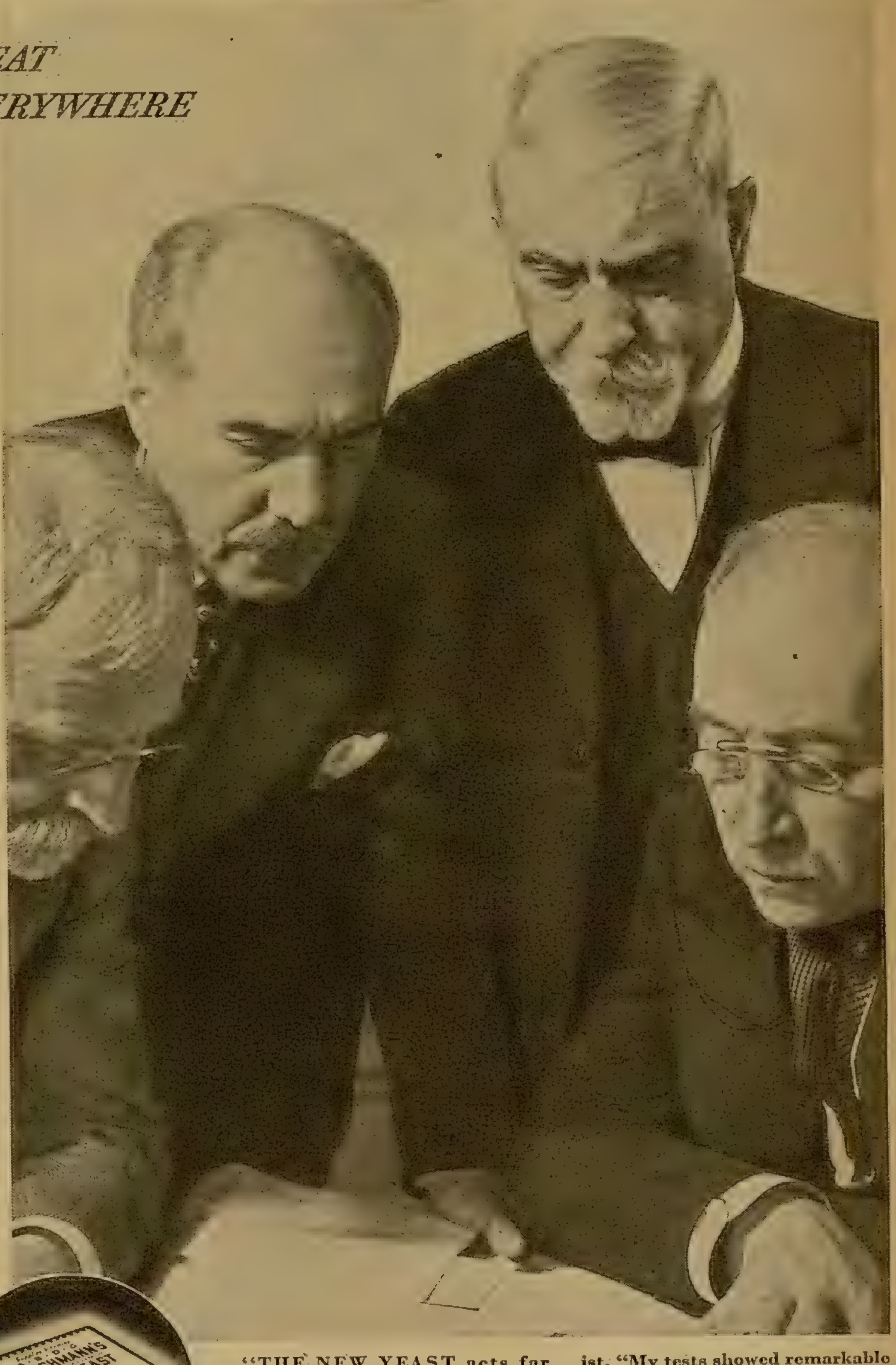
Soon your blood is purified, your skin is cleared of blemishes, looks *healthy.*

Combats Colds, Too!

In addition, the new XR Yeast supplies Vitamin A which combats colds. It is also rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . giving you *four* vitamins you need for health.

Start eating the new Fleischmann's XR Yeast *right now!* You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

Eat three cakes every day—plain, or in ⅓ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals. Begin to eat it *today* . . . and keep it up for at least 30 days!



"THE NEW YEAST acts far faster," *states Dr. Henri Stévenin,* glandular expert (at left). "It relieved 19 out of 21 cases of severe constipation," *reports Dr. Fernand Trémolières,* stomach specialist. "My tests showed remarkable results," *reports Dr. Joseph Mouchotte,* world-famous gynecologist. "Of great medical importance," *says Dr. Georges Rosenthal,* noted specialist.

3 millions eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast

FLEISCHMANN'S
XR YEAST

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Inc.

(Continued from page eighteen) woman, whose trail is always marked by a stream of men, returned to Oslo to await the next call to adventure, and Hitler began breathing even more fiery defiance to the world, repeatedly announcing in his speeches that Germany was determined to rearm. The people of the other nations, and even the Germans themselves, wondered where the courage for his open defiance came from.

Acme photo

Fritz Thyssen, German industrial giant of the Ruhr. He helped to put Hitler across.

Any one who reads the newspapers will recall the unrest that followed his numerous speeches and statements during the early months of 1933, when he boldly stated Germany's intention to flout the terms of the Versailles Treaty and defy France and England. About this time some of the diplomats of other nations learned the terms of that secret treaty between Russia and Germany, and there was real apprehension in the chancelleries and foreign offices of Europe. That treaty meant that if Germany started to rearm on a huge scale and the French or any one else attempted to step in, they would encounter from two to three million Russian bayonets that would swarm over Poland into Germany to fight beside the Germans.

It will be recalled that early in July, 1933, Hitler was to make a speech before the Reichstag, and that it was announced semiofficially from Berlin that in this speech he would state quite clearly the German position and determination to repudiate the Versailles Treaty and also to rearm. France began to muster men to the colors and throw large forces to the border a week before that speech. Poland called her reserves up, and the peoples of the world who never know what is going on behind the scenes wondered and were uneasy. Then, like a bombshell in the midst of all this, President Roosevelt made a speech that was unheralded and came only a few days before Hitler's anticipated oration. The President calmly called upon the peoples of the world to keep their armies within their borders.

You must draw your own conclusions as to what went on behind the secret doors of diplomacy or what private interpretations were put upon the President's speech by the American diplomats abroad in their talks with the Germans, Russians, French, etc. I do know, because some of my friends in high diplomatic posts told me, that *they* considered the President's quiet advent on the international scene with that warning a master stroke of world politics. I also know, because these same men told me, that the Germans and Russians read between the lines of what Mr. Roosevelt said that it was the diplomatic way of telling them not to start anything.

And you only have to look back through the newspapers of those stirring days to learn that Hitler's proposed speech was held up for several days and that the journalists in writing about it surmised Hitler had had to prepare a new speech because the words of President Roosevelt had warned him not to deliver the one already prepared. Also, when Hitler finally did make his address to the Reichstag it was of a quiet, conciliatory nature rather than the defiant explosion Berlin had semiofficially announced. Thus a war was almost certainly averted in July, 1933.

About two months after that a short news story appeared on the front page of the New York Times, and similar stories were published by the London Times and a couple of the important Paris newspapers, announcing that a treaty which had been negotiated by a Russian woman diplomat, Mme. Kollontay, and representatives of the German government, was rescinded and they were no longer allies.

The great German industrialists who had been only half-heartedly behind that alliance with Russia were relieved, but the communist element in Germany that had been won to the Hitler cause was deeply stirred and resentful. Practically none of the promises implied at the time when so many communistic planks were adopted into the Nazi platform were kept. It has been estimated by German leaders that about half of the large Storm Troop organization consisted of young men who were communists but who were won over by the expectation of getting what they wanted through Hitler.

In this one stroke also, all Germany realized that its hope of throwing aside the burdensome Versailles Treaty, a hope founded on Hitler's oratory and promises, was blasted. Roehm, Ernst, and the others of that radical group who had followed Hitler, lost their faith in him. By this time, also, the monarchists fully realized they could expect nothing from this man they had worked so hard to put into power. They knew now that their expectations of an immediate return of the monarchy would not be fulfilled. A few months ago, when I was in Germany, that was all I heard from the women of the nobility who are my friends.

With amazing revelations concerning the Reichstag fire, the Hitler "blood purge," the assassination of the Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss, and indications that Hitler may be nearing his downfall, this series by Princess Radziwill will be concluded in Liberty next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What world-famous residence is located at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.?

2—What is carnelian?

3—On what river are the rapids which run *upstream* twice every twenty-four hours?

4—Where and when was the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks founded?

5—By what name is the first Sunday after Easter known in the ecclesiastical calendar?

6—What is a "faking box"?

7—Who wrote the words of the song My Maryland?

8—What was Boston, Massachusetts, first called?

9—Into what sea does the Mackenzie River flow?

10—*Taraxacum officinale* is what?

11—What was the occupation of the Apostle Paul?

12—What are groats?

13—What are the five largest cities in the Philippines?

14—Where did a large number of the early settlers of Nova Scotia migrate from?

15—What famous American author was expelled from Yale College?

16—What state is bordered by eight other states?

17—Since when have candidates for the United States Presidency been nominated by party national nominating conventions?

18—What two parallels of latitude mark a large portion of the boundary between the United States and Canada?

19—A brontometer is what?

20—What is a parliamentary proceeding?

(Answers will be found on page 29)

A Charlie Chaplin on Four Legs

A Close-Up of the Screen's Most Famous Dog Comedian

by

HARRY LUCENAY

as told to

D. E. WHEELER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Pete's eye ring is real.

DURING his nine years in pictures and his year on the stage, Pete has received thousands of fan letters. Up to now he hasn't had the chance to reply, except by sending his autographed photograph. But there are questions that his public asks which I will endeavor to answer here. I've told him this, and the look he gave me said as plainly as words, "There goes my private life!"

That grotesque ring around his left eye is the first question on everybody's lips, as this letter from Bobby Lewis, aged nine, will testify:

> DEAR PETE:
>
> You are my favorit actor, but I want to know if youre cirkle on your eye is a real won or marked on by someboddy. Daddy says its a fake. I say its not a fake. It makes you look so funey that I cant help laughing all the time. You oughter be with Charly Champlin in a show—it wuld be grate. Have you any pupies to sell of yours. I got seven dolars and 63 cents saved in my bank.

Yes, Bobby, that ring on Pete's eye is a real one. I know, for I was present when he was born in Pasadena, California, ten years ago. He and a sister puppy were the entire litter. Their father was my bull terrier, Pal, who led the way into moving pictures for Pete. Their mother was a blooded English bulldog.

Unlike his father, Pete is phlegmatic, takes things easily, and is not very serious about anything. Pal was a serious actor, but Pete is a born comedian. He was three months old when he made his debut in the movies and he played the role of mischievous prank-loving son to Pal. Good as Pal was, Pete ran away with the show. His scene of smoking his daddy's pipe and getting sick to his little tummy in consequence proved him a gifted dog comedian even at that early age.

Making Pete understand what I wanted of him in that first picture required all the patience and concentration I had. But right from the beginning of his career I noted that he enjoyed clowning about. If he saw those on the set laughing at him, he wanted to repeat the funny action, whatever it was, just as a child will do.

HARRY LUCENAY *says he went into film dog training by accident. After the war, in which he saw service in France, he worked in Hollywood as an extra. A director noticed—and cast—his dog, Pete's sire Pal. That's how it began, he explains.*

Once he was called upon to jump from a diving platform twenty-five feet high. Nothing could persuade him to make the leap at first. He stuck to the diving platform. Tired of the long coaxing and waiting, some of the stagehands finally pushed him off while my attention was directed elsewhere momentarily.

Naturally, I was furious, but I held my tongue to see what the dog would do. Up Pete came to the surface, gasping and snuffling. As he swam ashore, the crowd around began applauding and crying out, "'Attaboy, Pete!"

Climbing out of the water, Pete looked at me, searched the faces of the crowd, grinned, and then dashed up the steps and did a beautiful dive of his own accord.

His happiest acting days were with Our Gang pictures, in which he played for five years. How those kids loved him, and how he loved those kids! "Wheezer," I think, was his favorite in the Gang. This was shown when Verne Buck at one of our performances made a playful pass at little Wheezer. Pete, taking it seriously, caught Verne by the seat of his pants and stopped the show!

If any one of the kids failed to turn up at rehearsal, Pete was a much worried dog. Rehearsing or acting with them was a perpetual lark for him. Of all the parts he played with them he seemed to enjoy most that of the detective in Big Ears and that of a pirate in Shiver My Timbers. Perhaps it was the make-up of false nose and mustache that pleased him. I imagine he grasped the fact that these made for increased laughter.

Seeing himself on the screen for the first time roused him from his placid contemplation of existence. When the Our Gang picture was flashed on, and he became aware of it, he had a fit of trembling, pawed at me imploringly, and finally hid his head.

When the talkies loomed up, they were a bugaboo to me, as they were to every actor of the silent pictures. My problem would be my own voice, not Pete's. How was I to give him his commands? All of the animal trainers in Hollywood faced the same problem, and it meant their livelihood. I, for instance, could get seven-fifty a day as an extra, but Pete commanded five hundred a week! I must try to retrain him silently or quit Hollywood.

I DISCOVERED that he could associate certain actions with certain motions; so we went in for a course of lessons in pantomime. He learned to cross and uncross his paws when I led the way with my hands, to yawn when I yawned (this was particularly hard), and to memorize dozens of other signals.

And then we were ready for the talkies. As a matter of historic record, Pete was the only survivor of fifteen silent movie dogs in Hollywood, and went into the talkies as if he had known no other technique. That speaks highly for his intelligence, I think.

Rudy Vallee has tried to teach him how to play the saxophone, and Morton Downey has given him lessons in crooning, but I think he likes the sound of a knife and fork clinking on a plate, getting ready a meal, better than any music. Yes, Pete loves to eat, but he has to diet to keep his form and the particular beauty that is his. Fattening things are strictly forbidden, yet he would give that distinctive "monocle" round his left eye for a piece of candy or a cracker any time.

He likes beer, but that taste is indulged very infrequently. I keep him to water, meat, and dog biscuit except in summer, when he goes on a diet of milk and eggs.

THE END

Wife in Fame Only

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

THERE'S a thump on my dressing-room door and Jimmy's voice says, "Hey, inside! Are you decent?" So I pull a robe around my girlish figure and say, "Sure I am," and he comes barging in.

I have been kind of scared because him and I used to have the crazy idea that we was sweethearts when we was growing up in Jersey City together, and I haven't seen him since long before he was married.

Anyway, like I said, he comes busting into the room, gives me a good healthy kiss, and then stands back to look me over. He says, "Gee, Babe, you look swell!" And I say, "Well, you don't appear so puny yourself." And then we both laugh and he lights a cigarette and drops into a wicker chair and says, "Honest, Babe, when I got that phone call from you, you could have knocked me down with a crowbar."

He's grinning at me out of them nice gray eyes of his, and his big right hand—the one that has been standing American League batters on their ears all season—drapes over the side of the chair like it ain't got any particular place to go, and for just a minute I can't help remembering what a goof I was to let a grand kid like this get away because I was all het up with ambition.

He pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket.

"Seen the new Variety, Babe?"

I say No, I haven't seen the new Variety, which is a lie, because I bought my copy before the ink was dry, having been tipped off that there was something new about our act in it, but I figure if he gets a kick out of breaking the news, why, I'd be a heel to deprive him of that pleasure. So he shoves the clipping into my hand and says, "Feast your eyes on that, Babe. It's a honey."

He reads it over my shoulder, close enough that I read the article very slow. It says:

DOT WINKLER & BABE SHERMAN—"THOSE GIRLS"
12 mins in 1.
At Ed Kestner's Elysee Music Hall.
(Second Review)

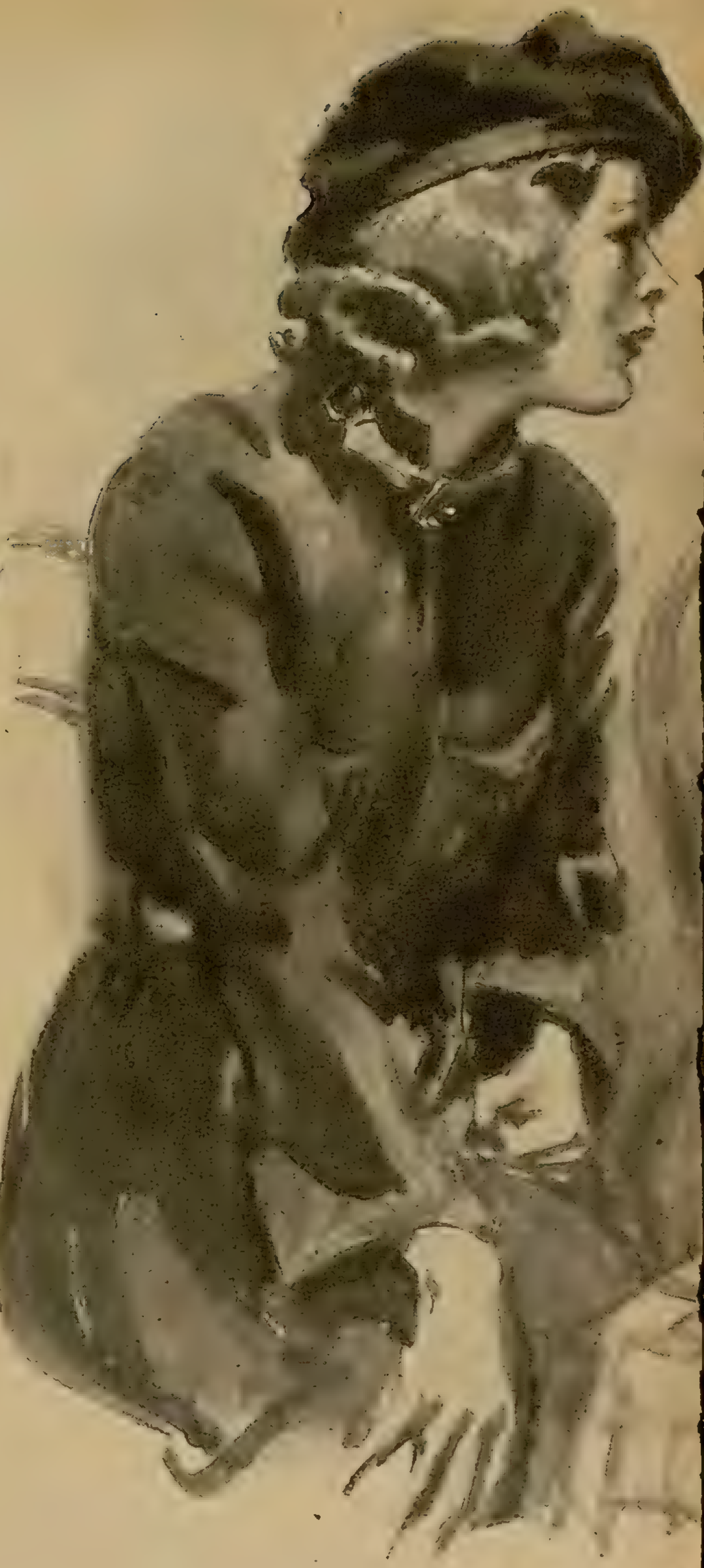
The Variety mug lamped this act when it was thrown at the public at the opening night of the Elysee, and flung a rave notice. Last night (Tuesday) he went back for more.

The Elysee, which is one of these new cabaret-theater spots where you chew steak and sip java while the show is on, is plenty torrid, thanks partly to Kestner's showmanship, and more than that to these two girls.

Dot Winkler and Babe Sherman have oceans of stuff, and they know how to sell it.

Dot Winkler, brunette member of the duo, can warble and hoof with the best, and her smile can be discounted at any bank. But without detracting from this gal, it's the blonde cutie—Babe Sherman—who gets our money, straight, place, and show.

This kid has what it takes and then some. She can step like nobody's business, and her routines are tricky and new.



Me and Jimmy ain't laughing no more. Jimmy grabs Matt's wrist. Matt is very pathetic. He says, "I know your wife, Jimmy Conroy."

These kids are set! Rumor has it that they've been playing the tanks for three years and that this is their break-in on Broadway.

Jimmy says, "That bird is right. I caught the show last week, and—"

"You was in here and never gave me a how-de-do?"

His face gets red. "Well, you see, Babe, I didn't know just how you'd take it—after all this time. And besides, I was with a party, and the wife was along—"

"Skip it, Jimmy." I'm trying to make him feel more comfortable. "It's a good thing for you I ain't saving clippings, too. Honest, I never seen a guy get as much publicity as they been chucking your way."

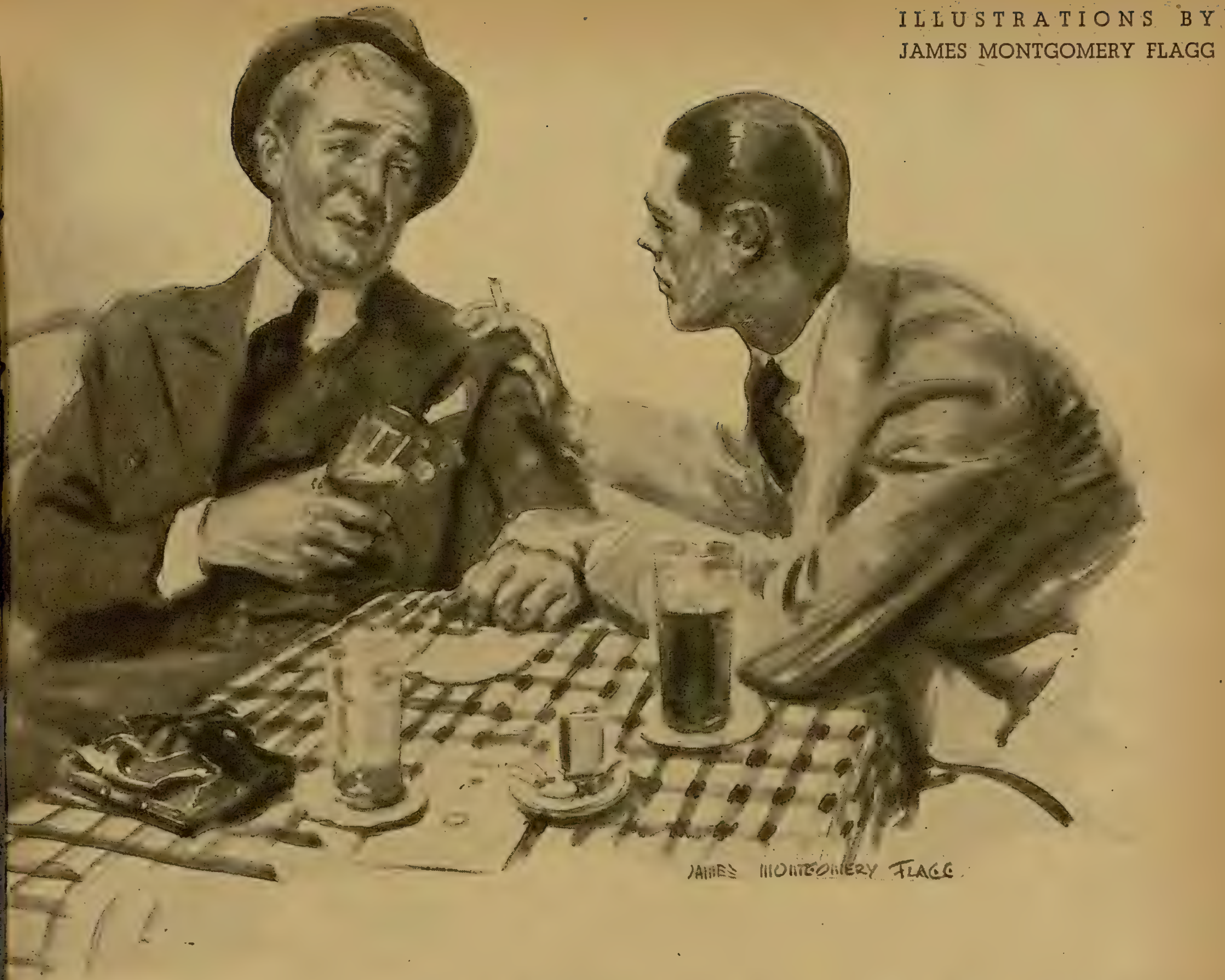
"Aw, nerts, Babe. I just been lucky. When you're pitching for a ball club like the Yanks, you can't lose."

"Oh, no? Well, I was up to the Stadium twice when you was working, and you looked like the real class to me." I feel myself getting kind of mushy. "Remember when, Jimmy?"

"Boy!" he says. "Do I?"

So we both sit down then and do some remembering.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



A Story of Broadway and Baseball and Love — of a Dancing Girl's Troubles, a Made-Over Match, and a Pitcher's Perfect Play

by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

We remember when we three was kids—Jimmy and Dot and me—and we lived on Communipaw Avenue in Jersey City, and me and Dot used to say we was gonna be actresses, and Jimmy was always playing ball and hoping he could get a job sellin' peanuts or programs in the Skeeters' ball park. I reckon Jimmy knows we could get sloppy awful easy, because he snaps out of it and wants to know what's on my mind.

I say, "Plenty, Jimmy. I got troubles, what I mean, and when I started thinking over who I could spill 'em to, I couldn't remember nobody but you."

"Well, here I am. Let's have it."

I TELL him to stick around until after the dinner show, and then I haul Dot in and they do a well-look-who's-here-you-old-sonovagun act, and I have to drag Dot onstage. Jimmy eases into the wings, and I see him standing there. I also see Fred Winkler, Dot's brother, but that's the most thing that don't throw any thrill into me.

The shop is crowded and we seem to make the paying guests forget their fish and vegetables for twelve minutes. After we take a second bow I ask Dot what she's doing between shows, and she says she's going out with her big good-looking brother, which suits me swell, and I say I'm having an old-time gabfest with Jimmy, and she says something silly about "Watch your step, Babe," and then after the four of us chatter around a little bit, Dot and Fred scram and me and Jimmy are left alone with nothing between us but a couple club sandwiches he has ordered from out front.

He gives me a wide grin. "Here we are," he says. "So let's sit right down on brass tacks."

"Check!" I'm off now, and it seems like me and him is kids again back in Jersey City. I says, "Jimmy, I'm on the spot."

"Somebody making trouble?"

"And how!"

"If it's a man, I'll handle him."

"It's a man all right, Jimmy—but you can't handle him that way. It's Fred Winkler!"

"Dot's brother?"

"Himself in person. Honest, Jimmy—that guy sticks in my hair something terrible. But Dot is crazy about him. She thinks he's God's gift to women, and her only sorrow is that I don't give the sap a tumble. Of course I'm nice to the guy, because it'd bust Dot's heart if she knew what I really thought of him. But, Jimmy, if we can't do something about that bozo this act is headed straight for the rocks."

Jimmy seems puzzled, so I explain.

"Y'see, Jimmy — this Fred ain't lazy, but it just happens that he don't work —maybe because labor interferes with him seein' baseball, which is the only thing that really interests him except himself and women."

"I remember," recalls Jimmy, "when we was growing up, he used to try to teach me how to pitch."

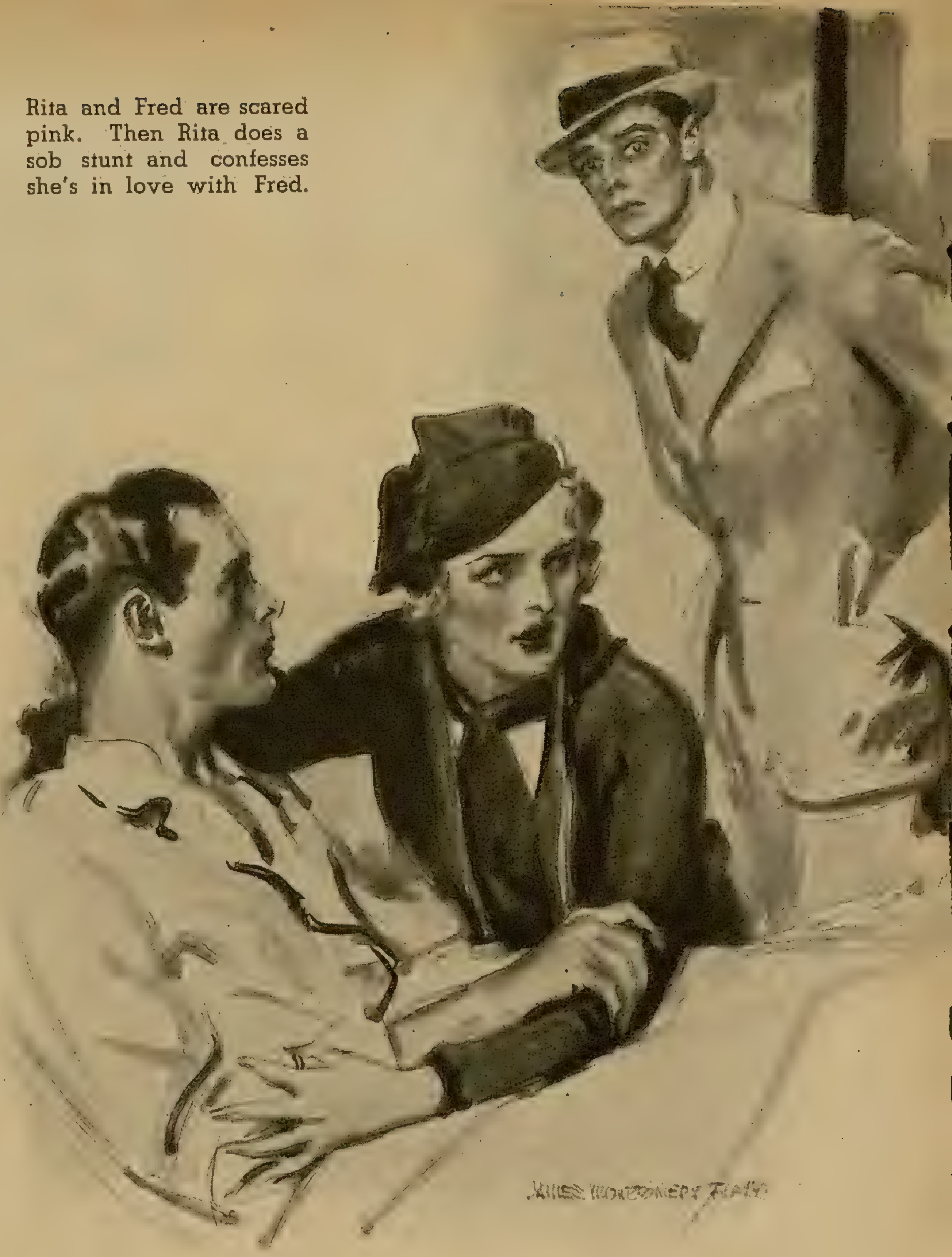
"Keno!" I says. "Now you got what I'm trying to explain. Fred is trying to teach me and Dot how to put class in our act."

"My gosh!" groans Jimmy sympathetically. "That guy would."

"Dot wants to try everything he suggests, Jimmy. And one of these days I'm gonna have a weak moment and either use one of his lousy ideas—or else tell him what I really think. And from then on—"

"I know, Babe. It's tough. You gotta do something."

Well, we have a swell talk, and somehow I'm feeling hopped up over getting back with Jimmy again. So the first thing you know, I'm getting curiouser and curiouser about him and how he's made out with his marriage, and he's trying not to tell me anything, but it seems like I get more from what he don't tell me than from what he actually says.



Rita and Fred are scared pink. Then Rita does a sob stunt and confesses she's in love with Fred.

From what I gather, this Rita he committed matrimony with is a good-looking dame but hard. When Jimmy met up with her she owned and was operating a snappy little beauty salon in the East Fifties which was going good with a small, class trade. Since marriage she still owns it, but it's beneath her dignity to work there. Just sees that she gets everything that's coming to her, and spending most of her spare time telling Jimmy what a cluck he is in a business way.

Well, it's true Jimmy ain't getting the money he's worth, but eight thousand berries for a season's work ain't to be sneezed at, and it's like Jimmy says himself—that he's just a kid and the Yank management is generous and he knows if he keeps on pitching winning ball, why, they'll make it up to him next year and the year after and the year after that. "Besides, Babe—you understand—I still can't get over the thrill of playing right on the same club with Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig and guys like that. I just ain't got the heart to walk in the office and say they gotta pay me more dough."

I pat his hand—platonic like—and figure that I don't like Rita so very much, though I say she must be a swell girl which has got his interests at heart. And he says Yes, but he wishes to gosh she'd handle her beauty shop and leave him play his own baseball. And I say, "You can't have everything, and if you've got romance, why, that's a lot." And then he looks at me kinda funny and says, "Yeh! *If!*"

Before leaving that night—or rather, that morning—Jimmy says he will have to see me frequent about it until we can figure on something to get Fred Winkler from underfoot.

ONE thing I hand Jimmy: He does a lot of conversing with me about Fred. Funny how we pick up again just where we left off. You know, there's times I got to keep reminding myself I'm a lady, because I get sorry for Jimmy, thinking about him being married to that stony-faced dame who owns her own beauty parlor, and ain't satisfied with all that, but has got to keep worrying Jimmy about he should strike for more money. And even sometimes she goes to the club and tells them they ain't doing right by him—which only makes him burn worse than ever.

Dot talks to me once or twice about ain't I seeing too much of Jimmy for both our goods, but I laugh it off—Ha-ha!—like that. "I know," she says; "but you and him used to be mighty fond of each other, and being together this way—"

Then Jimmy gets his big idea. He's all excited about it—like a kid—and I'm ready to love it, no matter how goofy it is. He says, "This Fred ain't keen about hard labor, is he?"

"Nope, Jimmy—he ain't. Not so long as Dot has got a ten spot to lend him."

"But Fred would take a job with the Yankees, wouldn't he?"

I look at him popeyed. "That bird can't play ball."

"I don't mean playing ball. I mean working in the office from nine every morning until five every afternoon."

I begin to see a light. Baseball! The only thing in the world Fred loves half as much as himself. Just to say he's a member of the business staff of a major-league club! I get so excited I grab Jimmy's hand, and I tell him he's a wizard and I'm proud Jersey City produced him, and he says he's going to talk to the management next day.

WELL, that night he is beaming. He says he's got Fred a job at twenty-five bucks a week and the club will send for him tomorrow. Just clerking, he says, and nothing to get a headache about, but it's a job.

We talk about it, and I say I'm sure that Fred will be tickled, and then, about an hour later, Jimmy lets something slip. The club was very nice to Jimmy but said they didn't have no job for Fred, but Jimmy begs 'em please to make some sort of place for the big bird and he—Jimmy—will pay the twenty-five smackers himself, only Fred ain't to know anything about it.

I let out a yell at that, but he won't listen. "Babe," he says, "I get a wallop out of doing this. I know it'll help you, and, shuh! what's dough for if a guy can't use it to make an old friend happy?"

Of course he wins out, and then I win out too, because when Fred gets over his surprise at being offered the job, he goes perfectly nuts, and even before he does his first day's work he's explaining how inside of six months he's gonna be running the club.

The important point is that me and Dot lose him. Honest, you ain't got any idea what a relief it was not to find Fred Winkler always loafing around our sitting room, smoking our cigarettes, and dispensing screwy advice.

Naturally me and Jimmy have got to report to each other all the time. Sometimes Dot is with us, but more often she ain't. Dot's one of those gals: Tells me I'm playing with fire and then leaves me alone with the flames. Which is O. K. with me, too.

We get a lot of laughs and thrills out of the whole thing, like the night Jimmy is sitting in my dressing room between shows telling me about what's happening down at the office.

"It started when we was up in Boston, Babe. The lads in the office tell me when I get back after the Red Sox series."

"They tell you what, Jimmy?"

"They tell me about Fred Winkler and Rita."

"Your wife?"

If everyone in this office uses Pepsodent Antiseptic (as used in recent tests)

there should be 50% fewer colds!

New way in "cold prevention" pointed out in revealing tests with 500 people. Facts on how effective Pepsodent Antiseptic really is.

IF what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this office there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records. . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this office, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

"Yeh. You see, Rita has been worrying the club to death when she thought I didn't know it—going up to the office and arguing that I'm worth more money and if I don't get it she's gonna make me strike. The big boys there keep me tipped off, and I tell 'em to forget it, and so they just let her keep coming and they're polite to her, and—"

"Jimmy," I says, "for an intelligent guy, you got less sense than any man I know. What has Fred got to do with all this?"

"Well, he ain't got no regular job up there and I'm paying his salary. So somebody gets the nifty idea of letting Rita shoot off her mouth to him. It saves everybody else from a lot of worry, it gives Rita somebody to tell her troubles to, and it makes Fred think he's a big executive."

Well, things rock along that way for a while. The club takes another short road trip and then comes back, and when it does I've got exciting news.

"Jimmy," I says, "one of the house managers tells me there's a bird been coming in twice a night just to grab our act. Always sits at the same table when he can get it, and never takes his eyes off us. I seen him last night, and if he ain't a producer I'm a peanut."

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

has been in turn civil engineer, practicing lawyer, newspaperman, and full-time writer. His stories (usually about Negroes) have enjoyed wide popularity. In Birmingham, Alabama, where he lives, he is noted for the help he constantly gives young writers.

I tell Jimmy all about this guy—a big heavy lad in a brown suit, and when the dinner show goes on Jimmy drifts out front. When we're through and they've cleared the stage so the yokels can dance, Jimmy comes back to my dressing tent. "I got it all fixed, Babe," he says. "I've met this bird you told me about. His name is Matt Thayer, but beyond that he don't give away no information. I bumped into him accidental and ast him to have a drink. Well, after he had three and was feeling pretty mellow, I happened to mention I was a friend of yours. Well, he perked up right away. So I ast him would he like to join me and you after the last show for a sandwich and a glass of beer, see, and he said sure. So now's your chance, Babe. You can knock this bird for a row of tin cans."

I'm all excited, of course, when I finally join Jimmy and this egg Thayer. Jimmy has been working on that baby plenty all through the evening, and Matt is commencing to feel his drinks.

Of course, we don't let on that we know he's from some producer's office, but we turn ourselves inside out trying to be swell to him, just as though we loved him for himself alone. And before three o'clock he's a push-over for anything we want. In fact he opens up all of a sudden and makes a long speech about how grand we are, and Jimmy pats him on the shoulder and says, "Right! And you ain't so lousy yourself, Matt, ol' hoss." This touch of sentiment almost floors Matt and for a minute I'm scared he's gonna weep. Instead of that he drapes one arm over my maidenly shoulders and the other arm across Jimmy's and says, "Listen, you two kids. I wanna be your friend."

"Sure you do, Matt—sure you do."

"I don' wanna shee you get into no jam."

"Course you don't."

"Sho I'm tellin' you—shee—I'm tellin' you both, jusht as a frien', shee—I'm tellin' you both you gotta watch your shtep."

WELL, I look at Jimmy and he looks at me and we begin to think maybe there's something goofy in Denmark. I ask Matt how come.

"Who," inquires Matt, feeling for his words—"who would you kids think I am?"

"A grand guy," I says quickly.

Matt beams. "Grand guy—tha'sh me. Grandest guy ever. Which ish why I wouldn't ever do dirt to two such elegant kids ash you. Listen. I'm a detective!"

"A what?"

"A detective." It looks again like Matt is fixing to drip a tear. "I ought to be ashamed of myshelf, but a guy hash gotta live. So I'm a detective."

"Yeah. But—"

"Shishter, you gotta watch your shtep. You too, Jimmy. You're bein' watched."

"Who by?"

"Me!"

Me and Jimmy ain't laughing no more. Jimmy grabs Matt's wrist and bores through him with eyes that look mad.

Matt is very pathetic. He says, "I know your wife, Jimmy Conroy."

"You know Rita?"

"Yeh. I work for her!"

That's the pay-off. Me and Jimmy feel kind of sickish—but not so sick we don't ask questions.

FINALLY we get the whole story, and it's a bearcat. It seems that a few days ago Rita and Fred had been getting awful chummy up at the office with their conferences, and Fred had horned in to some exec's office and put up an awful squawk about how the president of the club had better listen to Rita personal, or else. And when they tried to tell Fred where to get off, butting in on Jimmy's business, Fred made a few remarks, and then somebody got mad and tipped the young genius off to the fact that Jimmy was paying his salary.

Well, that was an awful wallop to Fred, and he tells Rita. After mulling it over, they decide to get clever. You see, to a fem like Rita that layout doesn't mean but one thing: to her it says that Jimmy has wanted to get Fred away from me so he can have me all to himself, or words to that effect—and Fred, being the modest lad he is, doesn't make any bones about the fact that I've always been pretty mushy about him.

Well, according to what Matt told us—and what we knew of the folks involved—Rita and Fred do a big burn together. Fred keeps his job, and, for a wonder, keeps his mouth shut, and Rita decides to get the lowdown on me and Jimmy: object, divorce and heavy alimony. So she hires Matt from an agency, and that's why the big goof has been sittin' out front night after night looking as idle as a musical-comedy producer.

Two more drinks and we trundle Matt off in a taxi and tuck him into a forgotten bed in some dinky hotel. Then we take a long walk in Central Park and listen to the birdies greet the dawn.

I'm feeling blue—and how! So is Jimmy, because he figures he got me into it.

It's bad any way I look at it—only worse some ways than others. If I get in a jam with Brother Fred, why, Dot is gonna be sore. And if I don't, and this Rita goes through with her cute little divorce idea, I'm gonna be mixed up in a sweet scandal. And whether that's supposed to be good publicity or not, I ain't hankering to have the whole world figuring nasty things about me and the kid.

Well, I finally get my big hunch.

I tell Jimmy I'm gonna make a play for Fred—a play that'll knock him for a loop. "Honest, Jimmy—I'll make that tomato think I can't sleep for thinking of him—which ain't entirely a lie, either."

"But, my gosh, Babe! Won't that put you right back where you started—with him trying to fix up your act and all?"

"Maybe," I says; "but it's a chance I gotta take."

"I don't see what good it'll do."

"It'll do plenty good. In the first place, Fred's a sucker for dames and he'll fall. I only hope he breaks his doggone neck! Then he'll report back to Rita that she's all wet, on account I can't possibly be interested in you when I'm carrying the torch for him, see?"

"Yeh, I see, but I don't like the idea of that big bird mauling you around."

"Jimmy," I says, "I been mauled by better men than him and I still got the disposition of an angel. Besides, we ain't got any choice. So here goes."

It works. My gosh, how it works! At first Fred thinks maybe it's a new kind of razzberry, but inside of the first week I've got him running around in circles.

Confidence! The confidence that artichoke has is astounding. He spends hours telling me how good he is, and how he's running the Yankee ball club—and, most of all, how the dames make his life miserable chasing him. He even gets to patronizing me, and I got to sit there looking like a dying duck in a thunderstorm and pretending like I think he's Mister Casanova's papa. Yeh, it's working all right. I know he's still seeing Rita, and it's a thousand-to-one bet that he's filling her full of how him and I have gone for each other in the most torrid way.

Another week commences to end, and I figure I got to do my family duty and go see my kid cousin in Trenton. The Yanks are playing at home, but that don't matter because I ain't seeing Jimmy these days anyway—just phone calls from him once in a while. I figure here's a good play, so I ask Fred how about making it a picnic, "Just a nice little train ride for you and me, Fred—out to Trenton and back."

He says, "Trenton? Sure. But not on no train."

"I ain't good at walkin', Fred."

"I'll get a car. I got a friend that'll lend me one."

I TELL him I'll buy the gas, which is O. K. with him, and when we shove off Dot is grinning at us like she thinks we are eloping or something. Well, the day is grand and we roll across New Jersey with me enjoying the scenery and pretending like Fred ain't near. I stay beautifully relaxed until I make a sort of polite remark. I say, "This is a neat wagon, Fred. What chump did you borrow it off?"

"It belongs to Rita Conroy," he says.

All of a sudden the scenery stops being beautiful. "Rita Conroy! You're borrowing her car to take me joy-riding?"

"Sure, honey. And why not? She's glad to do anything for me."

I'm steaming. "But, my gosh, Fred," I says, "you ain't got no right to take Jimmy's wife's car to taxi me around Jersey in!"

"Forget it, Babe," he says. "Nobody's gonna know who's riding in this car."

Well, that's all right, too, except that it shows you never can tell. It's like the old saying about the best-laid mice and men aft gang something.

It happens near Trenton. There's plenty of Sunday traffic, which Fred ain't regarding too highly. I hear a yell, feel the car swerve, and then there's a terrible crunch of steel and a crashing of glass. I hear a lot of first-class and very sincere profanity, and I'm sitting by the side of the road with my dress torn, and there's Fred looking kind of gory.

And the car! Just a lot of little pieces.

A half billion women in the world and the one Fred picks out to help bust up Rita's automobile is the dame she's sore about to start with.

Vox Pop

(with thanks and apologies to Liberty)

DRUGGIST OUGHT TO KNOW

LOCH SHELDRAKE, N. Y.—A summer resort drug store plus vacationists from many states yields a very good idea as to the most popular laxative used. . . . As a pharmacist in Loch Sheldrake, a popular summer resort, I have catered to the laxative needs of thousands of vacationists, both old and young. And by far the greatest demand was for Ex-Lax, the chocolate "easy-to-take" laxative . . . truly it has perfect laxative qualities, in that it is mild enough for a baby, yet strong enough for a "he-man". —*Joe Fordham Primack.*

MOTHER OF FIVE WRITES A LETTER

WALLACE, KANSAS—Last winter a sample of Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, came to us. My brother tried that sample . . . and it was so mild that the whole family started using it—from my father 81 years old and my mother 74 years old to my youngest son, John, who is twelve. I have five children. Two boys and a girl are at home now —and every one of my children, including the two married ones, use Ex-Lax. A person ought to take Ex-Lax, for it is the most pleasant to take and works well. —*Mrs. Roy Lock.*

TAXI DRIVER TALKS

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—We taxi drivers must take Ex-Lax in order to keep fit, because we sit twelve hours a day, and we must take care of our stomachs. My mother is a nurse and tells me I must take a laxative once a week to keep ship-shape. I remember my mother giving me Ex-Lax when I was a child, and every child likes candy. Ex-Lax tastes like chocolate, so I took it joyfully. Ever since then it is the only laxative I take. My wife takes Ex-Lax, too.—*Ben Teitelbaum.*

A FAMILY FRIEND

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I have tried a lot of laxatives, but found that Ex-Lax is the most satisfactory. For over twenty years I have had the large fifty-cent box in the house. It's the nicest laxative of any to take. My daughter is twenty and has taken Ex-Lax almost from her birth. My husband and one son are the only ones who never take a laxative . . . but my other son, my daughter and I use it whenever necessary. In fact, almost all my relatives use Ex-Lax as their favorite laxative. My brother first bought Ex-Lax years ago for our home and we have used it exclusively ever since.—*Gertrude Orner.*

COAST COMMENT

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—About 22 years ago I started using Ex-Lax. I gave it to my two daughters, who were very small at that time. Whenever we travel, as we have this last summer in our car, we find that with the change of climate, water and food we need a laxative. So we get a 25c box of Ex-Lax and keep it on hand.—*Millie Myers.*

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
L25 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name____________________________
Address__________________________

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

From then on things move fast. We hustle Fred into a Trenton hospital and learn that he's got what the doc calls superficial cuts, contusions, and shock. Well, I'm shocked too, but never so much as when a reporter hears about the accident, comes sleuthing into the hospital, and, first crack out of the box, says, " Say, ain't you Babe Sherman that plays at the Elysee Music Hall? "

Fifteen minutes later, after warning Fred not to insult too many good-looking nurses, I'm registered at the hotel and making the telephone wires sizzle. I'm scared. Scared stiff! I call the Yankee Stadium, but they tell me there ain't a chance of getting Jimmy on the phone on account he's pitching against the Chi Sox and has got them eating out of his hand.

I'm up against it plenty. Disaster is busting right in my face. I can't call Dot because she'd probably expire right away if she knew her brother had been cut up in an auto accident. I need help. Specially I need Jimmy. So I get a desperate hunch. I telephone Matt Thayer's apartment, and never in my life was I so glad to hear anything as the slow heavy voice of that good-natured dick.

I spill the works, and I guess I'm awful excited, because he keeps butting in and saying, " Easy there, Miss Sherman. Easy there! Keep your shirt on." And finally I get it across to him that he must get hold of Jimmy the minute the game is over, and tell him what has happened and where I am. In the first place, I want Jimmy with me, and in the second place I've got some sort of a nutty hunch that since it's his wife's car maybe the publicity won't look so bad if he sort of lets on that he was riding with us when the accident happened.

I keep in touch with the hospital, and otherwise enjoy myself by fighting off a nervous breakdown. The more I think about the situation, the worse it looks.

IT'S seven o'clock when Jimmy telephones up to the room. I'm crawling with nervousness, and when he walks in and grins at me I bust out weeping. Honest, this has been too much for any maiden. Besides, getting spilled all over a Jersey roadside without any warning doesn't help a girl's nerves any to speak of.

Jimmy is grand. He laughs and kids me along and says everything is gonna be all right, and I commence shooting ideas at him and he's agreeing to everything, although I can see perfectly well that he's plenty worried. And then there comes a knock on the door and we look at each other —scared, both thinking that all we need to mark the end of a perfect day would be to have the house detective pull a pinch on us for being in my room together with the door shut.

Well, it's a detective all right, but he don't work in the hotel. It's Matt Thayer, and he walks in, shoves his hat on the back of his head to prove he's a gent, and gives me a serious look.

Matt says, " You better come along, Miss Sherman."

" Come along where? "

" The hospital."

I get cold all over. " Fred? " I gasp. " Internal injuries? "

Matt nods. " Looks like he's been hit harder'n we thought. You better mosey over."

All three of us go. It ain't a nice feeling, either. Jimmy is holding my arm tight and telling me to keep my chin up, and I'm thinking of Dot and what she's gonna say if Fred should be seriously hurt, and Matt Thayer is saying nothing at all and saying it constant.

We walked up to the hall where Fred's room is. His door is just the least bit open, and Matt whispers for us to take it easy. " Don't let nobody see you," he says. " Just look."

Well, we sneak up to that door and peep inside. And do we see something! I'm telling—not asking!

THERE'S Fred Winkler in bed, but you can't see all of him because there's a dame in the room also, and she is wrastling with him with great enthusiasm, kind of crooning things at him and saying everything is going to be all right and that her great big booful boy mustn't worry because horrid ol' car throwed him across the landscape.

It's Rita! And I hear Jimmy say that he will be damned.

Matt Thayer is talking, and for the first time I figure that guy ain't so dumb.

" I brung her out here," he explains. " You see, she's kept me workin' for her right along. Well, I knew what the reason must be: That she had went for this Fred bozo in a big way and was jealous of what you and him was doing—so she wanted a checkup on everything. When I told her he was busted up—"

" You didn't mention my name, did you, Matt? "

" Do I look like that kind of a scallion? She probably thinks Fred was alone, and he'll never tell her different." Matt waves toward the inside of the room. " I told you kids I was your friend. There's the proof. If Jimmy, here, wants to pull his stuff now—it's a cinch that he can have all the divorces he wants without shelling out a pile of alimony."

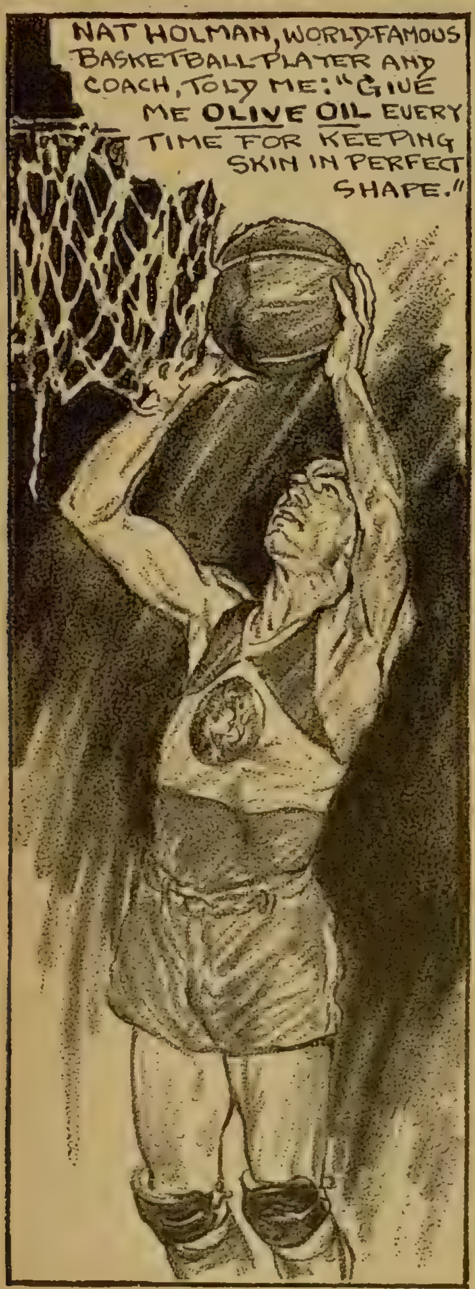
Jimmy is looking kind of queer. I hear him say to himself, " That's right, too. Rita's got her beauty parlor. She don't need my dough."

Just sort of accidentally I give him a shove through the door and then duck back so I can't possibly be seen.

Jimmy does a noble job. Rita and Fred are both scared pink. Then Rita does a sob stunt and confesses that she's in love with Fred and wants to marry him.

Jimmy makes a generous play. He says he will not stand in the way of no divorce, and hopes they will be happy, and Fred says he knows they will because they have been together a lot

THEY TOLD ME BY Oliver


NAT HOLMAN, WORLD-FAMOUS BASKETBALL PLAYER AND COACH, TOLD ME: "GIVE ME OLIVE OIL EVERY TIME FOR KEEPING SKIN IN PERFECT SHAPE."

BANISH RAWNESS AFTER SHAVING!

—with Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

RAZORS are mighty rough on men's skins, too! So to do away with the rawness your razor leaves in its wake . . . to keep your face always fresh and smooth . . . free from after-shave irritation, Palmolive Shave Cream is made with just the right amount of olive oil.

It is also this same unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains this shaving cream's richer, creamier lather . . . lather that stands up for a full ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had. Why not get a tube of Palmolive Shave Cream—today!

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES FOR 25¢

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES

around New York and they feel they was destined for each other. So Jimmy wishes them luck and picks me out of the hall and dances me down the street and back to the hotel. He goes up to my room with me and commences to act like the Jimmy I used to know—which means affectionate in a big way.

Well, I'm happy too, and don't hesitate to let him know it.

We sit around, saying foolish things to each other until some one knocks on the door, and this time I don't care whether it's the house dick or not. But it ain't. It's Matt Thayer again and he's grinning all over.

"Some fun, eh, kids?" he asks, and we say yes, and promise to make him best man at the wedding. And then Jimmy says, half to me and half to himself—he says, "I'm just wondering about one thing. That job of Fred's was just a stall—with me paying the salary. And I was figuring that maybe I could do something for him."

Matt says, "Don't you worry about Fred Winkler."

"Why not?" asks Jimmy.

"Because," says Matt, "just before I left the hospital I heard Rita and Fred planning their future. And Fred was promising her that as soon as they got married he was going to take charge of her beauty parlor and really teach her how to run it."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1—The White House.

2—A variety of chalcedony—a cryptocrystalline translucent variety of quartz.

3—On the St. John River, near St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.

4—In New York City, February 16, 1868.

5—Quasimodo or Low Sunday.

6—The box in which the line used by the Coast Guard in rescue work is coiled, or "faked," over wooden pegs so as to pay out without fouling when shot to a wreck.

7—James Ryder Randall, 1839-1908.

8—Trimountain. It was named Boston on September 17, 1630, by vote of the colonists.

9—Into Mackenzie Bay, an arm of the Beaufort Sea.

10—The common dandelion.

11—A tentmaker.

12—Broadly speaking, dried grain, hulled and often broken or cracked.

13—Manila, Cebu, Albay, Iloilo, and Lipa.

14—New England and New York.

15—James Fenimore Cooper.

16—Tennessee; bordered by Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia.

17—Since 1832, when the Anti-Masonic Party held the first national convention.

18—The 45th and 49th.

19—An instrument for recording the phenomena of thunderstorms.

20—A proceeding which is according to, or permitted by, the rules and usages of Parliament or of other deliberative bodies.

Like your fun in big measures?

It won't give you as expansive a feeling as sailing over a ski jump—but a change to Spuds does often remove one of the nagging little restraints of life. *It frees our daily enjoyment of smoking from the annoying restrictions of a dry, stale mouth.* Spud took the limits off smoking pleasure when it took the tar-laden *heat* out of smoke. So you can light up to your taste's content—your mouth will keep fresh as the snow.

Adelboden, Switzerland

CORK TIP or PLAIN

Spud
Menthol-Cooled CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20
(25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

STIRRING,

Four Stars and a Cheer for The Lives of a Bengal Played by Miss Colbert, and a Sigh for Miss

FredMacMurray and Claudette Colbert in The Gilded Lily.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ★ THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue, Kathleen Burke, Douglas Dumbrille. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Story by Francis Yeats-Brown.

HERE it is! The motion picture at its best—a wild, meaty, thrilling film that cracks right out from the confining walls of the sound stages. This grand tale of an isolated group of English soldiers has been fused from the rankest sort of melodrama. But it's melodrama that kicks and breathes, melodrama that excites and stretches the tautness of its suspense almost to the breaking point.

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer has no conventional love interest neatly entwined in its martial ways. Yet through the story there runs a deep romantic strain.

Stationed at a lonely outpost in northern India, a small troop of Bengal Lancers patrol the mountains and dominate some thousands of warlike nomadic tribesmen. Sir Guy Standing, as the commander of these Lancers, gives, with a minimum of flourish, a striking portrayal. Under his command are three young officers—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Dick Cromwell. When one of the officers, the commander's son, breaks rules and skips out with a native wench, he is snatched by marauders. Then Tone and Cooper, masquerading as Indians, try a rescue.

From there the beautifully photographed film mounts furiously to its climax. But that is not reached until both Messrs. Tone and Cooper suffer exquisite torture from the natives, and the Bengal Lancers attack the natives.

Hardly to be called true to life, the film is something more than that, and sets a cinema standard which may not be topped this year.

In it Gary Cooper, Dick Cromwell, C. Aubrey Smith, and Douglas Dumbrille are seen in their best form. We have given some unkind criticism of Franchot Tone's past work, and we now apologize; for he not only gives the best performance of his career, but in a film somewhat more than capably played throughout he is the equal of any in the cast.

You may believe anything the ads say about The Lives of a Bengal Lancer.

VITAL STATISTICS: When viewing this $1,000,000-plus celluloid jewel, forget the book of the same name you read by Major Francis Yeats-Brown. That was a brilliant young far-flung Englishman writing mystical autobiography; this is strictly movie, 100 per cent, with utterly no bridge between, and an inserted plot. . . . Picture was started four years ago, when Director Ernest B. Schoedsack left for dangerous Indian territory, including Khyber Pass, to make atmospheric shots, most of which were scrapped as not so pukka, if expensive. Director Henry Hathaway "collaborated" on the direction, making most of the acting scenes around the Hollywood studios. . . . 4,000 uniforms, 2,000 horses, 1,000s of rifles, lots of leopards, lions, tigers, two hunting falcons, and six separate location spots used in film's making. . . . 100-odd Hindus from the California olive orchards worked in the film, including six-foot Hanzullah Singh, high-caste Sikh and former officer in the Lancers. . . . Six white oxen used in film got annoyingly egotistical after several weeks of being treated as sacred cows, standing aside for no member of the cast. . . . The real Bengal Lancers find native recruits mostly in northern India, because that's where they grow à la Carnera, height being an entrance requirement. Each Lancer regiment averages around 450 natives and fifteen English officers; is so exclusively high-hat that the members snoot even each other. . . . Yeats-Brown spent most of the World War in a Turkish prison, trying to escape, and succeeded on the day the war ended! . . . Gary Cooper insisted on doing all his own riding and shooting, despite willing doubles and directors fearing accidents. Gary was once a Western star, so why not? . . . Franchot Tone formed the Society for the Protection of Embarrassed Horses among the film's cast. The dues were twenty-five cents, collectible every time a member was thrown from a horse during action. Franchot paid in fifty cents. . . . Sir Guy Standing was knighted during the World War for his British naval services. . . . Kathleen Burke is the famous Panther Woman and is, in my opinion, on the way to stardom owing to having been cast as a Russian woman spy, which is the first role on the stardom course.

★ ★ ½ THE GILDED LILY

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, C. Aubrey Smith, Luis Alberni, Edward Craven. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Story by Melville Baker and Jack Kirkland.

THE shrewd and shapely Claudette Colbert has just engineered herself into one of the most lucrative contracts passed out by the studios. One reason for this may be that Miss Colbert, with the exception of her Cleopatra, has always played real women—housewives, working-girls, shopkeepers. These are roles in which the women of her audience can place themselves, roles which they know and understand.

Ann Harding, Frank Morgan, and Jessie Ralph in a scene from the whimsical picture, Enchanted April.

In The Gilded Lily, her latest film, a harmless little affair about a stenographer, Miss Colbert is as competent as usual. She does her stenographer with so many life-like touches that she becomes an alive woman, no gum-chewing burlesque. The story itself is not much, being a variation on the Cinderella theme which has the stenographer falling for an English nobleman whom she believes to be one of the unemployed.

When he walks out on her, Miss Colbert is guided to fame and revenge by a newspaperman who publicizes the affair and sets her up as a café curiosity and entertainer who said "No" to a lord.

Fred MacMurray, a promising newcomer, and Ray Milland assist in making The Gilded Lady a mild but diverting film, which might have been given more pace had the characters been allowed to sit occasionally some place other than on a public-library bench.

VITAL STATISTICS: Fred MacMurray is a Kankakeer. He attended Midwestern Carroll College, which boasts a swell dramatic school and Alfred Lunt among its alumni. Fred, however, climbed up behind the footlights after jazzing it considerably in many bands after college. He also sang for Victor records. Three's a Crowd was his *tour de force*, playing in a comedy jazz band. Then to vodvil, then to a good part in Kern's Roberta; then to Paramount in April, '34. . . . C. Aubrey Smith is a very nice citizen and cannot live without his weekly bit of cricket, even if it's a

SHREWD, STICKY

Lancer; Kind Words for a Typist Wisely Harding's Current Film Adventure

by BEVERLY HILLS

Hollywood version. . . . Luis Alberni is one of Hollywood's most capable players, yet may never get the chances of many superiorly stupid juveniles. . . . Ray Milland was born in Neath, Glamorgan, practically the only pronounceable place in Wales. Has taken out first U. S. cit papers, even if family still remain Taffyish. Studied at King's College, England, but never got to Cambridge, his heart's desire. Is a finished gentleman rider, an expert breaker of horses. Expert horsemanship netted him a place in the British Household Cavalry, the King's personal bodyguard. Gave up the army to dispose of an aunt legacy by hitting the Continental high spots. With his last fifty dollars he took Estelle Brody, English picture star, to dinner. The investment landed him squarely into the lap of Thespis, who has treated him pretty favorably ever since. He once had to pass a test of shooting fourteen times at a small coin one hundred feet away before he landed a movie job as off-scene shooter, which included shooting a mirror out of Lya de Putti's hand and smashing a window an inch from Lars Hanson's nose.

½ ★ ENCHANTED APRIL

THE PLAYERS: Ann Harding, Frank Morgan, Katherine Alexander, Reginald Owen, Jane Baxter, Ralph Forbes, Jessie Ralph. Directed by Harry Beaumont. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Ray Harris.

ENCHANTED APRIL is a helping of sticky whimsey which shows an amazingly nimble-footed ability in dodging all semblance of plot until the last reel. It doesn't matter then.

An Italian castle is rented by four women—and that's a lot of women—who, for various reasons, are taking a holiday from men. One is an aging grouch; one is just tired of it all; one is a lawyer's wife; the last is the deserted wife of a writer, and that's completely understandable.

Two of the principals in the stirring Lives of a Bengal Lancer—Gary Cooper and Richard Cromwell.

Ann Harding, suffering violently from the cutes, spreads cheer and sweetness and succeeds only in giving the film a more nauseous air than any bare outline of its sugary doings might indicate. Spaced between her fluttering and cooing are two good performances by Reginald Owen and Jessie Ralph.

VITAL STATISTICS: Some Ann Hardingisms strictly for the ladies: (a) End the morning hot bath with a cold one for beauty and lay off the home reducing baths. (b) Drink water in Niagara amounts for beauty, substituting it for food between meals. (c) Use salt after tooth paste for wonderful grinders. (d) Smile while rouging, blending it in gently. (e) Bend backward on a piano bench, hooking the legs on the bench rungs, to keep fit. (f) If you must diet, lunch on tomato soup purée with croutons, grape and grapefruit salad, and tea; and dine on veal cutlets casserole, water-cress salad, stuffed peaches, and coffee. (g) Always put perfume on the skin and not on the clothes. (h) Don't juggle spoons, pull pet curls, jiggle a foot interminably, or twist your rings, if you wish to be charming. Ann worked herself into a faint, what with insisting on the show going on despite an attack of laryngitis during this film's making. She's going to be remarried soon. . . . Different Katherine Alexander's claim to distinction lies in that she's never ever complained about her dressing room; forgot her lines; held up production because she had ptomaine poisoning; asked for an advance on her salary; been photographed in a bathing suit; declared she was wedded to her Art; told an interviewer of her devotion to her public; objected to whistling in her dressing room; criticized critics; or felt jealousy for the star in her production. Boy, do the fan-mag gals eat such stuff up! . . . Reginald Owen found time during the day not only to appear in this picture but to keep three other shooting schedules.

½ ★ I'VE BEEN AROUND

THE PLAYERS: Chester Morris, Rochelle Hudson, Gene Lockhart, Isabel Jewell, Phyllis Brooks, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Ralph Morgan. Directed by Phil Cahn. Story by John Meehan, Jr.

THIS sagging romance tells with neither charm, interest, nor verisimilitude all about two young people of the Long Island polo-playing set. Chester Morris is seen as a plane-stunting business man who is called away to work during his engagement, leaving his fiancée, Rochelle Hudson, to amuse herself with a social climber. This she seems to do passably well, for by the time Morris comes flying home his giddy girl friend is burning with passion for the climber.

The Morris-Hudson affair then encounters all sorts of trouble—but it's mere child's play to the trouble you'll have sitting through their antics.

VITAL STATISTICS: Chester Morris attributes his success to his wife. Claims she kiboshed the inferiority complex that nearly caused him to refuse the role that led to his present place on the screen. That picture was Alibi, made when the talkies were still being called the squawkies or lispies and were said to be full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Chester's mother was Etta Hawkins, outstanding comedienne of the Charles Frohman era, his father William Morris, prominent actor at one time. Chester's first film appearance was with the old Thanhouser Company. He hookeyed it from high school to play extra. Hopes some day to ask for a heavy role. Has good business head and a trust fund. At sixteen once played thirty-five-year-old man on stage. . . . Rochelle Hudson comes from Will Rogers's home taown of Claremont, Oklahoma. Rides, paints, dances, sings, and speaks French, all fluently. Came to Hollywood because she was too young for the Oklahoma stage. . . . Gene Lockhart never touched a drop of liquor in his life, but got his movie start because of his skill at playing the stew on the stage. Was born in London, Ontario, and is a first-rate playwright. Is one of the country's outstanding short-wave-set amateurs. . . . Phyllis Brooks was twenty and about to go to Vassar when it was discovered she was too beautiful for college and fit only to be an artist's model. Was the As You Desire Me girl of the ads. She's without previous stage experience, but was hand-coached by her maw, Daisy Ann Seiler, former drama teacher.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love.

★★★—The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island.

Chester Morris and Rochelle Hudson in I've Been Around, which deals with the polo-playing set.

Getaway Money

A Sparkling Novel of Things as They Are in 1935—The Lively Adventures of a Once-Rich Girl in Search of a Still-Rich Husband

by ELMER DAVIS

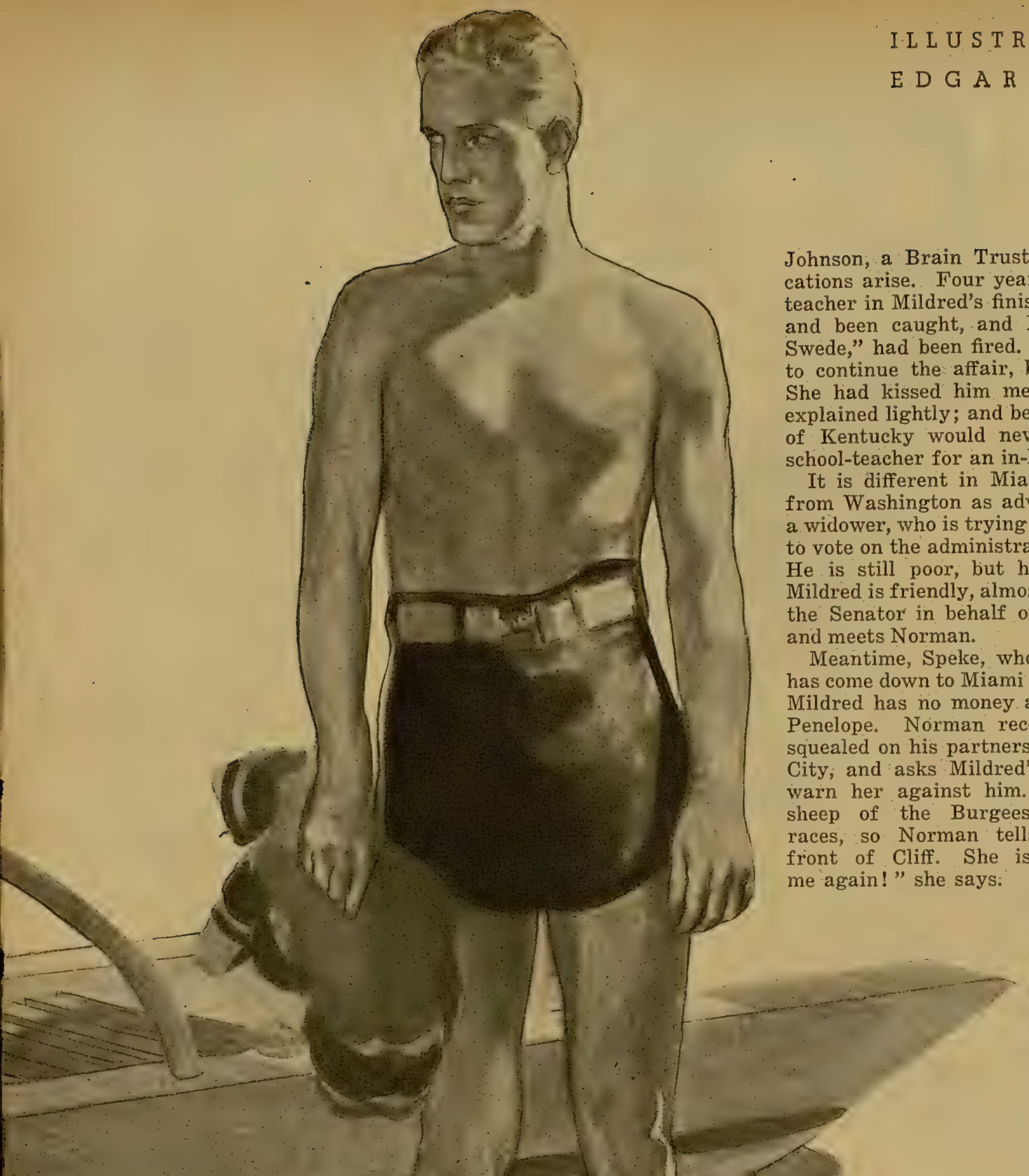
"Do you think everything a woman says

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

WITH her parents dead, and the family fortune wiped out, Mildred Burgee's only asset, besides her youth and rare beauty, is a finishing-school education. That, of course, should have the complement of wealth to be of any value, so she invests her bank roll in smart clothes and goes to Miami as a pseudo-secretary to her friend, the rich Mrs. Penelope Eier. If a wealthy husband can be had there, Mildred is determined to get him.

Clifford Speke, a middle-aged broker from Twin City, kisses her 'neath the Florida moon, and she believes he is the answer to her prayer. Then she encounters Dr. Norman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDGAR McGRAW



when she's mad is to be taken literally?"

Johnson, a Brain Truster, and embarrassing complications arise. Four years before, Norman had been a teacher in Mildred's finishing school. They had kissed and been caught, and Norman, known as the "big Swede," had been fired. In New York he had sought to continue the affair, but she had laughed him off. She had kissed him merely to keep in practice, she explained lightly; and besides, the aristocratic Burgees of Kentucky would never consider an impoverished school-teacher for an in-law.

It is different in Miami. Norman has come down from Washington as adviser to old Senator Medwick, a widower, who is trying to make up his mind as to how to vote on the administration's important Funding Bill. He is still poor, but has promise of a big future. Mildred is friendly, almost apologetic, when she calls on the Senator in behalf of Penelope's peace movement, and meets Norman.

Meantime, Speke, who is almost broke himself and has come down to Miami seeking a rich wife, learns that Mildred has no money and switches his attentions to Penelope. Norman recognizes Cliff as a man who squealed on his partners to escape indictment in Twin City, and asks Mildred's uncle, Pinckney Burgee, to warn her against him. But Uncle Pink, the black sheep of the Burgees, is too busy playing the races, so Norman tells Mildred himself, right in front of Cliff. She is furious. "Never speak to me again!" she says.

PART THREE — "WHY NOT ADMIT YOU'RE JEALOUS?"

MILDRED ran up the steps of the Minaret, vanished. Norman looked around. Speke was nowhere in sight. Slowly he went up the steps, and as he crossed the terrace somebody hailed him from a table—a pink-faced, white-mustached gentleman in crisp linen, with a flask and glasses.

"Johnson! I was hoping I'd see you before I talked to Mildred."

"It's a little late for you to talk to Mildred," said Norman. "I've just been talking to her myself."

"What did you do that for?"

Norman sat down and told him, while Mr. Burgee wheezed and muttered.

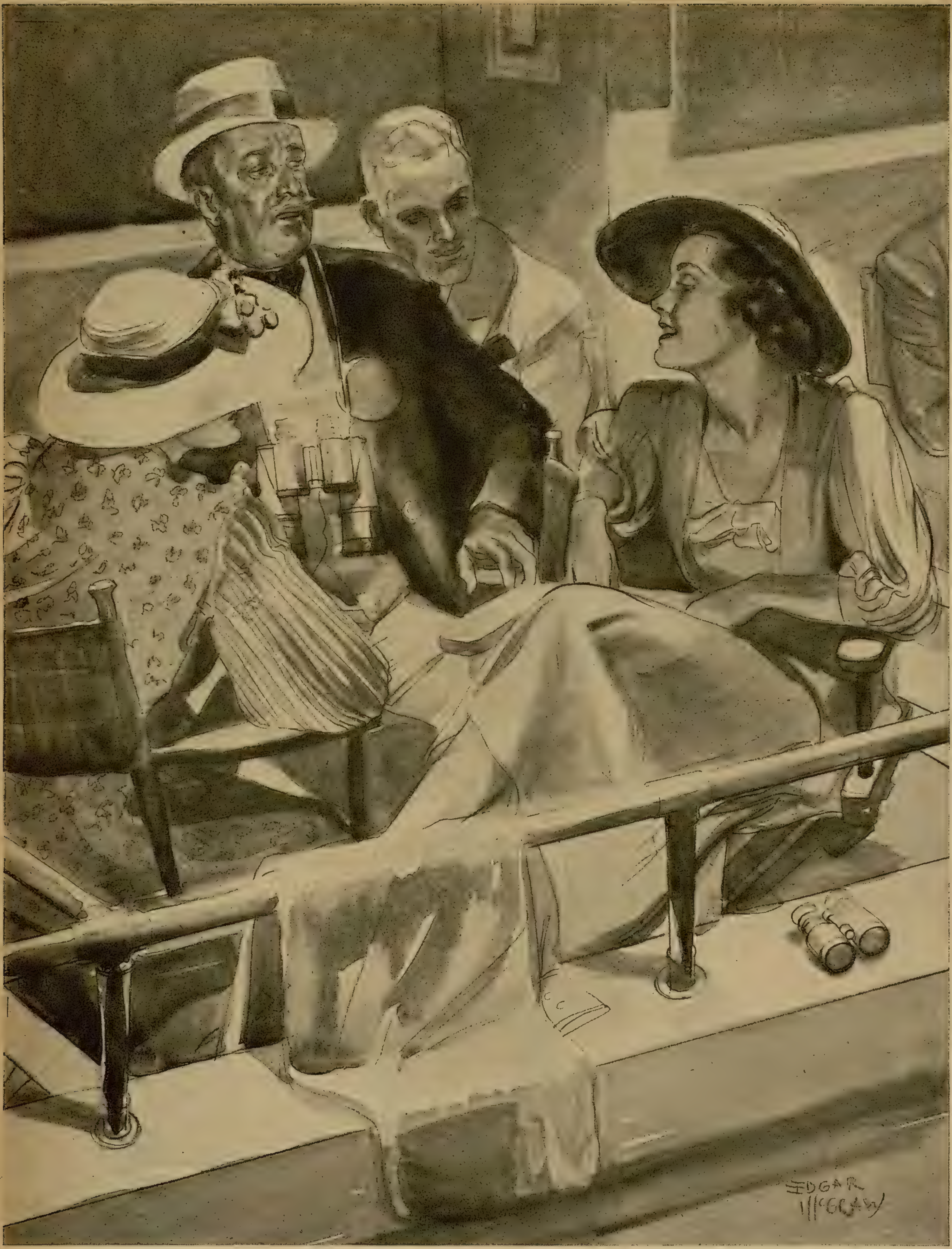
"Son," he said at last, "your intentions are fine but your technique is awful. I was going to speak to her, if necessary, as soon as I'd completed my investigations."

"Investigations? Didn't you believe me?"

"Of course I did, but I had to check up the story from newspaper files. She'd have asked me how I knew all this; and you wouldn't want me to have to tell her I'd got it from you, would you?"

"No. Thank you, Mr. Burgee. But I—I didn't know what you were waiting for, and when she said she was thinking of marrying him—"

"Oh, she said that? Well, I don't know what he's thinking of," said Uncle Pinckney, "but he's been seen around quite a lot with Mrs. Eier. And from all I hear of this Speke, he isn't going after a girl who hasn't got a nickel if he can make good with Eier Food Products. Looks to me, son, as if you



"Sometimes," said the Senator, "you'd hardly know whether he's working for me or I'm working for him."

were a little premature in spilling this story. Why, in Heaven's name, did you do it?"

"Well—" said Norman, and could say no more.

"Yes," Mr. Burgee agreed. "Mildred has that effect. If a man can't get her he won't take his licking and forget it; he keeps hanging around. I suppose she can't help raising hell wherever she goes, but I wish—"

"I'm the one that's raised hell," said Norman miserably. "She told me never to speak to her again, and I don't blame her. Mr. Burgee, what can I do now?"

"Son, in such a situation—in fact in any situation—I have always found that it was a good idea to have a drink. I've got a flask of my bourbon here; wouldn't trust this stuff they sell you at the Minaret— As for her never wanting to see you again, that doesn't mean any more than a politician's campaign promises." . . .

Mildred wouldn't have believed that as she dressed in the locker room, her hands were trembling. To have been such a fool! To have been shown up by Norman, of all people, and after she'd boasted to Uncle Pink that she knew enough to pick out the sort of man she wanted!

She hardly thought of Cliff; he didn't seem to matter. All she felt at first was shame for her own stupidity. And for that she had spent almost all of her money—the money that might have carried her in New York till she found a job—on Florida clothes to attract the sort of man she wanted. And what sort of men did she attract? Cliff, a squealer; Norman, bullheaded, blundering, officious. The lone prospector had found no gold; and now it was almost the end of the season, she was dependent on Penelope for her getaway money—and what would she do after she got away?

SHE came out of the locker room, started across the palm garden—and suddenly her spirits rose with a leap. Under the palm trees was a tall, gray-mustached gentleman whose eyes brightened as he saw her. He was an old dear, he was a distinguished statesman; but above all, at that moment, the Honorable Roscoe Medwick was a man who wanted to take her to lunch.

It salvaged her pride to walk into the Minaret dining room with Roscoe Medwick, gay in blue coat and white flannels, with a flower in his buttonhole and the light of youth (or something like it) in his eye; it salvaged her pride and it gave her time that she needed to get over the shock. And after lunch he suggested that they go to the races.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Eier may have work for me," she warned him.

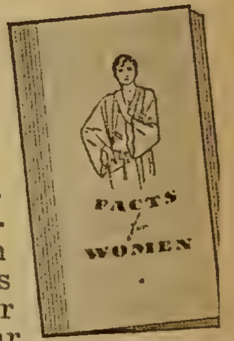
But Penelope, encountered in the lobby, was perfectly willing for Mildred to take the afternoon off.

"I'm playing golf with Cliff," she explained. "If there's any work, it can wait till tomorrow. Mildred, I had lunch with him on the terrace, and he told me all about that trouble he got into in Twin City. He'd been meaning to tell me all along, and he was perfectly willing for me to tell you. But then this interfering Dr. Johnson had to spill the story—and I gather that you behaved rather childishly," said Penelope severely. "What else could Cliff have done? Lots of perfectly good men have been indicted

I ONCE THOUGHT
IT WAS DANGEROUS

NOW I'VE HEARD
THERE IS A SAFE WAY

THAT'S GREAT NEWS
FOR MARRIED WOMEN
IF IT'S SO



ASK ANY MARRIED WOMAN WHO HAS TRIED IT

(or send for the booklet "Facts for Women")

TIMES have changed, and women have changed with them. Instead of brooding over the "failure" of their marriages, many married women are wearing a cheerful expression. What they once thought was dangerous is now found to be safe!

The news has spread around of the *discovery* that has taken the *danger* out of the practice of feminine hygiene. Ask any married woman who has tried this modern method, and she will tell you of the great change it has brought into her life—more poise, more confidence, a better and more cheerful disposition.

Never too late to learn

Your grandmother (and even your mother perhaps) thought feminine hygiene was always associated with poisonous antiseptics. Nothing else was powerful enough: that was the old belief—and in the days of your grandmother it was true!

But that was before the discovery of *Zonite*, the great non-poisonous antiseptic-germicide that has brought joy and relief to millions of enlightened women. If you do not already know the *facts* about Zonite, note them carefully now. It is never too late to learn. Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous. It will not harm delicate membranes, nor produce scar-tissue. Yet Zonite is powerful. It is the only non-poisonous antiseptic that compares in strength with the standard poisonous germicides. As a matter of fact, Zonite is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed to touch the human body.

Two forms of Zonite

Zonite is on sale at drugstores everywhere. The liquid Zonite is sold in bottles, 30¢, 60¢, $1.00. Zonite Suppositories (dainty, white, greaseless forms) are $1.00 a dozen, sealed in separate glass vials. Many women use both.

Be sure to write for booklet "Facts for Women." It gives the latest, most authoritative information on a subject now discussed by women everywhere. Keep up to date; ask for this free booklet today.

Use this coupon

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below. LI-52
☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name..
(Please print name)
Address..
City.................... State..............
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P.Q.)

in these last four years for nothing but bad judgment, and I think it was very sensible of him to choose the decent way out." Decent! thought Mildred. "And I won't have you being nasty to him." Penelope was smiling but there was an edge in her voice. "We'll be seeing him every day as long as we're in Miami, and you've got to treat him decently."

That was a command from an employer to her secretary. So they were going to see him every day. Why, of course! He'd taken Penelope to the races, to night clubs—and she had thought he was only being polite to her chaperon.

If she'd wanted Cliff, the time to have taken him was when he talked about getting married, and she hadn't wanted him enough to do it then. I'll bet, she reflected, that he never told Penelope how close we came— But he knows I won't tell, either.

It was a relief to drive out to Tropical Park with Senator Medwick. Out here she could forget the Minaret, where she was only an appendage of Penelope; out here, beginning only as an appendage of Senator Medwick, she presently made a place in her own right.

For this was his first public appearance since his arrival; and it seemed to Mildred, sitting beside him in a box under the finish wire, that everybody of any consequence in Miami, residents and visitors too, was crowding in to shake hands with the Senator. Presently Mildred found herself a sort of hostess at his reception. This was the sort of thing she could do—keeping up an easy interplay of small talk, deftly shutting it off when somebody important had something to say that he thought was important; smoothly easing out one group of visitors so that another could get in. She liked it; and after the humiliation of the morning she liked to feel that she was doing something well.

There had been one awkward moment, when the Senator asked her what horse she liked for the next race.

"I'm not betting," she said. "I can't afford it."

"Well, you won't object if I take a ticket for you—"

"I certainly would object!"

"Quite right," he said gravely. "My apologies."

But she was afraid it was an illogical scruple for one who was practically living on charity. Illogical and inconvenient. You felt like a fool, sitting through race after race without even buying a two-dollar ticket when everybody around you was betting. But when you had only forty dollars in the world— The horses were coming out for the fourth race, and the second one—Fly Swatter, his name was—had an instant appeal to the Kentucky eye. She glanced at the board across the track—approximate odds, five to one. Now the loud-speaker roared overhead: "Final warning! The mutuel windows are about to close." She rose, excused herself, suddenly resolved to put five dollars—or maybe ten—on Fly Swatter.

BUT at the head of the stairs that led down to the ticket window she almost collided with Uncle Pink.

"Get out of my way!" she gasped. "I want to lay down my money."

"On what? Fly Swatter? I advise you not to," said Mr. Burgee.

"Oh, you do? I thought you'd washed your hands of me."

"Well, when I see you about to do something foolish— Horses are the one thing I know I know. Fly Swatter's very undependable—fine when he's right, but I don't like his looks today. Try Twilight Song in this race."

But he was talking to empty air; she had slipped past him. A moment later she came back up the stairs looking rather stormy.

"The windows had closed. If you've cost me money, Uncle Pink—"

"I doubt if I have. Look at that!" A furlong down the track the horses had turned, the jockeys were edging them into the starting gates—all but one. Fly Swatter was bucking. Then suddenly he vaulted the fence into the infield, pitching his jockey into the dust.

"He's out," said Uncle Pink. "Oh, yes, they disqualify him for that. So you see—" He permitted himself this small triumph. "Once in a while it pays to take my advice, Mildred. They're off!"

She watched them galloping past without much interest; for a Kentuckian, she cared little for horses. Twilight Song was leading by a nose. Now Twilight Song was dropping back; she was second; third; now she was beginning to close up. Mildred found herself clutching Uncle Pink's arm as the horses turned into the home stretch. Through the clamorous roar of the crowd she heard her own voice shrieking, "Come on, Twilight Song!" And Twilight Song came on, to win by a nose.

"Very nice," said Uncle Pink. "Now let's see the price. Six forty for a two-dollar ticket. Well, I win eleven dollars." In the excitement she had dropped her cigarette; now she lit another, to hide her concern. So he'd only bet five dollars! He must be hard up.

"Mildred, I came over to the hotel this morning—to talk to you."

"Well, I was there. Why didn't you talk to me?"

"You'd already been talked to. I was going to tell you what Johnson told you." She stared at him blankly. "Oh, yes, he'd told me first," said Uncle Pink. "I promised to take the matter up with you, but I reckon he got impatient. No tact, that fellow. The man is definitely not a gentleman."

"ARE you still worrying about who's a gentleman and who isn't?" she snapped. "Of course Norman has no tact, but he was trying to help me—"

"But what atrocious taste!" Uncle Pink exploded. "When a man who was in love with you tells tales on a man who's in love with you now—"

"It may have been bad taste but it was good sense, when he thought I was about to make a fool of myself—as I was. I admire a man who does what has to be done, tact or no tact." Under her drooping hat, she couldn't see the faint flicker of amusement in Mr. Burgee's eye. "But let's forget that," she said. "I'm with Senator Medwick; come over and meet him."

But at that instant the loud-speaker blared overhead: "Call for Senator Medwick! Will United States Senator Roscoe Medwick please come to the clubhouse? An urgent telephone call."

"I'll drop in later," said Mr. Burgee.

When the Senator came back from the telephone he paused an instant in the corridor above the box, looking at Mildred. Mildred, entertaining his friends with easy smoothness. She was young, sophisticated, modern, but she had all the old graces. In March, 1937, she'd be twenty-four. The White House had had hostesses as young as that before, and good ones, too. He dropped into the chair behind her. She looked up, questioning.

"That phone call?" he said. "Only Charlie Collins, my secretary, from Washington; nothing important, but Johnson took it seriously. He doesn't realize that a man wants a rest when he's on vacation in Miami."

"Norman likes to get things done," said Mildred.

"But sometimes," said the Senator dryly, "you'd hardly know whether he's working for me or I'm working for him."

But all in all, it was a lovely afternoon; it restored her self-esteem to feel that she had been useful, even in a small way, to a man like Roscoe Medwick. And it didn't end when the races were over. One of the Miami magnates, an old friend of the Senator, insisted that they must come home with him for dinner. Half a dozen other people were there, people about whom Mildred had read in the papers. Well, she knew what they were talking about; she could drop in an occasional remark that belonged. This was the sort of thing she could do, too; and she knew that the Senator was appreciating it.

But where all this was pointing she didn't realize till they were driving home that night.

"Thank you, Senator," she said, "for the nicest day I've had in Miami."

He hesitated; then: "Look here, Mildred, don't you know me well enough by now to call me Roscoe?"

"Why, yes, if you'd rather." But she felt as if Robert E. Lee had asked her to call him Bob.

Lying awake that night, she kept thinking about the Senator. He wasn't the sort of elderly man who liked to dance with pretty girls, and buy drinks for them, and make them call him by his first name, without meaning anything by it. She knew enough about men to realize that Roscoe Medwick wasn't interested in girls at all. His manner with a woman marked him plainly enough as a man who had got all his training from one woman, over thirty years; and who, now that that woman was gone, felt a subconscious need to replace her. He wasn't really interested even in Mildred Burgee. He'd imagined a woman of his own age—a duplicate of his wife—in Mildred Burgee's body. That might be awkward at first; but a tactful woman could gradually train him out of it.

Good heavens, she thought, I'm taking this seriously! She'd come down here to find a man who could use her talents, and Senator Medwick was the answer—a more splendid answer than she could have dared to hope. Last night, at dinner, they'd talked of his chances of the White House. After her humiliation of the morning, she couldn't help playing with that picture—how Penelope would feel, and Cliff, and Uncle Pink, and Norman. Above all, Norman. But—

Roscoe Medwick was old. When she saw him trying to shuffle off the years that were part of him, make himself young again—it was ridiculous—and worse; it was grotesque, indecent. No, she couldn't do it. She'd go back to New York tomorrow.

But she couldn't get to New York, or Kentucky either, on forty dollars, even if she had anything to do when she got there. She'd have to wait; go North with Penelope after Easter. Luckily, that was only a week, and the Senator was conducting his courtship in the leisured manner of the '90s. By the time he got to the point she'd be ready to leave.

THE next morning she went for her swim an hour earlier, before the Senator was out; and as she came out of the surf she met Norman. It was the first time she'd seen him since he'd told her about Speke; and he would have walked past her, with a sidewise glance so warily apprehensive that she couldn't help laughing.

"Come here, idiot!" she said. "Do you think everything a woman says when she's mad is to be taken literally? I really owe you thanks, Norman."

"No, you don't. Speke would probably have told you eventually; your uncle would have told you, anyway. For me to do it was—" He broke off.

"It undoubtedly was," she agreed, smiling. "Why did you, Norman?"

He was silent. In bathing trunks he looked very large and blond and roughhewn and Nordic. Crude, beside Cliff's steely suavity; but there was power in him. "Never mind," she said. "If you saw a child running out in front of a car, you'd grab it up; and I suppose I was being rather childish. But, Norman, my dear, you must learn tact. You're going to need it."

"Why am I going to need it?" he growled.

"Everybody does. And you—

HY'A BUDDY!
Helguera

To my Valentine

You may combine the qualities
of Samson and Clark Gable . . .
You might be able to provide
silk, satins and rich sable;
But just the same a man like you
can't satisfy my craving.
It's high time someone told you that . . .

You can't get by without shaving

Bad meter, but worth remembering
a Friend

COMIC Valentines sometimes hurt your feelings, but many of them teach important lessons. Here's one for every man who is careless about shaving. If you know one who neglects his beard—appears in public with stubble on his face—why not do him a real favor by mailing him this Valentine? It might do a lot of good. For apparently some people still don't realize that bristles are repulsive—make a man look untidy, ill-kept and often lose him the respect of others.

Today there is absolutely no excuse for neglect. Any man with a normal skin can shave daily or twice daily in perfect comfort if he uses the Gillette "Blue Blade". This blade is especially processed for quick, easy strokes on sensitive faces. Its edges are smooth—automatically ground, honed and stropped by methods not to be compared with those used by any other manufacturer.

The Gillette "Blue Blade" is rust-resisting, tempered by exclusive process and is "anchored" in its envelope so it reaches you undamaged—as keen as it left the factory.

These facts will be apparent the first time you use the Gillette "Blue Blade". Try it on our money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction. Buy a package tonight.

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES
NOW 5 for 25¢ • 10 for 49¢

you're in politics. Not directly, but you help Senator Medwick make up his mind. If he goes to the White House you'll be his Brain Trust. You'll need tact then, Norman. No more bursting in with the truth when people don't feel like hearing it."

"I'm hired to tell him the truth as I see it."

"Yes, but don't you see that there are ways of doing it—a smooth way—and an awkward way? A woman might appreciate your—your caring enough about what happened to her to risk making her furious at you; but I'm afraid a politician wouldn't like it."

"So you—you appreciate my caring?" he asked.

"Naturally." But she flushed as her eyes met his. "Oh, dear!" she sighed. "This Florida climate! That's really all it is, Norman."

"You have to keep in practice, don't you?" he said, glowering. "Even on me. A couple of days ago you were ready to marry Cliff Speke, now you're raising hell with the Senator; yet you look at me like that—"

"I DIDN'T look at you like that! And I'm not raising hell with the Senator! I like him immensely; he's an old dear—"

"You don't treat him like an old dear. You treat him like a man—a man who wants you. And he *is* a man—but a sick man who came down here to get well."

"He's getting well; he looks younger every day. I don't know whether it's me or Florida."

"Yes, but he came down here to think, too—to make up his mind about the Funding Bill. I'll have my report ready tomorrow and he's got to decide what he's going to do—with his future hanging on it, and maybe the country's future too. And how can anybody think with you around?"

"Thanks for the compliment." She was fuming. "Do I understand that you want me to stop making dates with your employer?"

"It would help. He's got to keep his mind on business."

Makes shoes LAST LONGER
BLACK
SHINOLA
SHOE POLISH
because...
MADE WITH THE FINEST INGREDIENTS

Shinola gives quick, brilliant, long-lasting shines . . . actually makes shoes last longer. It is made with finest waxes and dye for shoe polish—the best protection for all leather. Try it! At all stores, in all colors.

10¢
WEST OF ROCKY MTS
TWO SIZES—10¢ & 15¢

"Do you think he would if I suddenly stopped seeing him now?"

"Well, no. He'd have a nervous breakdown. But—" She laughed.

"You can't stand my going around with any other man, can you, Norman? You always have to stop it—for the best of reasons of course—my own good, or the good of the country. Why not admit you're jealous?"

"Of course I'm jealous! When I see a man like Roscoe Medwick trying to look half his age to please you—it's indecent!" She had felt that herself, but she didn't propose to admit it now.

"Are you jealous of me," she asked, "or of the Senator? You have influence with him now, but if I married him—"

"You? You wouldn't marry a man old enough to be your grandfather?"

"Why not? Age isn't so bad as a crooked streak, or a—a domineering jealousy." Suddenly she relaxed with a weary shrug. "You're the one I ought to keep away from, Norman. We always start out as if—as if—and then, before we know it, we're quarreling. Let's quit trying." She started away; then, over her shoulder: "I'll promise you one thing," she said. "If your report is ready tomorrow I won't waste any of his time till he's made up his mind. But till then—"

So she played golf with the Senator that afternoon, and couldn't help contrasting his self-possessed maturity with Norman's gustiness. There was something to be said for marrying a man you weren't in the least in love with, if you respected him; you wouldn't risk being continually torn up emotionally. And yet— The Senator was tall, slender, erect, but above his collar his neck was corded and scraggy—the neck of an old man. No, she didn't believe she could do it. Something was wrong with all the men she attracted; and that probably meant that something was wrong with Mildred Burgee.

She lay awake a long while that night, wondering just what it was; and before she went to sleep she decided to do something about it in the morning.

"Penelope," said Mildred after breakfast, "what would you pay a regular secretary?"

"Thirty-five a week I think I paid the last one. Why?"

"I cost you about two hundred. For this last week we're in Miami pay me thirty-five dollars. I'll get a room somewhere and live on what I earn."

"But, my dear! Why on earth?"

"I'd feel more decent, somehow. Living with you at the Minaret, I'm only a false front."

"BUT I can't understand. I've tried to treat you like a sister, Mildred. Tell me"—Penelope braced herself for the query—"is it because of Cliff? I'd hate to think that a—a feeling like that had come between us. I know he's fond of you, but of course at his age he couldn't be really interested in anybody but a—a mature woman, who's been ripened by experience." So that's his story, is it? thought Mildred. "I hope you didn't misunderstand the way he feels about you."

"Heavens, no! I like Cliff"—as indeed she did; she'd get along with him beautifully, as Penelope's husband—"but that's as far as it ever went," Mildred lied serenely. "No, it's only that if I'm a thirty-five-dollar-a-week person, I'd rather look like one."

"But, darling, it's ridiculous for you to talk of living on a secretary's salary. You know that while you're—looking around, I'm glad to have you with me—"

"But I don't see anything sickening in the idea of my working for a living. Lots of other people do it."

"You said last winter," Penelope reminded her, "that there was only one job you were really fit for. You'd be a first-rate Senator's wife."

"If Cliff's too old for me—the Senator's twenty years older."

"That's different," said Penelope. "With a man of his standing, a man who might even be the next President, age doesn't matter." It probably didn't to a woman who wasn't going to marry him. "If you could be the mistress of the White House—" Yes, Mildred reflected, there was certainly that. "But it would be simply ridiculous," Penelope pursued, "to ask a man like Roscoe

Medwick to call on you in a rooming house in South Miami Beach. You'll be married from my home; and if you think I'm doing you a favor, ask me to visit you sometime in the White House."

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Speke. Well, the White House had had queerer guests than Cliff.

Penelope was putting on her hat.

"I've got an appointment," she said.

Mildred, left alone, lit another cigarette. Mistress of the White House. But when she'd made up her mind to marry for a job she had taken it for granted, unconsciously, that the man she'd get with the job would be the sort of man she'd marry anyway. Not too young, not an untried boy; but not sixty-two.

A tap at the door. The waiter coming for the breakfast table, she supposed; Penelope had left the lock off for him. She called, "Come in!"—and it was Cliff.

"Penelope's out," she told him curtly. He grinned.

"I know. I saw her getting into a taxi. That's why I'm here. We've got to talk."

"We have talked, Cliff. If you had anything to say to me the time to say it was when you were talking about getting married."

"Mildred, I honestly didn't think it was important enough then. You put me off, and— I had no idea you'd take this so seriously."

"I suppose that could be true," she mused. "I look like any of the girls you see around the Minaret; you wouldn't expect us to take anything seriously. Maybe we're all better than we look. But you've got no business talking to me now. You're doing your talking to Penelope."

"PENELOPE!" He shrugged. "She's all right; I like her, and—I'm rather sorry for her. But I don't want her. I want you."

"Then why are you playing up to her? She thinks you mean it, Cliff; she's falling in love with you."

"But she hasn't got the spark. I was thinking about her money," he admitted coolly; "but it won't work. I don't want her. I want you."

"And you think I'd take you away from her now?"

"I never asked her to marry me. And I'll be damned if I'll marry a woman I don't want just because the woman I do want has got to feel like a sportsman at any cost."

"That's not the only reason—" she began.

"That suspended sentence? There'll be nothing like that again. I've learned my lesson. And it's about time you learned yours!" he told her. "You and I aren't victims of the depression; we're victims of prosperity. We thought we couldn't live without money. When you lost yours you came down here to marry money— Yes, Penelope told me that—unintentionally. You said you wanted a man who amounted to something, but you meant money. You thought I had it. I thought you had it—and we both got fooled. But I want you anyway. I've still got twenty-seven hundred dollars—enough to give us a start in New York. We'd both work for our living for a change—and we might like it."

"I don't mind working," she said. "I could even swallow the suspended sentence if—if I were in love with you. But I'm not—"

"Don't tell me you're in love with old Medwick!"

"No, I'm not. But he—" Speke laughed.

"But he may be the next President. Have you ever seen him in a bathing suit? He looks like a picked chicken. You can't do that! And I—"

"Whether I can or I can't isn't your affair. I don't want you, Cliff. You feel like turning over a new leaf now, but it wouldn't last—"

She broke off. The door had clicked—and again, it wasn't the waiter.

"I forgot my purse—" Penelope began.

Now here's a pretty how-d'ye-do. Penelope steals Cliff away from Mildred, then surprises them tête-à-tête in her suite. It looks as if Mildred is about to lose a benefactress. And what if the Senator hears about it? Or Norman Johnson? With a forty-dollar bank roll, and Uncle Pink down to cases, she finds herself playing a hazardous game in next week's installment.

and do they fall?

Falling hair seldom is kind to the head that ignores it . . . Be watchful, boy, when yours begins to shed . . . a new hair should grow in to replace the old. One of the best ways to insure a vigorous replacement is to keep the scalp stimulated and healthy with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. At least two nights a week apply the Tonic liberally and massage gently but firmly until the scalp feels loose, and tingles pleasantly. In this way you arouse a lively circulation through the scalp tissues, and encourage the new little hairs to grow. Follow with a careful shampoo. You can get a 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage at any first class barber's. Your druggist sells it in two sizes of convenient shaker-top bottles.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELINE
when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
40c and 70c

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Copr. 1935, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

Guests and Pests

A Hotel Supervisor Surveys Mankind and Tears His Hair

by BAYNARD H. KENDRICK

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE lady on the eleventh floor wanted heat. There was no doubt about that. She had phoned, in turn, the house engineer, the first and second assistant managers, and the manager. She had composed a document of some seven closely written pages which smelled strongly of dictation from the family lawyer. It had been read by Mr. Simons, Mr. Moran, Mr. Ness, and our own lawyer, Mr. Goldblatt. Each reading had given birth to a short note done in pencils of vivid hues. The notes were clipped to the letter and they pointed out tersely: 1. That the lady was paying $15,000 per year for her apartment. 2. That the lady had a three-year lease. 3. That the lady wanted heat. 4. (From Mr. Goldblatt) That it might be advisable to give the lady heat.

It was my job to see that she got it. The S-M-N Company read all such communications and passed them on to me. As supervisor of hotels it was up to me to see that they were promptly adjusted. There were a lot of other things up to me, too. I needed the patience, and the skin, of a pachyderm and the agility of the star in a flea circus.

The voluminous correspondent with the chilly rooms occupied a duplex on the eleventh floor of the Beauregrand. According to her letter, the forty-foot living room could have been used night or day as a substitute for a hockey rink. She further alleged that the engineer was in a conspiracy with the manager to give her and her daughter pleural pneumonia, and that she gave steady work to the unemployed shoveling snow from in front of the bathroom doors.

If her complaint was just, the fault must lie with the house engineer. I checked back two months of the daily steam-pressure charts. They gave the engineer a clean slate. I got him on the phone.

"What's eating 1129?"

"I don't know, sir. She won't let me in the apartment so I can find the trouble. She wants to see you."

"Keep the pressure up. I'll be there in an hour."

When I arrived at the hotel I found the manager incoherent on the subject. It seemed that 1129 had refused him admission too. I found ample steam showing on the boiler-room gauge, and took the elevator from the basement to the eleventh floor. The halls were warm.

The complainant answered my ring in person. She was wearing a fur coat and her smile was as cold as the blast of air which rushed out to greet me.

"I'm Mr. Barnes, supervisor of the S-M-N hotels."

"I didn't know they had any supervision. I asked Mr. Simons to come up here. He is the man I want to deal with."

"I'm very sorry. Mr. Simons is terribly busy. He asked me to attend to this matter personally—"

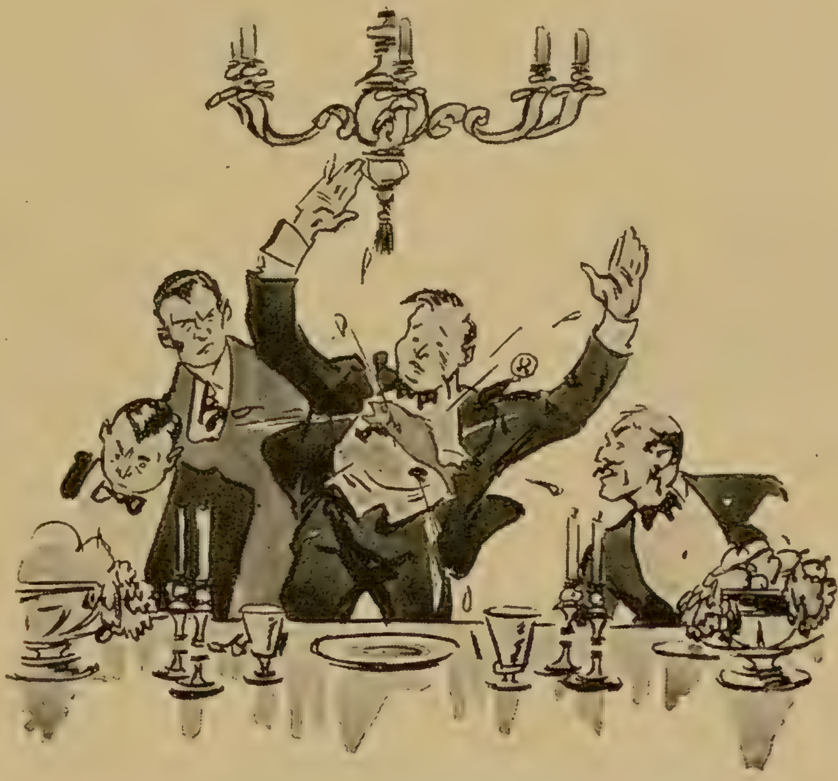
"There is nothing to attend to. I want some heat. Just step inside and feel for yourself. How would you like to live in a place like this?"

"It's not very comfortable," I had to admit. "I'll phone the engineer to come up immediately."

"You'll do nothing of the kind! I have refused to have a greasy mechanic ruining my silk furniture."

That was a poser. To gain time I walked over and pulled back the curtains. Both windows were wide open.

"If you closed these—" I suggested most deferentially.



A tired listener cast a pickled herring with deadly accuracy at the middle of the speaker's shirt front.

"I am certainly entitled to ventilation," she rejoined.

"Certainly," I agreed. I touched the radiators. They felt like a couple of New England headstones on a wintry night. With sudden inspiration I glanced at the valves. The indicators on both of them pointed to OFF.

Then and there she floored me completely. "Of course they are turned off! I keep them off! The hot air from them rots my silk curtains. I certainly don't intend to replace a five-hundred-dollar set of curtains every year just to save trouble for a big corporation! You can tell Mr. Simons that for me."

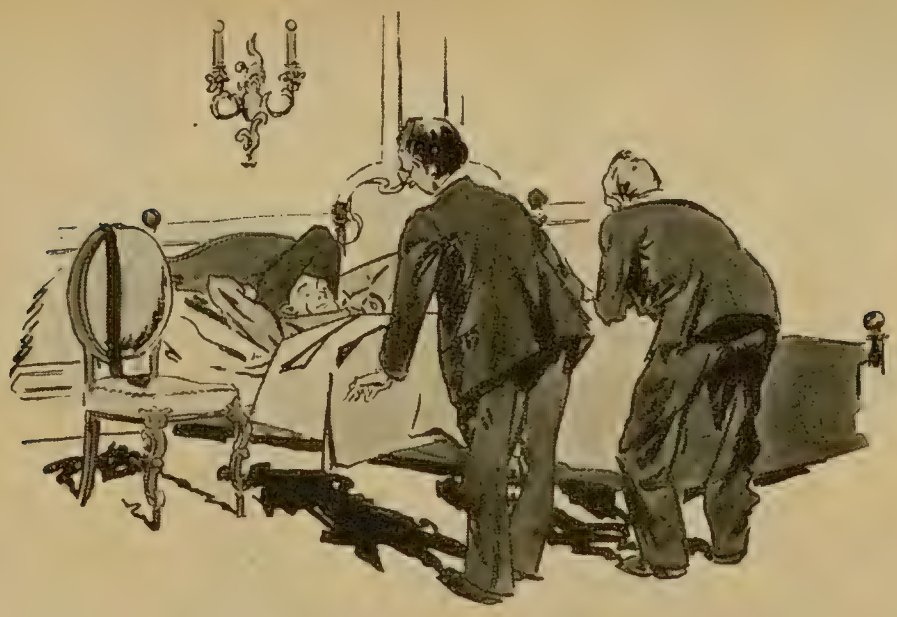
I did tell him, but he merely reminded me that fifteen thousand per year was fifteen thousand per year. Which meant that 1129 had to be kept contented, even if the engineer had to blow hot air through the keyhole.

Lest I give an impression that hotel guests are unreasonable people, I want to say immediately that 99 44/100ths per cent of them are the finest, most reasonable class in the world. It is the 56/100ths per cent that keep the hotel operator constantly on the alert.

The most ungentlemanly exhibition I know of was a banquet given by a society of learned men. It cost the S-M-N Company over five hundred dollars to repair the damage done to the banquet room of the St. Toby, and a valuable oil painting which adorned the wall was totally ruined by a barrage of baked potatoes.

In sharp contrast was a banquet given in the same hotel

Mr. John M. Harrison was in bed, the covers drawn up to his chin.



by the Local Union of Icemen. The brawny committee of five who waited on our banquet manager assured him that they were in charge of the affair and that it would be quiet and orderly.

"If any of those mugs start anything," the spokesman warned, "don't butt in. Just leave it to us."

The first sign of trouble came about ten o'clock, when a tired listener, seeking diversion from a long speech, picked a sad-eyed pickled herring from the table of *smörgasbord* and cast it with deadly accuracy at the middle of the speaker's white shirt front. The response of the banquet committee was prompt and efficacious. At a signal from the chairman the fish pitcher was seized by two of the committee. The chairman then stepped forward and delivered the protesting diner a sock on the jaw which laid him cold. Committee members numbers four and five were waiting in back of him with a laundry basket. They made a neat catch, took him downstairs in the freight elevator, out the service entrance, and dumped him gently in the gutter. The icemen's banquet went peacefully on to a close.

BACK in the late fall of 1930 the clerk on duty at the desk of the St. Toby looked up one stormy morning to face a gaunt sun-tanned six-footer whose appearance was very Tom Mix. A pair of burning black eyes peered out from under the wide brim of a black Western sombrero. The man, who signed the registry card with a firm "John M. Harrison," wore no coat. A black four-in-hand tie neatly adorned the soft collar of his heavy blue-flannel shirt. Thick black laced shoes, blue-serge trousers of expensive material, and a narrow snakeskin belt completed his rather wild-and-woolly costume. He was soaking wet from the heavy rain outside.

In the soft cultured voice of the Southwesterner he demanded the best suite in the hotel. His baggage, he said, would be along as soon as he was settled. In the interval he wanted to go up to his rooms and rest.

The room clerk managed to turn him over to Mr. Nelson, the manager, who told me later he had never encountered a more puzzling case.

Mr. Harrison talked freely and convincingly. He had arrived from California early that morning. His trunks and grips were still at the station and would be brought to the hotel later in the day. He had just signed a fifteen-year lease on an entire floor in the office building of one of the leading banks in the city. The name of his firm was John M. Harrison, Inc. He expected to make his home permanently at the St. Toby.

Mr. Nelson was not convinced, but he did not want to jeopardize a lease. He sent Mr. Harrison upstairs to a fine suite of rooms. He then phoned the renting office of the bank building, and found that two hours before they had signed a $25,000-a-year lease with a blue-shirted Mr. Harrison, president of John M. Harrison, Inc.

He had just hung up when the hotel operator called him to say that Mr. Harrison had ordered a regular luncheon sent up. On the strength of the information from the bank he decided to take a chance on the dollar luncheon. He then called me in and explained the situation.

The waiter who served our strange guest reported that Mr. Harrison had signed the check and left a quarter tip on the table. There had been no further word about the incoming baggage. About three o'clock we decided to request a few more references.

Outside the door to the Harrison suite we paused for a moment and listened. There was not a sound inside. Mr. Nelson rapped gently. He knocked again, more loudly. There was no answer. We became slightly alarmed. Mr. Nelson opened the door with his passkey [illegible]

The entire suite was darkened. Mr. John M. Harri[illegible] was in one of the twin beds, the covers drawn up [illegible] chin, fast asleep. He had carefully removed his [illegible] but he was snugly clothed in the rest of his outfit.

We aroused him gently and explained our mission. Without a trace of embarrassment he sat up in bed. In the crown of his hat were a number of legal-looking documents. He selected one and handed it to me.

It was neatly bound in blue legal paper and flawlessly typed. The heading showed that it was a statement of the assets and liabilities of the John M. Harrison Corporation, a holding company with an authorized capital stock of one hundred million dollars, all of which was owned by John M. Harrison, president.

It listed in detail copper mines, gold mines, silver mines, and coal mines. It included two railroads and an automobile factory. Detailed statistics were given of fifteen oil wells. It ended with this paragraph:

> In addition to the above listed assets John M. Harrison owns personally, free and clear from all encumbrances: 1 home, Beverly Hills, Calif., $75,000; 1 home, San Antonio, Tex., $100,000; 1 home, Miami Beach, Fla., $80,000; 1 steam yacht, the Gull, $250,000; eleven automobiles valued collectively at $125,000; and has on deposit in nine National Banks the sum of twenty-seven million dollars ($27,000,000) in cash.

The statement was signed by John M. Harrison, and witnessed by John M. Harrison, and bore a seal of the John M. Harrison Corporation; and affixed to the bottom was an apparently authentic certification of a world-wide firm of certified public accountants.

In a daze I took it back with me to Mr. Nelson's office and phoned the local office of the C. P. A.'s. The man with whom I talk exploded. "You're the tenth who has called today!" he said fiercely. "That fellow has ordered automobiles, yachts, airplanes, and estates on the Riviera. Can you hold him?"

"No," I said sadly. "He's gone."

I was telling the truth. I had seen him pass the office window as I was phoning. I have met many queer people in the S-M-N hotels. Some of them have been funny, some mean, some tragic. One I will never forget: the tall figure in the black Stetson hat striding past the window of the St. Toby—John M. Harrison, who stuck us for an hour's sleep and a dollar lunch.

THE END

"It's not very comfortable. I'll phone the engineer to come up."

Gambler's Maxim

READING TIME ◉ 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

by JAMES EDWARD GRANT

THE man in the black hat watched the dice bounce to a stop and swore softly. He looked at Danny Corliss. "Another natural! What do you say now, son?"

Danny Corliss was tall and his blond curls made nice contrast against his sunburnt skin. He grinned easily. "What I always say," he told the man in the black hat. "Shoot the piece. Thirty thou."

The gambler looked at the other two men standing at the table. "You boys want any part of this poison?"

One man spread his hands hopelessly. "Thirteen passes in a row," he said dolefully. "Who am I to argue with that kind of luck?"

The other said, "What would I use for money?"

"I'll have him all myself," the man in the black hat said, counting large bills on the table. "Bounce them, son; you're about to get the ax."

He stopped counting long enough to see the dice stop at trey-ace.

"Four," he chuckled gently. "Slow death, son."

The dice bounced and stopped with a two-spot showing on each. Four!

"Nothing to it," Danny Corliss said. "If you gamblers have enough, I'll be going. Thank you kindly, gentlemen."

The man in the black hat continued to count out money on the table. "Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight five—" The other two bowed mockingly at Danny. One said: "He kills us dead and then he's polite about it."

"Wait a minute." The man in the black hat had a faint note of shame in his voice. "I guess I overestimated the bank roll some. I'm a grand and a half short, son." He removed a ring from his finger. "Here, take this. It's worth enough to cover the shorts."

Danny tossed the ring back at him. "I'm no pawnbroker. Forget it!"

"No," the gambler objected sharply. "I said shoot thirty and I meant shoot thirty. You'll take the ring. I never welshed on a bet yet." He quoted a gambling maxim: "The Lord hates a welsher—and I string along with the Lord."

Danny brushed the ring back across the table. "Let it ride."

"No," the other said. "Wait."

He went swiftly out of the room. When he came back the ring was gone but he had fifteen hundred dollars in his hand. Danny put the sixty thousand dollars in his pocket, shook hands all around, and went out.

He walked to an all-night restaurant, bought a racing paper from a newsboy at the door, entered, and ordered coffee. The waiter was a slightly punch-drunk ex-heavyweight. He had a stickpin in his tie.

Danny pulled out the stickpin and handed it to the heavyweight.

"Here," he said. "Shove that into the paper."

The heavyweight looked dubious but he shoved.

Danny drank his coffee and stood up. He gave the heavyweight a hundred-dollar bill. The heavyweight examined it minutely. "Listen, guy," he said suspiciously. "What kind of a racket are you pulling?"

In front of the restaurant Danny opened the paper. The pinprick was opposite a horse named The Quitter.

"I hope you don't," he said sincerely. "This is a hell of a time to quit!"

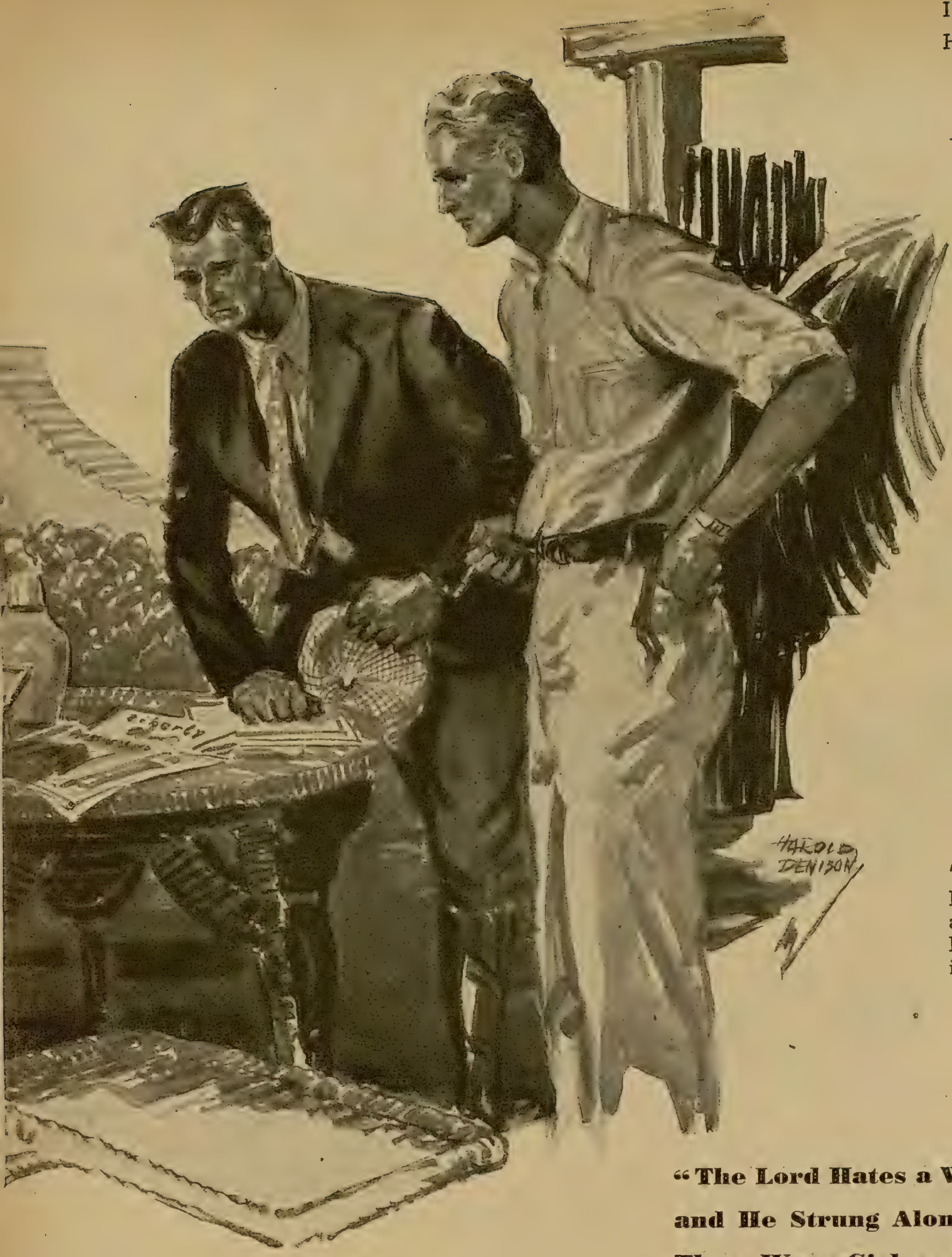
He went to a saloon on Wabash Avenue, put his head in the back room, and called to a fat man, "Say, Ruby, could I see you?"

Ruby was busy buying a championship for a fighter, but he got up and came out. "Years and years, practically," he said, shaking hands. "Where you been hiding?"

Danny gave him the sixty thousand dollars. "I want this spread through out-of-town books, so that it doesn't get back to the track in time to break the mutuel prices," he said. "To win. On a pig called The Quitter. He goes in the Handicap tomorrow."

Ruby opened his mouth. He very nearly broke a rule of long standing. He very nearly tried to reason with

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HAROLD DENISON



"You don't understand," Danny explained. "It's a gentleman's agreement. He was your horse when injured. You're stuck!"

"The Lord Hates a Welsher," Said Danny, and He Strung Along with the Lord — but There Was a Girl, and Strange Things Befell on His Roundabout Road to Romance

a gambler—to tell him that The Quitter didn't have a chance. But he saved himself in time.

The Quitter won the handicap.

The Quitter paid sixty-six dollars and some odd. And the next afternoon Danny had run a ten-dollar bill into sixteen dollars less than a million—some of the books had shaved the odds on him—and he went to Ruby again.

"You know everybody," he said; "find me a gentleman."

Ruby was busy buying a pardon for a friend who had been careless about other people's money, but he always had time for Danny Corliss.

"Will an English gentleman do?" he asked. "If so, go over to Manny Friedman's book on Seventh Street. You'll find an old skinny guy there. He'll be drunk—he always is. But he's a gentleman. Went to Oxford—that's some kind of a college—and he's really the class. I got him a job in Manny's because he was down and out and Manny needed somebody to write letters to his daughters at school."

Danny took the Englishman—his name was Roland Gillispie—to a Turkish bath and gave some orders. When the orders were complied with Gillispie was sober.

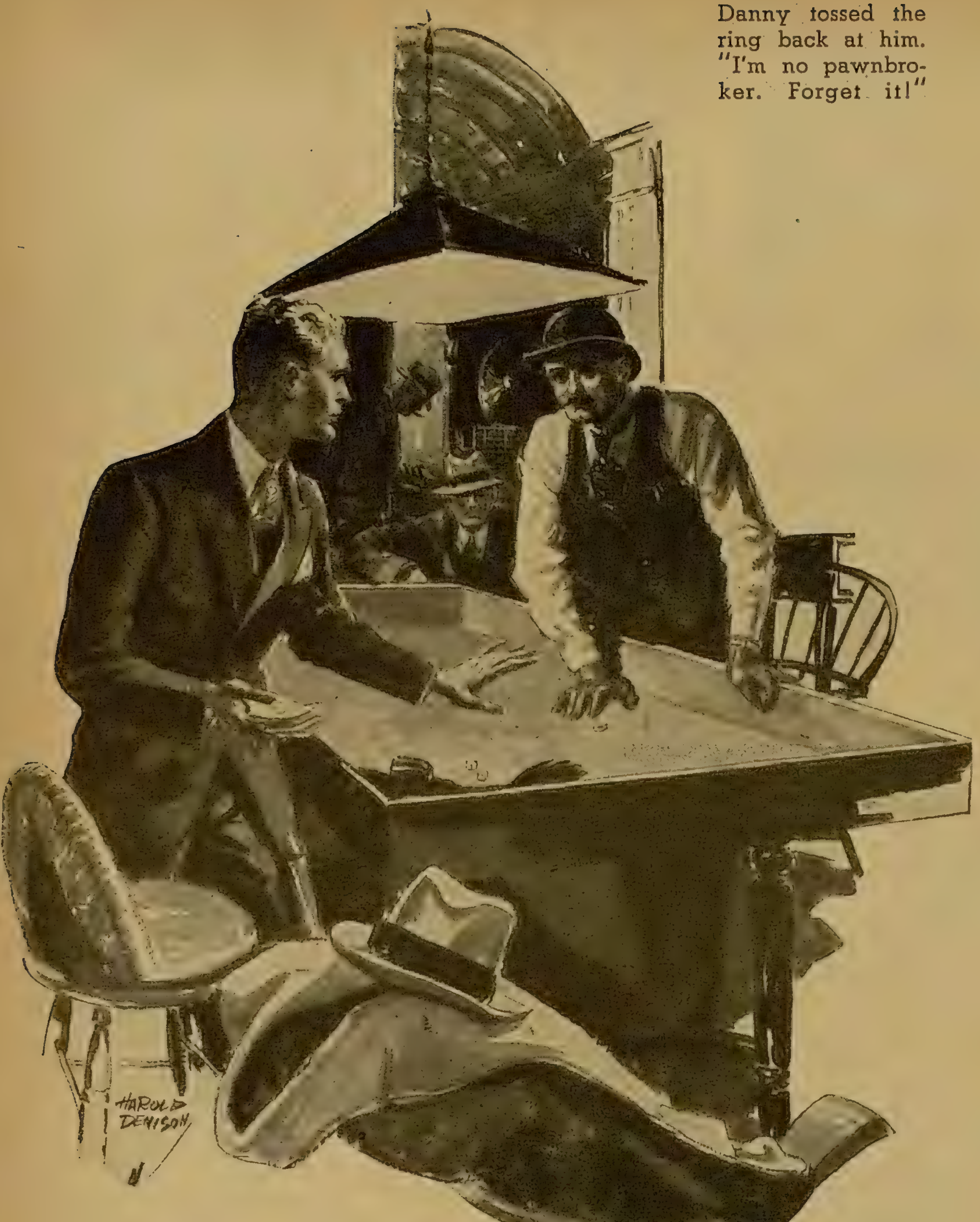
Danny said, "You're off the booze and on the pay roll at a hundred a week."

Gillispie shook his gray head. "Anything can happen in America," he said admiringly. "What do I do for this hundred? I'm not worth it."

Danny got up and walked around the room. "Look at me. What's wrong?"

Gillispie surveyed him. "Nothing—ah—not a thing."

"Come up with it."



Danny tossed the ring back at him. "I'm no pawnbroker. Forget it!"

"Well," the Englishman admitted hesitantly, "you're wearing silk hose and your suit is tweed. It's nothing, though."

"The hell it isn't! It's wrong, and I want to be right—one hundred per cent right. Listen to me. You and I would both be at home and at ease in the clubhouse paddock at, say, Arlington or Hialeah. Yet I'd be out of place at the Maryland Hunt Club or at Bailey's Beach or at Mrs.-Van-whatever-the-hell's-her-name at Newport. You wouldn't. You'd fit in anywhere like a glove. Now, why?"

The Englishman shrugged. "I don't know."

"I'll tell you," Danny Corliss said intently. "You've got something I haven't got. Class. I want it."

"Not 'You've got.' 'You have,'" Gillispie said. "And not 'I haven't got.' 'I haven't' is sufficient."

Danny stood up. "That's it," he said. "That's what I want. The words—the clothes. Will you do it?"

"Funny," the Englishman said. "Very. What's in it?"

"For you? A hundred a week. Or two."

"I meant what was your motive. A woman, of course?"

Danny nodded. "A girl."

"Does she," Gillispie asked, "know you're doing this?"

"No. I only saw her once."

"H'mph! You certainly must have become well acquainted in that one visit."

Danny smiled. "She spoke to me by mistake. Took me for somebody else. It was at Belmont. She was watching the race and said, 'He runs like music—like Chopin.'"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

The Englishman turned from the window and gave Danny Corliss a long look. "Well, I'll be damned," he said. "I believe I'll take you on."

THEY started with tailors and wound up with English textbooks. They were in London when Gillispie said: "I've been taking your money under false pretenses the last six weeks. You have everything I can give you."

Danny slapped the tall spare man on the shoulder. "You'll stay on the pay roll. If not as a tutor, then as a companion."

They came back on the Europa, and it was obvious that Gillispie had done a good job. A dowdy Scotch peeress engaged Danny in conversation and confided in him that all Americans were unmannerly. "No manners whatsoever," she shrilled. "Now, take yourself. The minute I laid eyes on you I recognized you for an Eton man. It tells!"

Gillispie and Danny went into the bar to laugh. . . .

They were on their way to Westchester to see Bill Vanderventer when a girl hailed them. A girl with a happy boyish face that actually glowed at sight of Danny. She tugged at his sleeve.

"Where have you been hiding? Don't you ever come to see your friends? Haven't you ever heard about the Postal Department?"

"Hello, Eve," Danny cheered. He introduced his companion. "Miss Baker, Mr. Gillispie. How's your father, Eve?"

"Dad's fine," she said. "He shipped thirty horses to Arlington last week and followed them yesterday. I'm to meet him there. We'll see you at the Classic, of course?"

Danny explained that Eve's father was a famous trainer. He did not explain that the year previous he had been what Dad Baker called "Eve's running mate." To Eve he said: "I'm sorry. I don't think I'll get to Chicago this year."

"Dad will be disappointed." But her face said it was she who would be disappointed. "You'll make Agua for the winter racing?"

"I'd like to," Danny said, "but it's unlikely. I'll probably be in the East all winter. Say hello to dad."

A faint shadow crossed her face. The tall Englishman was eying her closely and she said with some haste. "Goodness, my train! I have to run. 'By, Danny. 'By, Mr. Gillispie."

They watched her hurry away. "Her father," Danny said, "knows more about thoroughbreds than any trainer in the world. He's saddled more Derby winners than—"

Gillispie did not seem interested in Dad Baker. He looked closely at Danny and said, "A delightful girl."

"Yes," Danny admitted idly.

"That girl is in love with you."

"Me!" Danny stopped short in amazement and stared at the older man. He laughed wholeheartedly. "Eve! She's only a child. We played around together but—it's ridiculous!"

The Englishman walked a few steps and felt it necessary to use a colloquialism. "That's your story," he said. "But I think you're stuck with it." . . .

William Fisk Vanderventer was built like a brick garage. He was an eight-goal polo player, and in moments of exuberance thought nothing of engaging six or eight cab drivers in mortal combat. Bill's great-etc.-grandfather had been a well established colonist with a growing family on Manhattan Island before the Mayflower sailed.

But there had been an afternoon in Mexico. . . . "I don't want you to think I'm forcing you into this, Bill," Danny Corliss said, "because of that favor I did for you in Matamoras. But I want you to introduce me to Alyce Cardwell."

"Why not?" Bill roared, tugging at the recalcitrant cork in a bottle of Scotch. "Sure! Hold out your glass. Why her in particular?"

"I'm going to marry her."

Bill choked on his drink. "You haven't met the girl and you're determined to marry her?"

"That's it."

Bill gave him a searching look. Then he rose and looked out the window. When he spoke he wasn't roaring. "Danny," he said hesitantly, "I've known Alyce all her life and—well, are you sure you want to go through with this?"

"Sure."

BILL continued to look out the window. Danny began to feel shaky. Supposing Bill refused? Of course he could remind Bill of that Mexican incident and Bill would have to go through. But that was such a shoddy thing to do.

Say to a man, "See here. I pulled you out of a difficult place and now I'm putting it up to you plainly: pay off."

A shoddy thing, but Danny had almost decided on it if Bill refused. Then the big man turned around. He was his noisy self again.

"You came to the right place, my bucko!" he roared. "Although I'm damned if I understand why you're going to such tremendous lengths to stage the thing."

"She's Alyce Cardwell."

"If I hadn't seen you in action," Bill complained, "I'd say you had an inferiority complex. Suppose she is Alyce Cardwell. That's a long way from being God. Just because one of her ancestors was an expert Indian-cheater and—"

"And my father was killed in a mine accident when I was two. And I was raised in an orphanage and—"

Bill had a long drink. "And hell!" he said. "Who am I to interfere in your affairs? Here's the smart thing to do. I'll give you a job."

Danny spread out his hands. "I have almost a million dollars."

"It's not the money," Bill explained. "It's what is cunningly called prestige. Let's see. Vice president. That way you won't have to know anything about the business. Then take an apartment in town. I'll throw a party and have Alyce there. But say, Danny, mind if I ask you a question?"

"Go ahead."

"Are you going to tell her you are—well, are sailing under false colors? Tell me to mind my own damn business if you feel like it."

DANNY was silent for minutes. "No," he said finally; "I'm not going to tell her. I suppose it's a rotten trick, but—well, I'm a pretty good gambler and I have never whimpered when the cards fell wrong, but this is one thing I won't gamble on. I won't take the chance of frightening her off."

"You're the doctor," Bill admitted. "Where did that bottle get to?" . . .

Strangely enough, Danny wasn't nervous when he met her. Bill said: "Alyce, my impeccable paragon, this is Danny Corliss." Bill counted on his fingers. "There are a lot of things against him. First, he's a loafer, being nineteenth vice president of Vanderventer & Company. Second, he drinks, being a friend of mine. Third, he can't be very bright, because he was anxious to meet you. Bong! Both boys members of this club. May the best man win."

"Fourth," she laughed, "he's in bad company, being with you."

"Hearing thus," said Bill, "our hero fell dead and went for a drink. Watch out, Danny. She's a siren! Don't give in easy."

Danny smiled at Alyce Cardwell. "I'm hard to get," he said, "but in this case— Shall we dance?"

She said, "Yes."

They danced at Bill's party, they rode at Aiken, they swam at Newport, and they watched the sun set from the veranda of Bill's place at Lake Louise. Danny made the somewhat astonishing discovery that she was more than one person.

There was the Alyce Cardwell who was so often pictured in the rotogravure. Then there was the Alyce Cardwell who had to make decisions about almost unbelievable sums of money—the Alyce Cardwell who had eight homes and all the servants that that implies. And houses and servants require supervision. The Alyce Cardwell who owned one of the largest racing stables in America—and rather miraculously ran it at a profit. Danny thought it magnificent that she could

$200 My First Week

...Now in his OWN Business.

L. A. Eagles took in $200 his first week. Harry Hill says: "Paid for home with H-B Rug-Washer. Earned $86 first day." H. I. Riley averages about $35 a day. C. R. Bergseth writes, "My profits run about $400 every month." A. L. Miller says, "Have had H-B Rug-Washer 6 years—have earned as high as $92 a day." Many others make $125 to $200 per week. Thousands earning quick, easy profits. Electricity does the work. Finishes rugs like new, on customer's floor. Hundreds of customers in your vicinity and nearby towns. Write today for booklet.

EASY TERMS

Inexpensive equipment. Pay part down—balance monthly. No shop necessary. Backed by $58,000,000 Company. Used by United States Government and Statler Hotel System. Every machine guaranteed.

FREE Book

Send today (no obligation) for booklet illustrating Rug-Washer and telling how you can earn large profits at prices below other methods; how you can build a permanent yeararound business, and how you can pay on easy terms. Enjoy a larger income. Write today—NOW

H. B. COMPANY
6452 H. B. Bldg., Racine, Wis.

ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE SEEN!

Trite but true—buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's 99% voluntary circulation—at the lowest cost of any major magazine—concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day

Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.

SEND NO MONEY

All late models completely refinished like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED. Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once.

10-day Trial

Free course in typing included.

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 277. Chicago

Here's One...

A fine, new, quiet hotel...700 sunny rooms on Broadway...$2.50 per day for two persons. Write for free pictorial booklet "L." Address Edward L. Bell, Manager.

HOTEL EMPIRE B'way at 63rd St., N.Y.

Prevents Slipping In Bathtub Shower!

FOOTSURE Safety BATH TUB MAT

FOOTSURE in the tub or under the shower insures SAFETY for old or young. Patented vacuum cups, molded in the mat, cling tightly to slippery surface Highest quality rubber—beautiful colors—Green, Orchid, Blue, Yellow, and White, $1.95 at leading stores in principal cities, or direct from us. Illustrated circular FREE. FOOTSURE CO., INC., L-2, 1220 Maple Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

NEW DEAL GOVERNMENT JOBS

START $1260 to $2100 YEAR
Men—Women
18 to 50

Write today for list positions and pointers telling how to get them. Franklin Institute, Dep't N232, Rochester, N.Y.

What makes you COUGH?

IRRITATION from inhaled dust or sticky phlegm in the respiratory tract usually produces coughs. Little glands along this tract supply moisture to remove these irritants. But when you catch cold, your glands clog.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to flow freely—a vital function in the treatment of coughs. Thus, Pertussin soothes—loosens up phlegm—helps Nature cure your cough. No harsh or injurious drugs—safe, even for babies. Widely prescribed by physicians for over 30 years. Sold in all Drug Stores. Send coupon below for generous sample.

PERTUSSIN

TRY IT FREE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. L-2-9
440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
Please send at once generous trial bottle of Pertussin—free!

Name____________________________________

Address

Some Women Always Attract

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if *you* don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For one week take one or two each night. Ask for Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets at any drug store, know them by their olive color. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

do all these things and still be such a completely unaffected and adorable girl.

Then the snow fell and he and Gillispie were invited to stay at the Cardwell place in Palm Beach. He told her there.

The setting was perfect. And a girl in Coco-Solo had once told Danny that women would rather talk about love than do anything else. With one exception—they would rather be kissed. So he kissed her.

When he stopped she said, "Have you a reason, Danny? Or is this the usual procedure?"

"I've a reason," he said, and stopped. The speech was pat, memorized, and edited, but he couldn't get it out. The words gagged him.

He snapped his fingers like a man throwing dice and murmured, "God!"

Aloud he said: "I knew just what I was going to say to you, Alyce. But I can't. It's just dawned on me that this is the most important thing that will ever happen to me and it must be done fairly. I couldn't," he said absently, "cold-deck you."

"Cold-deck?" she asked, bewildered.

"It means a crooked deal. I was going to lie to you. I won't now. Will you sit down?"

She did and he began to talk, careful not to look at her. He told her about the orphanage and running away. About the time he ran guns for a revolution in a Caribbean banana republic. About the time he was binder boy in the Florida boom and had two Rolls-Royces and a yacht. About barnstorming the county fairs with a rickety jenny.

JAMES EDWARD GRANT *is a Chicago newspaperman who has for years specialized in writing of rackets and gangsters. Background for this was gained during the years his father was Chief Investigator for the State Attorney of Illinois. Mr. Grant has analyzed more than three hundred separate rackets.*

HE spoke lightly about the incident in Mexico when a marijuana-crazed Portuguese sailor tried to knife Bill Vanderventer. And about seeing her at Belmont and how she said a certain horse ran like Chopin, and he had gone to a studio and made a pianist play all of Chopin until he understood what she meant. And how the minute she had spoken to him he had decided to marry her.

And about the man in the black hat and the sixty thousand dollars and how The Quitter won. He told her about Gillispie. About Bill Vanderventer.

"You see," he said, "I thought if I had a million dollars people wouldn't say I was after your money. And if I was just like these other men you know they couldn't say you married beneath you. Perhaps that's part of the reason I wasn't going to tell you the truth. So you'd have nothing to be ashamed of, not knowing. Though," he added honestly, "I still think the main reason I intended lying was because I was afraid to risk losing you."

She stood up.

We'll go back to the house now, he thought dully, and that will be that. She'll be polite and courteous because she's a lady and I'm a guest in her house.

She took hold of his coat lapels. "Danny!"

"Yes?" He did not look at her.

"Aren't you going to kiss me again?"

He looked at her sharply. He said reverently, "Good God!"

She tugged at his lapels. He came awake and kissed her.

A LONG while after, they walked back to the house. When he left her she said: "It's quite a problem, marrying me, Danny. You've let yourself in for a lot of grief."

Getting married was not the simple thing he had considered it. Cardwells came from near and far to inspect him. Photographers waylaid him in out-of-the-way corners. A man offered him five hundred dollars to indorse a cigarette. He was oddly disturbed when Eve wrote him a letter wishing him the best of luck.

A lawyer brought papers to sign—releasing the Cardwell money from any possible claim by him. For this he was given a silver dollar to comply with legal formalities.

He twisted the coin in his fingers and said to Alyce, "This is silly. As if I would try to get any of your money!"

She soothed him. "That's not the point, darling. It's one of those foolish things that the law makes us do."

On the beach he cocked his arm to sail the coin into the water, then thought better of it.

He put it carefully away in his watch pocket. At times during the next few days he took it out and frowned at it.

He asked Gillispie to be best man; but the tall man suggested that under the circumstances Bill Vanderventer was a better choice. So Danny wired Bill, and Bill came up and threw a howling party the night he arrived. The second night they went to Bradleys' and an incident occurred that bothered Danny.

A gross man playing faro became involved in an altercation with a dealer.

"You're a liar," the gross man said. "I did not move the stake."

The mustached Colonel Bradley bore down on the table. "What's wrong here?"

The dealer explained that the man had moved a stack of chips after the card showed in the box. "He's done it twice before," the dealer said. "I didn't like to raise a fuss, but I can't have the man welshing on every bet he makes."

The gross man snarled that the dealer lied.

"He's telling the truth," Danny said coldly. "I saw"—he pointed his thumb—"that move his chips twice after the card showed."

The colonel bowed. "Thank you, Mr. Corliss." He turned a face like frozen granite on the fat man. "This resort is operated as a club. We retain the right to deny admission to whom we see fit. Good night."

"You can't throw me out!" the gross man whined. "I've lost over eight thousand dollars and—"

"Dealer"—the colonel's voice was thunder—"give this person eight thousand dollars and show him the door. Remind him that this is a club for gentlemen."

Riding home in the car Alyce said, "Why did you interfere, Danny?"

"It was none of my business," he admitted. "But it annoyed me to see that fat vulture sneaking his chips back on each bet. But I almost felt sorry for him—even though a welsher deserves anything he gets—when the colonel scalded him."

She laughed gently. "But I think the fat man came out with the better of the deal. He was shamed but he had eight thousand dollars."

Danny took it as a joke. He laughed. But the incident annoyed him for days.

"Oh, hell!" he told himself. "I'm getting jumpy. After all, it was nothing but a silly quarrel in a gambling house."

He and Bill Vanderventer and Gillispie swam and played poker or fished. And one morning he came back from fishing, intending to stop at the house for clothes and go on to golf with Bill. He left Gillispie to wait in the car and came across the lawn.

PASSING the sun house he heard Alyce's voice and stopped.

She was sitting at a wicker table, wearing a brief sun suit. Beside the table a ruddy-faced horsy-looking man was standing with his cap in his hand.

"It ain't noways right," the horsy man was saying in a cockney accent. "What I say is, right's right, and when I bought the colt—"

Alyce moved negligently to let the sun caress her shoulder blades. "I do wish you'd go away, Blake," she said carelessly. "You're rapidly becoming a nuisance."

At the word nuisance, Danny went swiftly inside and spoke to the horsy-looking man. "See here, what's the trouble?"

The horsy man greeted him: "Hello, Mr. Corliss. Remember me, don't you? I bought a horse for you at the Saratoga auctions a few years ago. A filly, she was, with great promise, though she later broke down in training. Remember? She was one of the Shasta horses. I fired her cannonbones but it served no—"

"I remember," Danny said. "Why are you annoying Miss Cardwell?"

Color flooded Blake's face. "Twenty years I been buying horses for ladies and gentlemen, sir, and you won't hear a bad word about Malachi Blake. I'm as good as my word. But right's right, I say. Miss Cardwell, there, not meaning to give the lie to the lady, told me to buy her a yearling colt she saw at Belmont. 'Blake,' she says, 'I'll pay twenty-five hundred for that Widener colt with the white stockings.' 'Plus my commission, Miss Cardwell,' I says."

There was a faint edge in Alyce's voice. "Send him away, Danny."

"Let him have his say," Danny reasoned with her.

"Thank you, sir," Blake's voice rasped on. "'Done,' I says. 'I'll try to buy him for you at two and a half thousand and I hopes he makes you a grand horse.' 'Done,' she says. Well, sir, I bought the colt and loaded him into a truck to be shipped to the Cardwell Farms, and mailed my bill. The truck met with an accident and the colt had his left foreleg broken. He had to be destroyed, poor baby, and now Miss Cardwell says she doesn't owe me."

Alyce laughed. "For a dead horse? I'm not so easy as that!"

The horse dealer looked at Danny. Danny smiled at him. The smile said they were two males up against a woman's blind spot.

"You don't understand," Danny explained. "It's a gentleman's agreement that if you tell a dealer to buy a certain horse he becomes your property the minute the dealer takes hold

try VITALIS and the 60-SECOND WORKOUT

Keep your Scalp *healthy . . . your* Hair *handsome . . . this simple, effective way!*

50 SECONDS TO RUB . . . Massage Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp! It becomes flexible, awakens to new life.

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH . . . Comb and brush your hair. It stays smooth and lustrous, with no trace of that "patent-leather" look.

IT'S SIMPLE—it's easy—it's effective—this modern way to keep your scalp healthy and your hair well-groomed—Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout.

The cause of most dull, lifeless, unattractive hair is usually tight, dry scalp. It needs Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout. For Vitalis and massage twice a week invigorates the scalp, quickens the circulation, restores natural nourishing oils — leaves your hair lustrous and easy to comb.

Loose dandruff disappears and with it the threat of falling hair. Your hair is manageable—good-looking, but with no trace of "patent-leather" look.

Start using Vitalis today. Get a bottle from your druggist and begin the Vitalis 60-Second Workout.

ASK YOUR BARBER . . . He's an expert on the health of scalp and hair. Take his advice when he suggests Vitalis.

VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

THEIR MEDICINE CHEST FOR 20 YEARS

JUST 20 years ago they found this safe all-vegetable laxative. Ever since, they have kept remarkably free from biliousness, colds, headaches, and the ills of bowel sluggishness. "That little box of NR Tablets is our medicine chest," they tell their friends.

Common sense tells you your doctor is right when he says: "Use an all-vegetable laxative." Modern diets, refined foods rob you of natural vegetable laxative elements you were intended to have. It's so sensible to go to nature for help. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contain natural plant and vegetable laxatives properly balanced—nothing else. No mineral or phenol derivatives. The best proof of the difference is the way you feel after using them. Refreshed, more alive, thoroughly clean inside. Not depressed and given out. Another proof. You'll find no need to increase the dose. They're non-habit forming. So kind to your system. It's important to use the right laxative. And so easy to find out for yourself. The handy NR box containing 25 doses, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR.** *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 117-BX, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A 25¢ BOX
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Largest *Newsstand Sale* of Any Weekly!

Liberty is bought by people who want their magazine—bought when they want to read it—a single copy at a time. For years the leader in total single copy sales, Liberty now has the largest newsstand sale of any weekly! No surer guarantee exists of true reader interest.

of the halter. He was your horse when he was injured. You're stuck!"

"Twenty-five hundred for a dead horse?" Alyce said. "I think not."

"Right's right, I say," orated Blake.

Alyce gave him a look as if two hatpins were pointing out of her eyes. "Blake," she said, "I don't want to have to call the servants. Will you leave?"

There was a certain dignity about the horsy man. He put his cap on his head, nodded to Danny and bowed to Alyce Cardwell. "Twenty years I been buying horses for ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I've done my last business with the Cardwell stables."

Alyce stood up. "Are you leaving?" she asked frigidly.

"Yes, ma'am; good day to you."

Danny said, "Wait, Blake. Don't go." He turned to Alyce. "You don't understand, dear. It was your horse the—"

She interrupted him: "Let him sue me."

Danny was patient. "You don't mean that, Alyce. After all—"

"After all, I've bought a good many horses by and large. Legally he has no grounds."

Danny wasn't so patient. "See here, Alyce," he said quietly. "Legality has nothing to do with it. This is a matter of gentleman's agreement."

"I suppose," she said icily, "you are now going to take it upon yourself to instruct me in the niceties of a gentleman's agreement." She accented the "you," the "yourself," and the "gentleman's."

Danny went white. The hatpins were still in her eyes but they glanced off him. He took out his checkbook and wrote a check for twenty-five hundred dollars and offered it to Blake.

"You've sold a horse, mister," he said. "Will you see that he's buried?"

BLAKE put his hands behind his back. "I don't want your money, Mr. Corliss. What I say, right's right. You didn't order any Widener colt and I didn't buy any colt for you. Just the same, Mr. Corliss—and not to be mawkish about it—I'm proud to have your acquaintance and any time that I can be of service to you I'll be delighted."

They shook hands. Blake bowed to Alyce, said, "I'll thank you to patronize another dealer, Miss Cardwell. Good day," and went away across the lawn.

Danny stood looking after him until Alyce touched his arm. He started. She said, "I'm sorry, Danny."

"That's no good," he said bluntly. "You think I'm offended because you threw my background up to me. I'm not."

"Well, then," she said, leaning against his shoulder, "everything's all right. Let's go in the house and have a drink and debate about who's nice enough to deserve an invitation to the wedding breakfast."

He took her arm from his sleeve, turned her so she faced him. "It's all off, Alyce. You can tell people you kicked me out."

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"I'll try to explain, Alyce. Maybe it won't make sense. But everybody, I suppose, has a set of rules. A code, if we want to be Mid-Victorian about it. Now, I'm a gambler at heart, and in my particular code nothing can be as bad as welshing. I don't want to be nasty about it, but you welshed on Blake."

The hatpins were back in her eyes. "Are you presuming—"

"I'm not presuming anything," he said quietly. "It's all a little complicated for me. But I know this: The Lord hates a welsher; and me—well, I'll string along with the Lord."

HE was down in the car and had started the motor when Gillispie said, "Where away?"

Danny stopped the car. He didn't know where he was going until he spoke. When he spoke he said: "Agua Caliente."

Agua! That was it. He felt as though he had been drifting aimlessly and had suddenly found himself. Agua! Sitting on the rail at daybreak with Eve, watching the young horses being schooled and listening to Cassidy berate the apprentice boys. Long lazy afternoons in the paddock club, sipping cold drinks with Eve.

Enjoying the thrilled expression on her face as she hung over the rail and watched the thoroughbreds come swarming down the stretch.

Warm Mexican nights, driving, with Eve singing in her pleasant throaty voice.

"Hell!" he said in a tone of awed surprise. "It isn't Agua. It's Eve!"

Gillispie had the gift of silence. He looked but he did not speak. Danny cut the car into the curb near a blind beggar.

"Mister," he said to the blind man, "would you take a present from a damned fool who has eyes and still can't see?"

The beggar shrugged his shoulders. "Why not?"

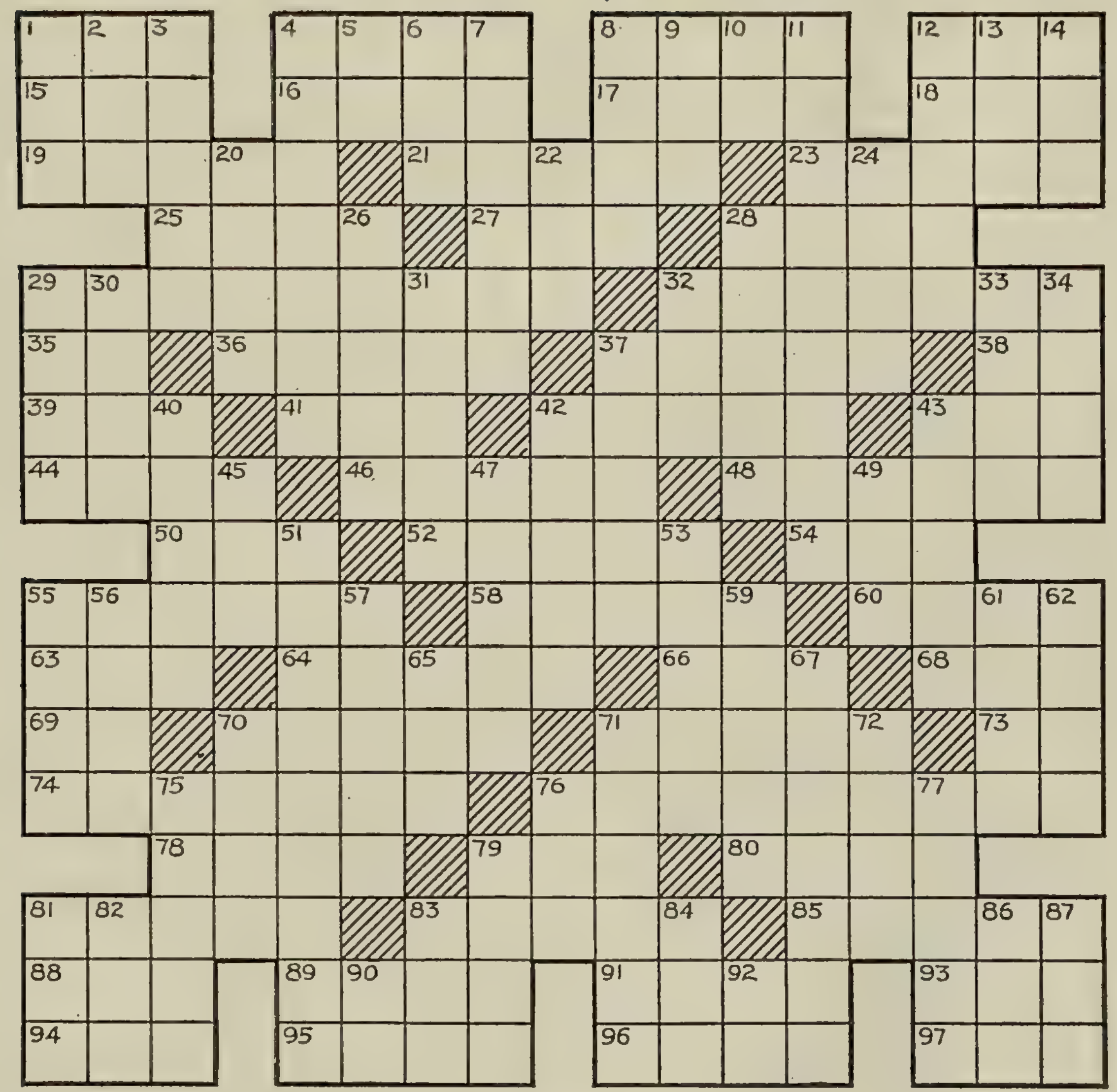
Danny fished in his watch pocket, drew out a silver dollar, and gave it to the blind man.

THE END

ANSWER TO THE AVERAGE SPEEDS PUZZLE ON PAGE 18

Most people will say that the average speed was 12½ miles per hour. This is wrong. Take any distance, say sixty miles. This would require six hours going and four hours returning—ten hours for 120 miles, which makes the average speed 12 miles per hour. No matter what distance you select, the answer will be the same.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 The same
4 White
8 Bound
12 Slender stick
15 Pronoun
16 A constellation
17 American Indian
18 Consume
19 Tempest
21 A perfume
23 Brings up
25 Totals
27 An immeasurable space of time
28 Asterisk
29 Soon
32 Excited with fear
35 Japanese measure of distance
36 Plants
37 Retinue
38 Symbol for an element
39 Poem
41 Undermine
42 Silk fabric
43 Suffix: relating to
44 Departed
46 A kind of skirt (plural)
48 Freshest
50 Child's toy
52 Extinction
54 Domestic animal
55 Guides
58 Districts
60 Agreeable in any way
63 Equality of value
64 Imitators
66 Seaman
68 Japanese coin
69 An area ten meters square
70 Fruit of the oak
71 Part of a flower
73 Not
74 Loud-voiced person
76 Settlings
78 A fixed star
79 Cardinal number
80 The consort of Siva (Hinduism)
81 Containing boron
83 To screen
85 Locations
88 Beard of grain
89 South African tree
91 Language of Scotch Highlanders
93 Woman's name
94 An assent
95 Fine linen fabric
96 Sandpipers
97 A color

D	I	N	O	S	A	U	R	S		B	L	A	T	
E	L	O	P	E	■	N	E	T		O	A	T	H	S
T	I	M	E	■	H	I	P	■	P	O	R	T	A	L
R	A	E	■	S	E	T	■	S	O	P	R	A	N	O
I	D	■	S	T	R	E	A	K	S	■	U	R	E	T
M	■	C	A	R	■	D	I	E	■	U	P	S		
E	V	A	D	E	D	■	R	I	N	G	S	■	L	S
N	I	P	■	T	A	M	■	N	I	L	■	S	E	A
T	I	■	A	C	M	E	S	■	B	I	S	H	O	P
		A	S	H	■	D	O	C	■	E	T	E	■	H
D	A	M	P	■	D	E	B	U	S	S	Y	■	H	E
U	M	P	I	R	E	S	■	R	U	T	■	B	O	A
P	E	E	R	E	R	■	P	I	N	■	L	A	R	D
E	E	R	I	E		E	O	N	■	F	A	L	S	E
	R	E	N	D		H	I	G	H	S	P	E	E	D

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Exclamation (plural)
2 To ensnare
3 Irregularly notched
4 Those busily active (colloq.)
5 A conjunction
6 Man's name
7 Badgerlike animal (plural)
8 Spare
9 Stray
10 A sloth
11 Had relation to
12 To take up weapons again
13 To propel a rowboat
14 Delirium tremens (abbr.)
20 Corrosion
22 Plaything
24 Gain by effort
26 Act furtively
28 Killed
29 Bow of a vessel
30 Go horseback
31 Warm
32 Craft
33 Terminates
34 Course of nourishment
37 A sample
40 Penetrate
42 Heavenly bodies
43 A shield (fig.)
45 Digit
47 Commit to memory
49 Succeeded
51 Valuable in action
53 Detested
55 Mineral springs
56 Form of pastry
57 Specter
59 Possessing flavor
61 A coin
62 Son of Seth
65 To mistake
67 Ancient Egyptian monarch
70 Against (prefix)
71 Transmitter
72 A son of Jacob
75 Wins
76 Billow
77 Saltpeter
79 At that time
81 Arm of the sea
82 To be indebted
83 A pig
84 Sooner than
86 Woman's name
87 Downcast
90 Note of the scale
92 Japanese measure of area

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

who regained her health and brought up a prize winning baby

From Mrs. G. J. Harrington, 6958 Paxton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, comes the letter below. It was written, says Mrs. Harrington, in the hope that "it may help other worried and busy mothers."

"My baby came in July 1926, after I had been in poor health for some time due to an operation. Doctors told me the child would not live and that it was quite possible I might not. My husband said 'nonsense' and had the baby and myself thoroughly examined at several clinics and nothing was wrong except that I was weak from faulty elimination.

"My husband is a travelling man, eating at irregular hours—every kind of food in small towns and large cities. He told me that most of the old time travelling men carry Nujol with them to keep themselves in good condition, and after I had consulted my doctor I began to use Nujol. My headaches and weariness disappeared after a few weeks and while I tried other 'remedies' I never got the same relief I did with Nujol.

"I am keeping as a nice souvenir of Chicago a photostatic copy of a check for First Prize given my baby for being the healthiest and prettiest baby of all the thousands in Chicago. Contest was conducted by the Health Commissioner.

"We call her the Nujol baby. She was brought up on it and prefers Cream of Nujol however, to the old familiar tried and true friend of mine. Thank you."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Inc., 2 Park Avenue, Dept. 21Y, New York City.

Copr. 1934, Stanco Inc.

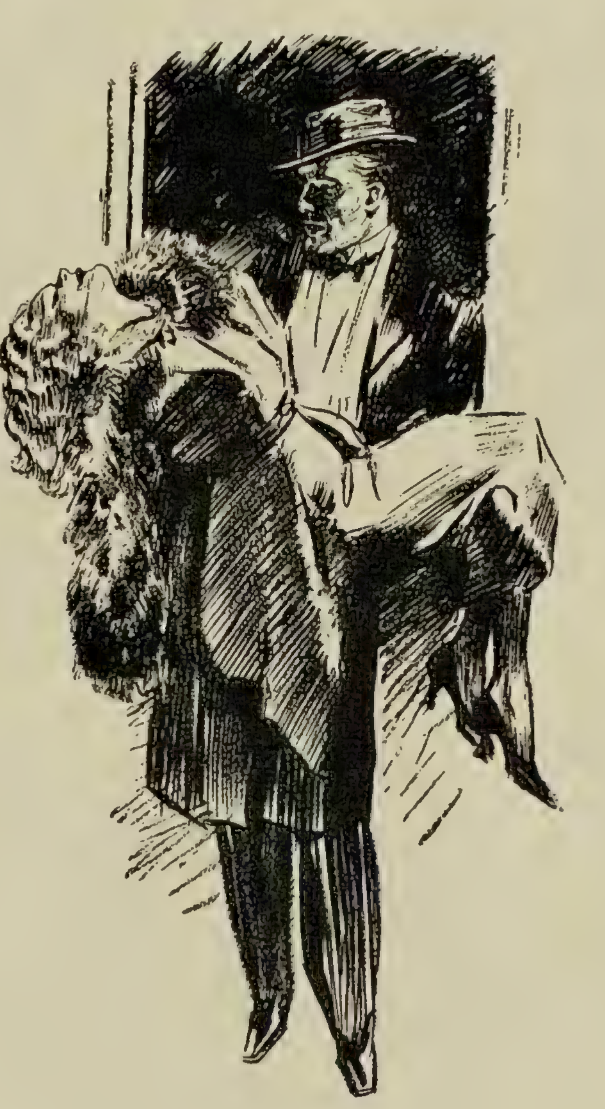
ADVERTISEMENT

Safe with Alexander

A Short Short Story

by MARJORIE McCLURE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS



LATE on an evening in March, as young Dr. Alexander Burke was passing through the hall of the hospital, the door swung in to admit a big man carrying the slender beautifully clothed body of a young woman. Against his bulk she was limp, her head hanging as if she had been lifted out of water. One hand was a pulpy mass of red from which blood trickled to the white-marble floor.

Automatically Alexander sprang forward, took the inanimate burden from the man, and dashed to the receiving room. His inquiring, unflurried senses took professional note of the girl's silken smoothness and the fragrant softness of the fox fur that brushed his chin.

He laid her on the table and immediately applied a rubber tourniquet; then he held the arm high until the bleeding stopped. To the nurse he said, " Prepare her quickly, please. I'll operate."

As he got into his sterile gown he heard voices outside his door. The man who had brought the girl in was telling his story to some one. Alexander heard: " I was driving along a dark street and didn't see anybody — no car — nobody — until suddenly a little dog on a leash was there in front of me, and this girl was pitching headlong off the curb under my wheels. She slipped on the ice trying to save the dog, probably."

Alexander put on his rubber gloves and stepped to the operating table. As he looked down on the girl's still face, one extraordinary word leaped into his mind: Hyacinths. Those softly bluish, delicately bell-like flowers! Why had he thought of them? Her face was as white as paper and framed in blue-black hair. The lines of eyebrows and lashes, the little flaring nostrils, and tender lips were all curved like the petals of hyacinths.

For a moment he marveled at the probable quality of a personality that even in a state of unconsciousness could suggest hyacinths as its symbol.

He began to work. The hand was crushed. After a while he said, " I can save the index finger. Strange— all but that finger are ground to nothing. The thumb is in shreds."

His assistant agreed. The nurse handed another hæmostat. " With a thumb and forefinger," Alexander said, as if to himself, " she would hardly miss the other three fingers. Let me see her toes. I'll make her a thumb. What do you think, doctor? " The question was perfunctory. It was the only thing to do, yet the interne murmured: " I wonder—"

The nurse uncovered the girl's feet. Manicured toes. Alexander flexed the joints and peeled off his gloves. " Prepare her left foot for operating," he said positively.

Half an hour after his unknown patient was put to bed in her room, Alexander was beside her, directing the work that usually was intrusted to an interne: stimulants, a saline transfusion, hot packs. Every least thing he could think of was done for her. In the long, low hours before the dawn her face grew thin; the blue shadows deepened in the lovely curves, and her temples became throbbing hollows.

As Alexander sat alone by her bed watching her respiration, he was strongly aware of something that he had never felt before in his life from any girl: a sense of arriving at a perfect destination. It was as if he had come home to beauty and peace, yet he was quickened and eagerly alive to this magnet that held him irresistibly, and he believed fatefully, forever. He could smile at himself for his headlong, undoubting conviction in regard to her meaning for him; he would no more deny it than he would deny his own existence.

It was after six o'clock when he went out for air and food. He walked some distance round about before he entered a restaurant and gave his order. It seemed strange that the world should look as usual. He saw people, cars, busses. He read the billboard opposite that advertised Cole's Simon-Pure Ice Cream; that advertised Ruth Silvester, artist supreme, at the opera house; that advertised Bernstein's Diamonds. And he had no idea an instant later what he had seen or read, for his inner sight was filled with hyacinths and a face of which forever and forever they would be the symbol.

After breakfast he returned to his patient's room carrying a wooden box filled with growing hyacinths—blue mostly, with a few of delicate pink and white. When she opened her eyes, he thought, she would see herself writ in flowers.

" She has begun to stir," the nurse said. " Her pulse is stronger."

ALEXANDER leaned above the girl. There was a faint color in her cheeks; she began to whimper and stir. " My hand! " he heard. " My hand! "

Again he was alone with her. He held her right hand close between his own and spoke earnestly. " You are safe here with me," he said slowly. " You are safe."

Several times he repeated the sentences softly and saw understanding and pain reflected fleetingly in her face.

The nurse came into the room, her hand pressed against her throat, her eyes wide and startled. " Doctor! " She caught her breath. Alexander came to his feet. " The police just telephoned. She's Ruth Silvester! "

" Ruth Silvester," he repeated stupidly. The name meant nothing to him, but obviously it should mean something.

" At the opera house—" The woman's eyes were blurred with pity for him.

" An actress? Is she an actress? " he demanded.

" No! Oh, doctor, don't you know? She's the famous young toe dancer."

THE END

MARJORIE McCLURE

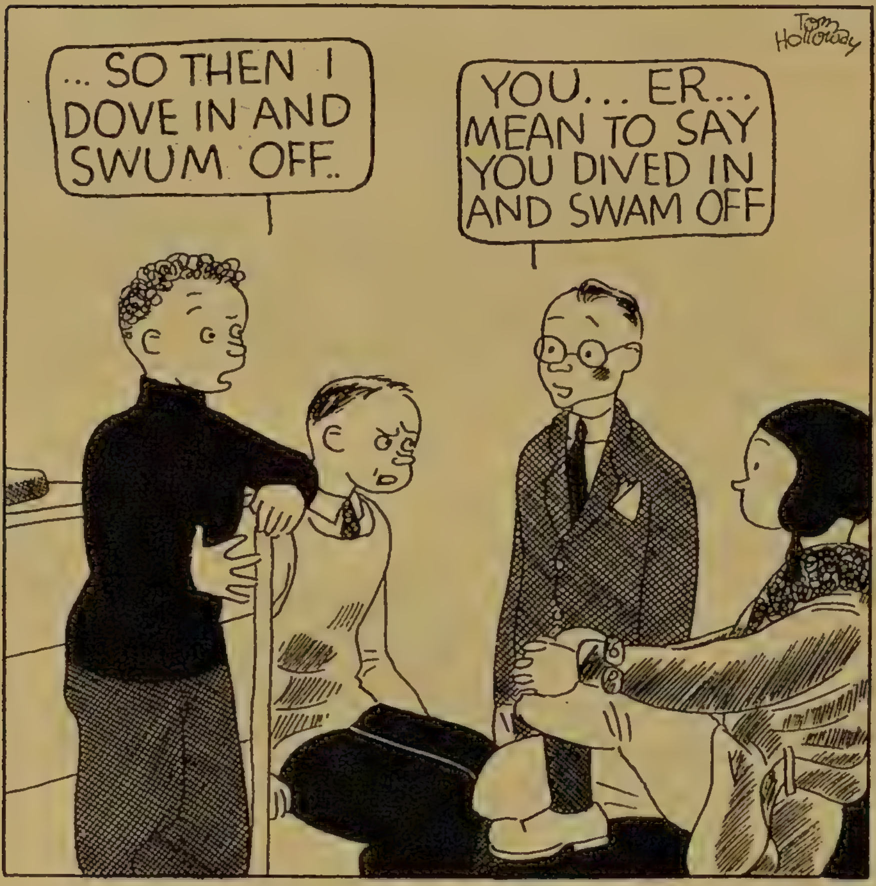
was born in Jersey, grew up in Detroit, and lives in Cleveland. She loves to build houses and to write novels, and has recently finished the fourth of the former and the sixth of the latter.

WHICH PRIZE WILL BE YOURS?

$2,000

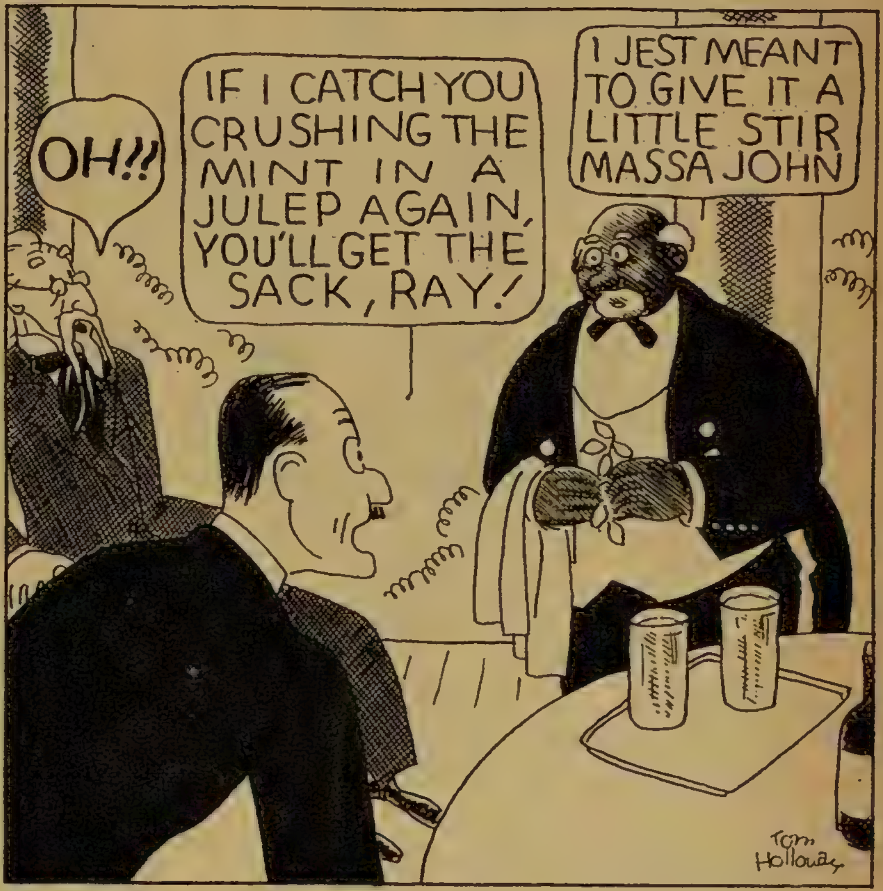
CASH PRIZE

GAME OF CITIES


... SO THEN I DOVE IN AND SWUM OFF.
YOU... ER... MEAN TO SAY YOU DIVED IN AND SWAM OFF
Tom Holloway

PICTURE NO. 15

Name of City.....................................


OH!!
IF I CATCH YOU CRUSHING THE MINT IN A JULEP AGAIN, YOU'LL GET THE SACK, RAY!
I JEST MEANT TO GIVE IT A LITTLE STIR MASSA JOHN
Tom Holloway

PICTURE NO. 16

Name of City.....................................

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which one of the cities or towns interests you most, and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 6, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

THE prize money is almost within reach! Only six more contest drawings are needed to complete a winning entry and two of those are on this page! Find this week's hidden names and you will have but four more to discover before you file your claim to a share of the easy money.

Again let us caution you against submitting ornately decorated entries of any sort. Ornamentation and elaboration have no bearing on the ratings in this contest. Save the time and money involved in ornamentation. Concentrate on the simple accuracy of your names and the worth of the brief statement required by Rule 3. Have you given thought to this statement yet? Perhaps you have postponed this selection until you have all twenty of the contest cities or towns named. In any event, do not neglect to include your statement when you mail your entry.

CONTEST DRAWINGS 17 AND 18 WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Passport TO HELL

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

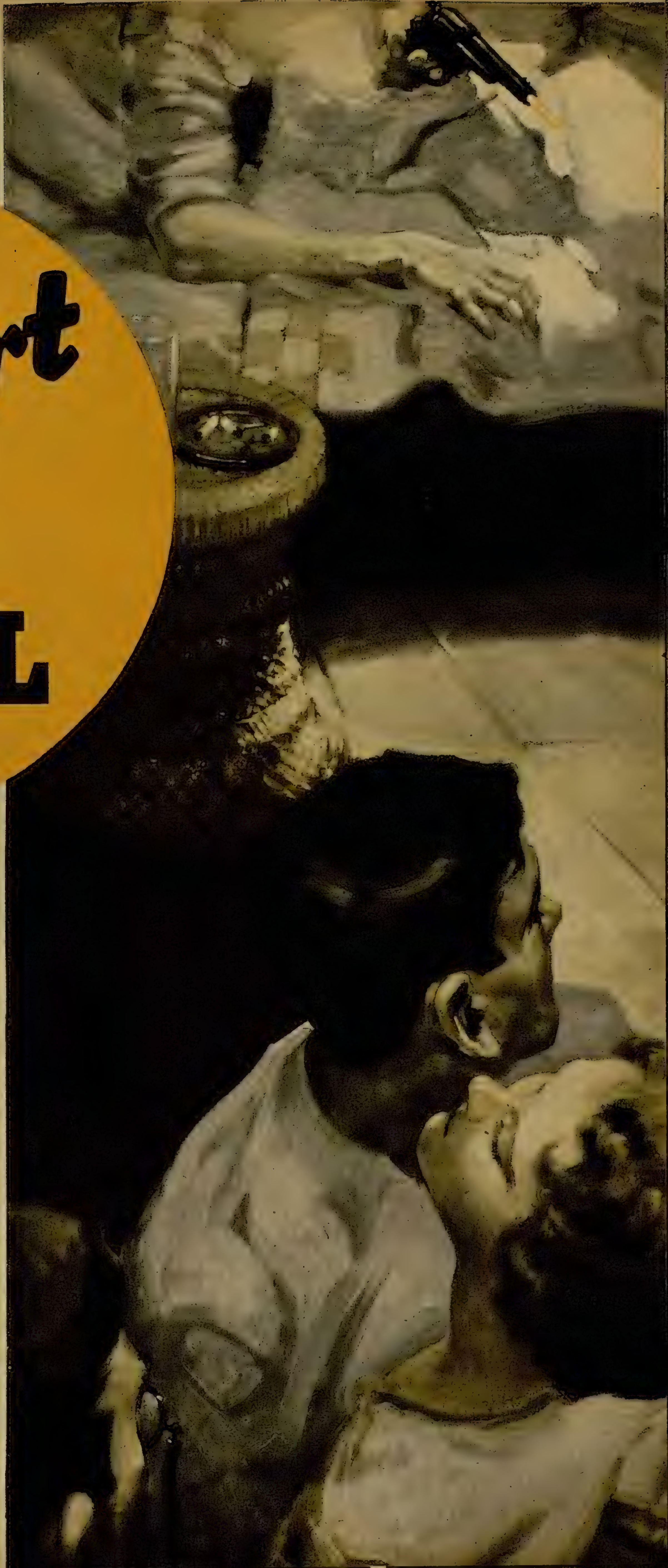
IN Telik, capital of a tiny Far East desert country, the gun and the knife spell law and order. A handful of white people, mostly outlaws, and 300 natives, mixed breeds, form the population, and King Furd rules by virtue of an English protectorate.

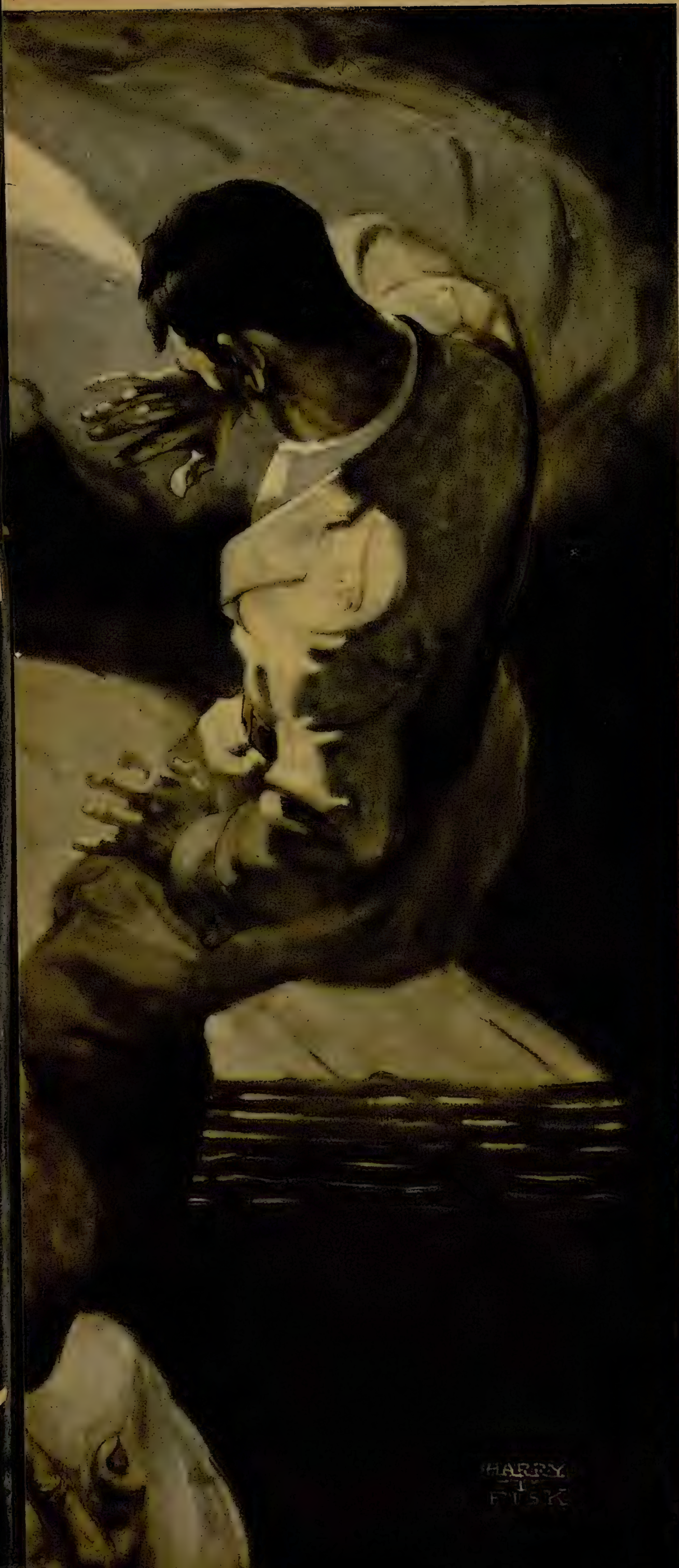
Into the Royal and Chaldean Hotel there steps John Sargent, an ex-advertising copy writer from New York, and he finds himself immediately involved in a sinister plot. Douglas Hambro, an English outcast, and Phil Greystone, an oil man, fugitive from American justice, are drilling for a gusher. Doc Gerrity, a gunrunner, and Joe, the hotel bartender, are scheming against them. Alayne Greystone, Phil's sister, seems to Sargent the only one worthy of trust.

Greystone brings in his gusher, and a mob of ruffians from Sweeney's Hotel demand a share in it. Gerrity kills one of them, Frome. Then he and Joe join with Greystone and Hambro. Sargent observes that Hambro loves Alayne.

King Furd dies, and it appears that Telik will be taken over by Urfa, an adjoining country, and the oil well confiscated. Hambro enlists the aid of Sidi and Adgidi, friendly native leaders, and they bring Furd's small son to the hotel and proclaim him the new king under a regency headed by Hambro to preserve the protectorate. Meantime Frome's woman stabs and seriously wounds Greystone.

The mob from Sweeney's attacks one night





Dr. Logan ducked and jumped for the bed as the gun barked in his face.

The Story of a Man Who Faced Death and Found Love in One of Earth's Far Corners

by JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY T FISK

in an effort to get the child king; but Gerrity has manned the Royal and Chaldean with machine guns and the attack is repulsed. With her brother helpless, Sargent promises Alayne he will do what he can to protect her. She tells him her brother's wound has become infected and that he must have a doctor. There is no doctor in Telik, but Sargent assures her he will get one somewhere. He is telling the story.

PART FIVE—THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS

IT means going to Bengan and getting the customs man to send to Douglasstown for one—and you'll have to guarantee his fee," Alayne said.

"That can be done, too," I told her, and she smiled at me hopefully.

Behind her Phil groaned and moved his head restlessly. She went back to him, and I went downstairs. I got Mumatz's car and I was off. It took me twenty minutes to pull in opposite the South Notts' sentry at the barrier in Bengan.

"Halt!"

I stopped the car and climbed out. Behind the barbed wire the guard detachment was drawn up at attention under the shed, with two British officers inspecting it. The customs man—my sparrow-faced friend of two nights before—was sitting on a campstool watching the proceedings.

"I want to speak to the customs man," I called to the sentry. "I want a doctor—just as soon as I can get one."

"'Ello, myte." The customs man got up and came over to the barrier. "What ho—you missed yer bleedin' tryne!"

"Never mind that. We want a doctor in Telik as soon as we can get one."

Behind him there was a sharp command: "Party—

dees-*miss!*" And the guard detachment broke ranks.

"A doctor, is it?"

"Yes. Any price he wants—paid in advance."

One of the officers strolled over to the barrier, lighting a cigarette.

"I say," he called. "What's going on up there in Port Telik?"

"A little bit of everything," I told him.

"Really? What do you want a doctor for?"

"For a fourth at bridge. A friend of mine has been rather badly cut—knife."

"Really! Well, look here—I've an hour or so. Will I do?"

"Are you a doctor?"

"Quite," he said. He called to the other officer: "Tommy—I'm going up to Telik for a spot of sight-seeing."

"Righto."

He crossed the road toward me.

"Captain Logan," he said. "Arthur Logan—Royal Army Medical Corps." He climbed in beside me. "Stroke of luck for you, what? Routine inspection day down here."

I touched the car off and kept it on the pin all the way back.

Logan took one look at Phil and shook his head. He was a cold officious duck patined with the brisk cheerfulness of British sportsmanship. He poked and prodded at the arm until Phil's lips were white and the sweat poured from him.

Afterward he took Alayne and me across the hall. "I'm afraid he'll have to lose the arm if he's to pull through."

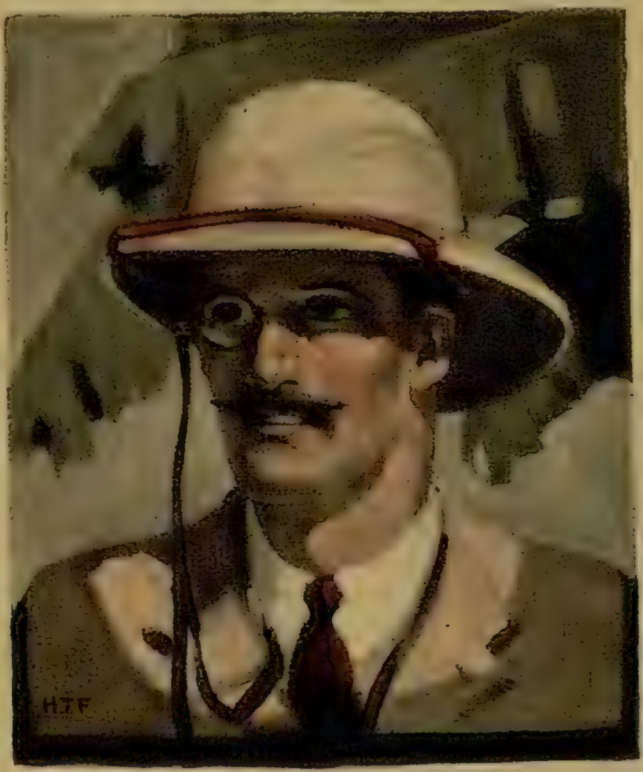
We stared at him, for we hadn't believed it was as bad as that.

"Can't you do something? It's a terrible thing to—"

"That's what we're faced with."

It must have been written in our eyes when we went back, for Greystone's mouth snapped shut tightly and he half raised himself on his left side.

"So that's it, is it?" he said. "You're just like all the rest of the medicos. You've decided to cut off my arm to save you the trouble of keeping it for me."



Douglas Hambro

"Lie back, Phil," Alayne said. "It's nothing of the kind."

"Don't lie to me, Bib. I can see what you're all thinking!"

He lay back heavily while we washed him with a mercuric solution and replaced the packs. But as the doctor went out he raised himself again and shook his finger. "You're not going to do it—hear me?"

Dr. Logan shrugged, and I followed him below with some idea of arguing him out of his decision.

DOUGLAS HAMBRO was standing in the lobby with a man I had never seen before, grinning and looking him up and down. If there is one thing that will always stand out in my memories of Telik, it's that grin of Hambro's. It sliced his face automatically at the slightest provocation, and no one could ever tell what lay behind it; for genuine pleasure, I believe, was the reaction the man got to any new occurrence—genuine pleasure simply because the occurrence was new, regardless of whether it was a legacy or a kick on the chin. Two of our soldiers stood behind him, and there was a car at the curb. He nodded his head to me.

"Meet Mr. Gilder of Royal Middle Eastern Refineries, Ltd. Mr. Gilder has done us the honor of motoring in from Urfa to pay us a call. Nice of Mr. Gilder, isn't it?"

Gilder squinted at me and stuck his hands in his pockets. He was a short man with close-cropped hair and tremendously bowed legs. He said, "How d'you do? I suppose you're in on this swindle, too?"

"Oh, yes," Hambro said. "Everybody's in on it. What can we do for you?"

Gilder sat down and stared at us. "Nothing," he said. "I just came down sight-seeing, that's all."

"I thought maybe you had brought a certified check along."

"Not me—you don't think my company would deal with a bunch of crooks like this layout of yours, do you?"

Hambro laughed. "Oh, come," he said. "No personalities. Did you see our little exhibit as you passed by?"

Gilder nodded.

"Anything wrong with it as a gusher?"

"Sure—everything. It isn't yours. That's what's wrong with it, and that's the end of it."

"ALL right," Hambro said. "On your way, my friend. If that's how you feel, there's no need to linger here."

"Wait a minute." Gilder raised his hand. "How much longer are you going to keep this nonsense up? And how long do you think Urfa's going to let you?"

"Urfa is going to have nothing to say about it, unfortunately for Urfa. And don't spit on the floor again. This is the Foreign Office at present, and one doesn't spit on Foreign Office floors—it's not done!"

"Oh, lay off," said Gilder. "Listen to me. Urfa's going to knock hell out of the whole bunch of you—that's what's going to happen."

"And I suppose after that happens R. M. E. will step in, through the ministrations of their Mr. Gilder, and come off with the development rights of the Telik fields?"

"Why not?" Gilder smiled.

"Only this, my friend. By the time that happens they will be in the hands of Anglo Petroleum or somebody else. Mull that over for a while and then send in your sealed bid. We'll be glad to consider it. Every square foot of land in Telik has been officially declared crown-land, and the regency will consider any bona-fide offer for leasehold in the name of King Furd III, and offer protection to the lessee during development."

"You're kind to us."

"No—you're wrong. I'm not kind to you, and nobody's going to be kind to you or R. M. E. I know how you people do business—but you don't do it this time."

Gilder flushed and shook his finger in our faces.

"You mark my words, Hambro—you'll never get a penny out of Telik, and you'd better believe it! You'd better climb off your horse and clear out, the whole bunch of you—that's what you'd better do, before it's too late."

"I'm going to show you out, Mr. Gilder." Hambro stood up and took the man's arm.

Gilder bellowed with rage. "Yes?" he yelled. "All right, I'll go! But wait for me. I'll be back and don't forget it. You guys haven't a chance!"

Doc Gerrity came in the street door as we got up.

"So you're in on it too, eh?"

"Hello, Gilder," Doc said.

"Mr. Gilder," said Hambro, "gives us a few days more before Urfa chases us out. He won't do business with us because he believes we are just temporary fixtures here."

"Is that so?" said Doc. "You don't want to get any ideas like that in your head, Gilder. Not after what we've done."

Gilder picked up his topee and started out to his car.

Doc turned to Hambro. "What's eating him?"

"Go along with him and find out. But, mind you, I'm the man who handles this, and it's going to be handled my way."

The two men looked into each other's eyes for a second;

then Doc climbed into Gilder's car. The R. M. E. agent leaned out over the side and shook his finger again.

“Remember what I told you! You don't know what's going on in Urfa, and I'm not going to tell you. But if you think you can shoot up half the native population down here and get away with it—and white men, too—and get away with it in Douglasstown, you're a sap. That's all I've got to say. Telik was old Furd's back yard, and this brat of his don't make any difference, see? He's got brats all over the country. I'll see you all massaging picks and shovels for me inside of a month. And another thing you can think about is this: What I want to know and what Urfa wants to know is, how did old Furd come to die so suddenly after you guys shot your hole up yonder?” He laughed. “Maybe you won't even get a chance at a pick and shovel!”

Hambro walked up to the side of the car and looked into Gilder's face.

“Gilder,” he said, “let me see your papers.”

“What do you mean—let you see my papers?”

“I want to see if you've got a visa for Telik.”

“Say, listen! What's this?”

“This,” Hambro said, “is a country under military law, and I'm running it at present. Get out of the car and show me your papers.”

“Suppose I don't?”

Hambro reached up suddenly and yanked the man across Doc's lap and on to the sidewalk.

“Doc,” he said, “take charge of this gentleman. He's being invited to remain in Telik as our guest, to see just what has happened here and just how we've handled the situation, so he will revise his opinion of our government.”

Gilder was white with a mixture of rage and sudden fear. He stamped and sputtered and plucked at his collar.

I introduced Dr. Logan to Hambro.

“My word!” Logan said. “I hope you don't invite me to stay!”

“Have you seen Greystone?”

“Yes.”

“What's the verdict?”

Logan shrugged.

WE could hear Phil's voice above, shouting in delirium. He was on trial in the Carmichael case back in America. “No!” he yelled. “I'm damned if I'll testify! Carmichael was my friend and I don't have to testify against him. All I can tell you is what you already know—he was framed, framed by Coughlan. But that won't make any difference—you'll convict him because you have to have a goat.” Then suddenly, “Be a good fellow, doctor. It doesn't have to come off, does it? It can't! Damn it—I won't have it!”

“So you want to take off the arm.” Hambro looked at Logan. “That's a pretty serious decision.”

“If it hadn't been for the woman I'd have operated at once,” Logan said.

“Look here,” I asked him. “Isn't there a chance if you let it go another twelve hours?”

“Yes—a splendid chance of burying him. There isn't a surgeon in the world who'd leave that arm on in this climate.” He shrugged again. “Up to you chaps. I've got an hour or so only.” He went upstairs.

When Doug and I came up, he was across the hall from Phil's room, setting up his operating room. He had two tables end to end, covered with a bed sheet, and he was laying out instruments from his musette bag in a gleaming row on the washstand.

“I'll want hot water—as hot as you can get it—two pails of it, boiling. And I'll want one of you on the ether—not the woman.” He pulled an ether can from his bag and crumpled its cardboard cover in his hand. It clinked as he set it on the washstand.

“COME here,” he said to me. “He'll put up a fuss, I suppose, so we'll rush him to get it over with.”

He folded a hand towel into a cone and stuffed it with cotton; then he wrapped a broad piece of adhesive tape around the outside to keep it together.

“When we go in,” he said, “you take this and the can. Unscrew the top and keep your thumb over it. Then, if he puts up a row, clamp it over his nose and mouth and keep it there. I'll hold him. See if he's awake, will you? Perhaps we can put him under before he knows it.”

I went out and tiptoed into Phil's room. Hambro looked at me. He was standing at the foot of the bed. We could hear Alayne arguing in a low flat tone—begging Logan to wait.

“My dear woman, you sent for me to come, didn't you? You won't help matters now by going on this way. Why don't you be sensible? Go downstairs—go anywhere! It will be all over in a few minutes if you'll just not bother me.”

For myself, my fists began to itch. Then both of them came in, and as they did, Phil's eyelids fluttered and he looked up at us.

“Well, doc,” he asked, “what's it to be?”

Logan laughed. “Oh, you'll be all right,” he said. “I'm going to give you a little Bristol cologne and clean up that cut of yours.” He had the towel and the ether can behind his back.

“What do you mean—clean?”

“I'm going to open it up for you so it'll drain better, that's all.”

“You're a lying beggar!” snapped Greystone. “You're going to take it off.”

“Come now—you're a grown man and you can face things.”

“All right,” Phil said. “I'll face 'em! If you're just going to lance it, do it without ether. I'm no fool. I can smell!”

“Come now,” said Logan. “No need for you to know anything about it.”

“Isn't there? I'm supposed to cork off and then wake up with no arm. I

Appetite gone?

√ losing weight
√ nervous
√ pale
√ tired

then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better “carry on” without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upgrade today.

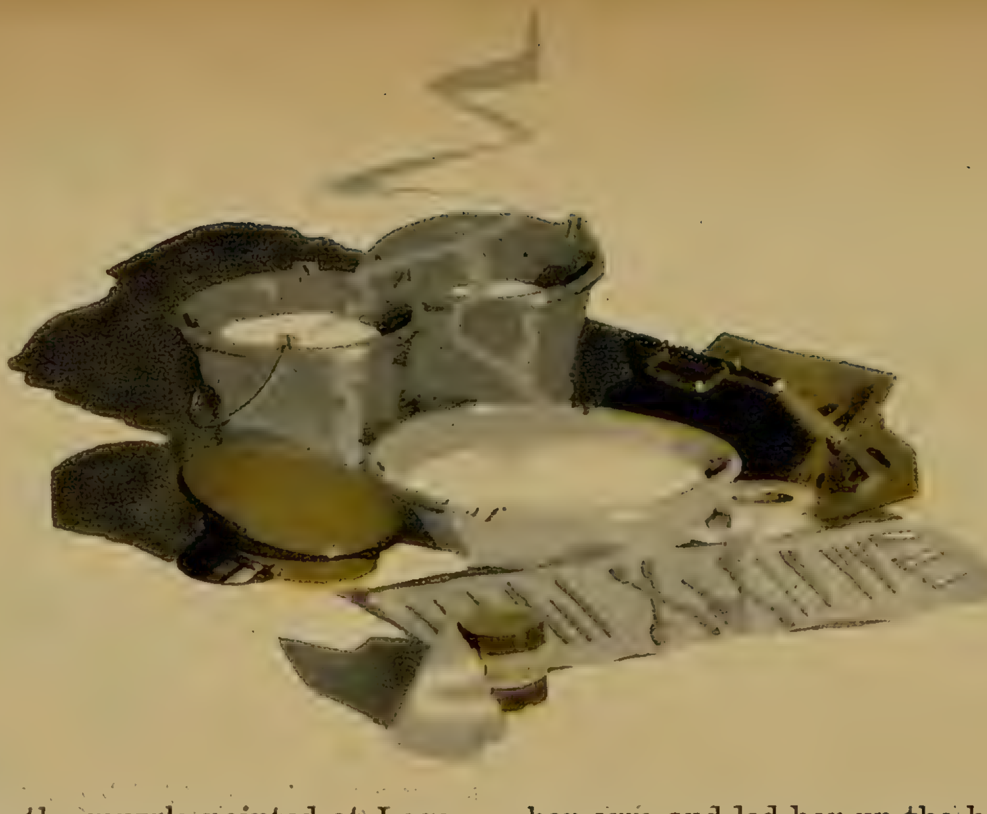
Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

SSS TONIC

the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.



know you—you're all alike. Get away from the bed!"

Logan's face hardened. After all, he was just an army doctor.

"All right, then—we'll play it your way. Be sensible. Any one can see it's got to come off. Come now—the sooner the better."

"Get away from the bed!"

Hambro reached out a hand. "Steady, Phil," he said.

"Steady, hell! Back—all of you!" His left arm flashed up to his pillow. He laid the revolver on his chest with the muzzle pointed at Logan. "Back, Sargent. No one nearer than the doorway. You too, Bib. Get back! If I've got to die, I'm going to die whole. I've got six slugs here for the first six guys who try to argue me out of it! Take it or leave it. One step across the threshold and I'll start the fireworks. Remember what I say, Bib. I've never lied to you yet, so you better tell 'em I mean what I say. Now, damn you, get out—the lot of you!"

Logan looked at him for a moment and gnawed his lips. He was a stubborn duck, used to having his own way in his orderly little existence in Douglasstown, and the thing offended his dignity.

"Greystone," he said, "put up the gun. I want to talk to you."

"Yes—I know. You want me to testify. But I won't! Carmichael's my friend, and I tell you he was framed!" Phil screamed. "But you'll convict him—you've got to convict somebody!"

"Of course he was," said the doctor. He stepped quietly across the room.

"And I'm the engineer on the job, I tell you!"

"Of course you are, and anything you want me to do I'll do for you."

Dr. Logan was halfway to the bed.

GREYSTONE sat up suddenly and his eyes flashed clear for a moment. "You're the doctor!" he screamed. "You've come for my arm. Out—get out!"

Dr. Logan hesitated. Then he ducked and jumped for the bed as the gun barked in his face. He stopped as a man does who has been struck on the chin; then he took two steps backward and crashed to the floor from his heels. Alayne stifled a scream and slumped against me for a moment.

"No—no—Phil!"

Hambro swore frightfully. There was a footstep in the hallway behind me—Gilder, the Royal Middle Eastern agent.

"Well," he cackled, "that's cooked your goose! You'll have a cruiser here shelling you out for this little job! There's no open season for British army officers in this neck of the woods!"

As I remembered it afterward, a whining engine drone had been in my ears for several minutes. It stopped suddenly as we stood there staring at Logan, and a harsh scream of wires took it up where the drone had left off. Then a series of dragging thumps echoed across the flatland behind the courtyard of the hotel.

Hambro touched my elbow and nodded toward Alayne. I took her arm and led her up the hallway to the far end. We stood at the window watching the plane while she tried her best to pull herself together. I got her a chair and a spot of brandy, and presently the blood was in her cheeks again. Below us, two men in flying helmets turned the corner of the kitchen wing and went around toward the front entrance. I took the girl's hand in mine and held it.

"I'm afraid I can't go back there just yet. Will you look out for him for me?"

JOE and Gerrity had carried the doctor across and laid him on his own operating table. He was plucky. His lips were blue with agony and the sweat dripped from his face. He'd had them prop him up with the pillows, cut off his shirt and his singlet, and swab his fingers with an antiseptic solution so he could examine the wound. It was in his right side between the two bottom ribs. I believe his nerve would have carried him through the ordeal of operating on himself if he'd had the strength.

He lay back and caught his breath. Then he beckoned to me and told me how to put on a temporary dressing, and asked to be covered with a blanket. He said he was cold.

Hambro came up the stairs.

"That was Morison in the plane—the Anglo Petroleum man from Sutra."

"You've got a plane?" Logan asked.

"Yes."

"Good—it's that or nothing. The pilot's got to take me to the hospital in Douglasstown. Get a stretcher for me—and, mind you, be careful how you handle me. I'm hit badly. Take off my boots," he said to me as Hambro went down again.

I did as he told me, and wrapped him carefully in three blankets, binding them about him with torn strips of sheet. Then I prepared a hypodermic for him according to his instructions, filled the syringe and put it in his hand.

He had me swab a patch of flesh on his left arm with alcohol and pinch it up into a ridge while he stuck the needle home and eased down the plunger. Then he asked me to refill the needle to take with him.

Doc and Joe came up presently with the ladder Phil had been brought home on the day before, and we took Logan down below. Hambro had already spoken to Morison, and his pilot had gone back to start the engine. He was grinding the inertia starter as we came around behind the hotel. We eased Logan on to the cabin floor, and Joe ran back for more pillows to brace him with.

The engine barked into life, and we took hold of the plane's wings to jockey her around into what little wind there was. The pilot climbed in, and a few moments later he was headed across the desert, wide open and tail up. He took off in a low even climb and turned toward Douglasstown.

We watched until the plane was a tiny speck fading in the distance.

The clear light was already gone and that faint hush that takes the place of twilight in those latitudes was in the air above us. It hung breathlessly over our heads for a few moments before the darkness came rushing down upon us.

Morison nodded to Gilder in the lobby and spoke to Hambro.

"My pilot won't be back tonight. I suppose I can get a room here?" He looked at Gilder again and he said, "I understand there is a rumor that Royal Middle Eastern is in the market for new fields, Gilder."

Gilder snorted.

"What are you doing in Telik, Morison?"

"I have asthma," Morison said. "The sea air helps it."

A little pepper-and-salt Scotsman, Morison, with a cold blue eye and a tremendous nose.

WITH the coming of night, Gerrity had his new army stack arms in the guardroom off the lobby, and he packed them off to their homes until the next day, with the idea that they could do less harm dispersed if their sympathies changed. He placed two of Furd's men on sentry go—one on the roof and one in front of the hotel—and he divided the night into eight two-hour watches between Hambro, Joe, me, and himself. He arranged with Sidi to have the street lamps left on all night around the Royal and Chaldean. A rumor had it that Gilivray and Papanasstassiou had gone back to Urfa, taking with them all of their crowd who dared cross the frontier. We had no way of telling what they were stirring up in Urfa, but Sidi had his ear to the native grapevine telegraph for any news that might leak through—and we could trust Sidi, because he had more to lose than any one else.

Alayne Greystone and I sat over our coffee in the dining room after every one else had left for the bar. She said, "Mr. Sargent—whether Dr. Logan dies or not, the authorities in Douglasstown will find some way to get my brother down there—on British territory—for an investigation of the shooting. As soon as they do that, the United States will extradite him and he will go to jail on the same trumped-up evidence Carmichael went to jail on."

I said, "And if Dr. Logan dies—"

"They may hang him."

I said, "I feel so devilishly sorry for you! You've been sucked into this thing—none of it's your doing."

"Never mind me, please! Phil's temperature has gone down a point and a half since sundown. I'm going to get him out of here—before morning."

"For heaven's sake—how?"

"Will you help me if I show you how?"

"I told you I'd help you in anything you asked me to do."

"That has a very gallant ring to it, Mr. Sargent."

"Thanks," I said; "I meant it to have."

There was the sound of voices arguing in the bar and the crash of a smashed glass. I followed her from the dining room into the deserted lobby.

SHE went up to her brother's room for the length of time it took me to smoke a cigarette. When she came down again she said:

"He is still asleep—we shall have time but we can't waste any."

She stood close to me as she talked, so that her voice would not carry far enough to be heard by any one who might be listening.

"There is a boat in the harbor," she said, "large enough to get us down the coast fifteen miles to Apurat. It's a fishing village and the people there know Phil. They'll take care of us."

We crossed the street in the shadows and went down the first side alley, skirting the back road behind the last houses until we came to the creek banks. Then we climbed over the old municipal pier with its boarded-up customs shed, and walked along the ruptured sea wall to the Eastern and Asiatic docks, which stand high above the green mud flats. We felt our way out over the rotten planking to the end. Below us I could hear water lapping against the piles, and presently in the darkness I saw a blacker bulk low down against the surface of the creek.

"I'm a little shy on the technical side of life, but in the first place there has to be a ladder down to the boat or the game is called on account of wet grounds," I told her.

"There is a ladder—but I don't know how strong it is. Be careful of it."

She held out her hand for support while she felt along the edge with the toe of her slipper. I took her wrist in both my hands to hold her.

"Here it is," she whispered.

"Who owns the boat?"

"No one, apparently. Gasoline costs so much, the natives use sail to fish."

Down on my hands and knees, I felt the cold iron. Then I turned around and started to inch my way carefully to the cross girder below. I felt it

PLEASE THE FINGERS
ROUNDED EDGES
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 - No 2
MADE IN U.S.A.

"Hey! Just because you won both rubbers, dont walk off with my Ticonderoga!"

"Sorry. But say, that's a slick pencil!"

"Best there is. I invest my nickel every time in—

TICONDEROGA

America's Favorite Pencil 5¢ each

SUIT YOUR OWN HAND

with Ticonderoga's soft No. 2 or firm No. 2 5/10. Try both at your dealer's. Also see the convenient new Knifedge rubber eraser tip for typists.

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J.

© 1935

presently underfoot. I started down again and came to the second crossbeam. The slimy water was directly below me. I braced a leg and felt around until my fingers touched an end of knotted rope.

"Got it," I called to her. "Here she comes!" As I drew on the rope the black bulk of the boat came slowly toward me until its bow thumped the pilings. I clewed up the slack and stepped aboard. It was about thirty feet over all and eight of beam.

I stepped down into the cockpit. Alayne was coming down the ladder behind me. I helped her aboard and lit a match. There was a heavy-duty four-cylinder Gosport engine in the boat with direct drive. We groped around for the gas tank and unscrewed the cap. It was quite empty, even of smell. While she held matches for me I gave the motor a rough look-see. It was all there apparently, and the flywheel went over when I turned it.

"Oil, I suppose, and a few gallons of gas will do the trick."

We climbed up the ladder again and went back to Mrs. Mumatz's for gas and oil. Morison, Hambro, Joe, Doc, and Gilder were still in the bar. We stole into the courtyard behind, and while the girl went up to see if Greystone was still sleeping, I siphoned gas from the hotel tank in the shed behind the kitchen wing, running it through a short length of hose into five-gallon tins. I got twenty gallons, and six quarts of oil.

IT was around ten o'clock by the time we got back again to the dock and had the tank filled in the boat. We decided to pray for the battery and try out our handiwork. Twenty minutes of sweating at the flywheel did it. The engine coughed and barked down into a soft purr. I threw off the switch.

"That's that—the fleet is ready."

We got on to the lower crossbeam of the pier and, after putting back the tarpaulin, loosened the rope and let the boat drift back to its old position.

"Look where I'm pointing," she said to me. "That bulk on the right is the foundation of what was to have been the Telik Light, and the one on this side is the old pilothouse on the end of the breakwater. A course steered midway between the two will keep the boat in what's left of the harbor water. I don't think it will run in mud."

A sliver of new moon winked over the rise behind the town. We hurried back to the hotel before it got high enough to make us too conspicuous in the deserted streets.

Gilder was still in the bar with Hambro and Gerrity. I had drawn the twelve-to-two watch and I still had an hour to kill before going on.

Alayne went up to Phil's room, and presently she was whispering from the landing for me to come up to her. We climbed up to the roof together, and stood silently at the parapet for a moment.

"I can't do it!" she said. "He's too sick. I don't dare take the chance." Her voice was flat and done. She clasped her hands tightly together. "It is better that he stay here and live—even if they do take him to Douglasstown for shooting Logan. At least he'll be alive. If I move him tonight, I know he'll die."

The sky was hung with great star tears, so close in the still air above us that it seemed as if we could reach upward and let them melt into soft liquid against our fingers. The night breath of the desert was cool on our faces, rising over the town like a gentle tide against an old stone jetty.

For a moment, as we stood there side by side, I was desperately afraid I was going to take her in my arms—and then quite suddenly I did, and she was trembling against me in the darkness, her breath mingling with mine and her soft hair blinding my eyes.

In addition to the peril from the cutthroats at Sweeney's, and reprisals which are certain to come for Phil Greystone's maniacal action in shooting Dr. Logan, another complication now enters the story. Hambro loves Alayne; evidently expects her to become his wife. What will he do when he learns that Sargent loves her? More fierce action follows in next week's installment.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **SIX SOVIET PLAYS** compiled and edited by EUGENE LYONS. Houghton Mifflin Company.

This book proves that plays as well as tractors are provided for in Soviet Russia's Five-Year Plan. The plays owe their effectiveness to the fact that although the theme is revolutionary, the technique is strictly orthodox. There is a preface by Elmer Rice.

★ ★ ★ **SOUTH OF THE SUN** by Russell Owen. The John Day Company.

A fascinating account of the life, reactions, and moods of the heterogeneous group composing the Byrd Antarctic Expedition by a prize reporter.

★ ★ ★ **NAPOLEON SELF-REVEALED IN 300 SELECTED LETTERS.** Translated and edited by J. M. Thompson. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Napoleon once said that "if a letter remains unanswered long enough, it answers itself." Nevertheless, he himself wrote between forty to sixty thousand letters, which like diamonds of many facets reveal the versatility of his genius.

★ ★ ★ **VIA MALA** by John Knittel. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A grim story of a tyrant and his victims, a revolt and what followed in a small outlying village, written in the grandly sad manner of the old-time Russians.

★ ★ ★ **THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE** by Robert G. Montgomery. The Macmillan Company.

The biography of John McLoughlin, one of the most interesting figures among American pioneers.

★ ★½ **THE SAAR STRUGGLE** by Michael T. Florinsky. The Macmillan Company.

Examine the probable consequences of the plebiscite from the point of view of the Saar, Franco-German relations, and the peace of the world.

Lewis H. Brown to Speak on Liberty Forum Broadcast Jan. 31

Lewis H. Brown, president of Johns-Manville Corporation, will be guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty broadcast over the Columbia network on Thursday, January 31, at 8.30 P. M. Recognized as one of the leaders of the country's second largest industry—building—Mr. Brown will demonstrate how his industry, in all its ramifications, affects the lives and livelihood of everyone. He will speak on the modernization and building of homes, with reference to the National Housing Act. He will be introduced by Edwin C. Hill, famous news commentator, and a musical program will be presented by Edward Nell, barytone, and an orchestra directed by Arnold Johnson.

The program will be broadcast over the following stations: Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX; Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

I'M in the hospital with a broken jaw—and you ought to be shot at sunrise!"

A man penned that scream of pain at authoress Sophie Kerr after reading one of her hunger-whetting stories about fine food. There he was, only able to sip soup. He said her descriptions of marvelous eats were unbearable torment.

Sophie Kerr is one of our national authorities on perfect dining. . . . Has just returned from studying public markets in Budapest. . . . Personally, likes American dishes best. . . . Other stories of hers are about modern women. . . . Told me she knows a girl who won't get married until she has saved up enough money to pay for a divorce! . . . Table hints from Sophie Kerr: always grind your own black pepper freshly; serve spiced fruit or fruit compotes with most meat dishes. Now what state famous for superb cooking do you think she comes from? One guess. Maryland! She gave me a splendid recipe for baked oranges to serve with roast duck. Next week I'll pass it on.

TANI HANUM, most romantic of living princesses, has been touring America on the quiet—paying her way with bags of gold contributed by shepherd subjects in far-away Mongolia. Tani has gone home now, so I can tell you something about her. She didn't want publicity while she was here. Wanted to see our sights without official escort or newspaper ballyhoo.

Princess Tani is a dark vigorous woman of thirty-five. Deep in the heart of Asia she holds absolute dominion over a land about the size of Germany—yet so wild that its natives number less than a quarter of a million. Tsungari is the name of her Mongolian kingdom. Most Tsungarians live in tents. Tani rules from a small castle, very old. According to legend, there is Western blood in her veins. She is said to be descended from Prester John, mysterious prince of the Middle Ages, who supposedly introduced the Christian faith into Asia.

Educated in Moscow, Tani Hanum is an accomplished musician. Invited the famous Russian composer Glière to her country, where he is busy now writing a Mongolian opera. The U. S. S. R. asked her to join its union but she wouldn't. The Chinese Republic pretends to control her realm, but lets it strictly alone. One custom of her nation is polyandry—which has nothing to do with Pollyanna.

Under polyandry, women take all the husbands they can support.

Needing cash here, Tani startled her American bankers by planking down a ten-pound bagful of pure gold. (Her subjects pay all their taxes in gold dust. They wash it out of the streams.) "How much more of this have you got?" said her bankers. "Oh, about a hundred pounds," replied Princess Tani.

Then she started for Hollywood.

SOPHIE KERR

HERE we go horning in on a privilege long reserved for masculine ribaldry. A certain railroad now puts on special smoking cars for women. Most of our risqué stories are said to have been thought up in the old smoking cars *for men only*. I wonder what kind of stories we'll get from these new smoking cars *for women only*.

FOR a gay bachelor, the oddest hobby I know is fancy napkin-folding. I've just met a young man of social prominence who diligently pursues that quaint research. There is more to it than you may think. Old napkin-folders of the Victorian age achieved literally hundreds of different effects. In his spare time my bachelor friend quizzes octogenarian waiters and hunts through forgotten books of hotel lore. When he gives dinner parties the napkins are wonderful to behold. Big starched napkins, folded with picturesque variety. Some classic napkin twists include the Dove, Slipper, Rose and Star, Boar's Head, Sachet, Cockscomb, Palm, Lily, Boat, and Bishop.

FREE dancing lessons for the unemployed in Worcester, Massachusetts. Free lessons in etiquette and storytelling. The government pays—and why not? Social graces are worth teaching. They help us along in the world. Success often comes more easily to a good worker who also happens to be polite, a good dancer, a teller of good stories. Anyhow, that was what Disraeli used to say.

DOGS are having quite a day in literature.

Four new dog books came out recently, led by Rudyard Kipling's Collected Dog Stories (Doubleday, Doran). Dog stories and doggy adventures make up The Rowland Johns Dog-Book (published by E. P. Dutton), while Edward C. Ash adds a useful home volume on Puppies, Their Choice, Care and Training (the Macmillan Company), and Dr. William A. Bruette contributes one especially for *Scotty* fans—The Scottish Terrier (G. Howard Watt)—which tells all about them, past and present.

It's stylish to have a dog library with your dog.

PARIS is reviving the old-fashioned *color dance*.

Your hostess advises you about what colors to wear to her party. Every one wears some phase of the same combination—red and black, white and orange, etc. (Pale green and beige is now very smart.)

Other smartnesses include a black matelassé skirt for theater wear, with blouse of pale rose satin and turban to match.

Two rows of pearls, quite short, with afternoon gowns.

Vox

A WOMAN DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO STOP?

College Place, Wash. — I cannot agree with Nina Walker Watkins's Four-Star Letter in December 15 Vox Pop. I think the country is surely going to the bowwows, and by reason of the very fact she mentions; namely, that women have abandoned the higher standards which they used to hold and have dropped down to the lower standards of men.

Most men have always been beasts; probably always will be. When women descend to their barnyard standards, what can we expect?—*Wife of a College Professor.*

Indianapolis, Ind. — Mrs. Watkins quoted her husband as saying, "This country is going to hell, and woman is at the steering wheel." I believe that. Since women started voting and holding public office they have been aping men in men's vices.

The devil, with his horns and sneer, is pictured in man's form. An angel, symbolic of all that is good and pure, is shown as a woman. But their positions will be reversed if women don't get back on the pedestals men put them on. Once she starts down, a woman doesn't know when to stop.—*S. E. Schofield.*

Washington, D. C.—I suspect that Mrs. Watkins has been reading too much cheap literature.—*Youth.*

MARRYING MEN

Columbus, Ohio—Anice H. Kirk in December 1 Vox Pop says that women entered industry because men became less marriage-minded. Now I ask you: Would any right-minded man get married unless he could support a wife?

With women crowding men out of their jobs and bringing down wage and salary scales throughout the country, man is having a hard time supporting himself alone. The result is that marrying men are becoming as extinct as dodos.—*Charles Wilkens.*

ONLY ONE COMPLAINT

New York, N. Y.—I have taken Liberty since its first issue, and have always found in it something for each of the family. There is only one complaint I could make of the December 1 issue.

Allan L. Benson's article, Did Edison Try to Talk with the Dead? the detective story, Murder of Dr. Casanova, Helen Christine Bennett's Heaven *Won't* Protect the Working Girl, and Albert Payson Terhune's All in the Day's Work were unusually good. But the Cross Word Puzzle was too simple even for the kindergartners. — *Elizabeth D. York.*

ELMIRA'S ADMIRABLE PLAN

Elmira, N. Y.—When hard times came a few years ago, Elmira began to realize the need of a fund not only to bring new industry to the city but to assist industry already here. Under S. G. H. Turner and other leaders of the community, together with the assistance of the Association of Commerce, mass meetings were called and private meetings held. The citizens of the community had grasped the need of working together rather than separately.

A corporation was set up, known as Elmira Industries, with a goal of $400,000. This corporation is a non-profit organization. The subscriptions to membership are in multiples of $100, the receipt of which is identified by a "Good-Will Bond." Since the inception of the fund we boast of five new industries.—*Oscar Monrad, Secretary, Elmira Association of Commerce.*

FAST CAMELS

Walnut Springs, Tex.—Not being an Arab, I am ignorant as to the speed a camel can travel. But after reading Hell Riders, by W. J. Blackledge, in December 22 Liberty, in which camels are described as traveling sixty miles an hour, I could but wonder. It seems to me these were rather fast camels.—*Dr. R. G. Head.*

Kankakee, Ill.—I like camels and seriously object to having Mr. Blackledge riding them at sixty miles an hour over desert sands.—*A. L. Codere.*

Osage, Okla.—What kind of camels were those in Hell Riders?—*G. M. P.*

FREE FLYING FOR A FREE COUNTRY

Wauseon, Ohio—I am for Bernarr Macfadden. I am for his military school Castle Heights, in Tennessee, and his ideas about airplanes. We must build up a nation of strong, honest, fighting, and air-minded people. Every county should have an airport and planes, so that young men can learn to fly free of cost.

The world needs a champion. Once the United States builds up a fighting force so strong that no other nation will dare to rise up against it, the rest of the world will be seeking our favors and trade. Failure of this country to take its rightful position will bring internal revolutions, and finally destruction.—*Harold W. Lauber.*

INTERESTING OR PAINFUL?

Fon du Lac, Wis. — Nearly every week I am amused to find some question of my own answered in Liberty's Twenty Questions and Answers column. I hope you never discontinue this interesting column.—*Mrs. S. W. Keyes.*

West Granville, N. Y. — Twenty Questions and Answers gives me a pain. In November 10 Question No. 14 asks, Is goldenrod a wild flower or a weed? Every one should know that all wild flowers are weeds.—*E. H. Bemis, Prospect Gardens.*

WHOM WILL THE REPUBLICANS NOMINATE NEXT?

Spokane, Wash. — In his article, Whom Will the Republicans Nominate for President? (November 10 Liberty), Theodore G. Joslin forgot two of the greatest possibilities when he failed to mention Senator Bill Borah and Bernarr Macfadden.—*A Macfadden Supporter.*

Oswego, N. Y.—Although I'm a strong F. D. R. man, I would like to see Patrick J. Hurley as his opponent in the next Presidential race. I don't believe there is another who could capture as much interest as the former Secretary of War.—*Robert I. Cummings.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—For the Republican Party to repeat in 1936 its unforgivable blunder of 1932 in nominating Hoover would be foolhardy. Hoover's popularity among the mass of voters is as dead as ashes. The Republican candidate who could poll the heaviest popular vote in 1936 is James E. Watson, former United States Senator of Indiana.—*G. C. Allen.*

PRINCESS WRONG ABOUT HER DIAMONDS?

Philadelphia, Pa.—Princess Kropotkin made an error when she stated in To the Ladies! in November 24 Liberty that "diamonds are practically impervious to fire." My research as to the origin of precious stones has revealed that the diamond is the only precious stone that *will yield* to fire at a very high temperature and disappear entirely. This was demonstrated as early as 1751 by Emperor Francis Joseph I in Vienna.—*Helen C. Barker.*

SYMPATHY FOR THE WIFE

Memphis, Tenn.—If A Model Citizen is all he says he is, then Boston, Massachusetts, where he lives, might justly be proud of him. But when he extolled his virtues in December 22 Vox Pop he proved himself to be also either extremely conceited or insane. His wife, whom he says he envies because she has such a perfect husband, actually deserves sympathy for having to live with such a jackass.—*J. C.*

Wilmington, Del.—My advice to A Model Citizen would be to let others appreciate him instead of appreciating himself. His egotism overwhelms me.—*Far From Perfect.*

Gary, Ind.—If A Model Citizen had to pay according to the size of his head he would be charged two dollars for a haircut in Gary. Or does he wear long curls?—*Earl Harpe.*

Chicago, Ill.—No man living can be as perfect as A Model Citizen. His behavior may be 100 per cent toward other human beings, but probably he is unkind to his dog.—*J. T. F.*

HERE'S ANOTHER LETTER FROM SENATOR BRANDYWINE

Washington, D. C.—I have become convinced that the great failure of the New Deal to date is in the moral sphere. That is to say, it has as yet no real social objectives and no real idea back of it. Probably that is simply another way of saying that it is a new deal and not a

Pop

new game. Nevertheless, a new deal of the old deck, in spite of all the legerdemain in the world, will produce the same results. Whether it is the " profit system," individualism, or industrialism which is at fault does not matter. You can make any system work, with our present resources, provided you have a clear idea of what you are trying to do with it.

Certainly, " where there is no vision, the people perish," and we seem to be committing a very elaborate form of race suicide in default of vision in something. And we should never forget that Asia's answer to the West's announced belief that " living is also among the fine arts " is the perennial fact that the womb also is a weapon. Henry Adams saw us choosing between the Virgin and the Dynamo; but the Dynamo can never, in the long run, hold out against procreation.

Between the mass production of Western gadgets and mass production of yellow babies there can be only one result—unless we find some ethical basis for an attack on the economic problems. —*Senator Brandywine.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON A REPUBLICAN?

GOSHEN, IND.—Jay Franklin's A *New* Party—Not a Third Party, in December 29 Liberty, was the best forecast and analysis of our economic troubles that has been printed anywhere.—*Carl Ford.*

SPOKANE, WASH.—In A *New* Party—Not a Third Party, Jay Franklin wrote, " Jefferson did it when he broke the power of the Federalists under Hamilton and created the original Democratic Party." Thomas Jefferson was not a Democrat. I quote from Political Parties of Today: " The logical foundation of the Republican Party was laid by Jefferson." Andrew Jackson was the first Democratic President, according to the World Almanac.—*T. R. Lovejoy.*

GLENDALE, CALIF.—Jay Franklin must be one of those New York jays. That tone! " More Americans committed suicide during Herbert Hoover's administration than were slain by all the German armies "; and " Nearly two hundred billion dollars of American wealth was destroyed during the Hoover depression." Is that old propaganda bureau still functioning?

What this country needs is not a new party, a new deal, a new economic era, nor even a good nickel cigar. A youth party would not help any more than an age party. Young people are just as silly as old ones.

What we need is a practical, workable political system, which we haven't got now.—*G. R. Killen.*

MONROE, LA.—Jay Franklin stated that it was the young men and women voters who, " despite his blatant methods, support Huey Long against the Old Guard in Louisiana." This statement was partly true. The people of Louisiana were tired of the Old Guard and elected Long in the hope of better things. But they're asking themselves now, " Is Huey Long doing anything worth while? " and are quietly awaiting the next election to make him " show cause why " he should continue to represent them.—*Albin P. Lassiter, Attorney at Law.*

"NUTS TO THE NEW DEAL"

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Sir, as a Southern Democrat, an aristocrat, and a gentleman, I renounce the so-called Democratic Party of today. That organization has degenerated into the party of the " poor white trash."

The crazy-quilt experiments and socialistic theories of its present leaders have the approval of none but ne'er-do-wells and the something-for-nothing scamps. This mob of down-at-the-heels irresponsibles now constitutes the rank and file of what was once a great political body. As a follower of Jefferson and Wilson, who also were aristocrats, I disown the party as it now functions.

If I were not an aristocrat and a gentleman I would resort to a modern bit of slang to express my contempt. I would say, " Nuts to the New Deal! "—*Robert R. Wilson.*

BLUE EAGLE PLEDGE

CHICAGO, ILL.—I promise to support the NRA code and cut the arguments. To remember that we are in a " war," and that if it was all right for the government to ask a few million boys to give their lives to help settle a disturbance in Europe, it must be fairly reasonable to request a few million business men to endure a little discomfort for the common good. To bear in mind that, after all, this time my country is not asking me to leave my home and my family and show a machine-gun squad I can take it. To realize that patriotism is patriotism, even when there are no bugles. To regard the Blue Eagle as a Blue Eagle and not as a chisel-beaked woodpecker. To realize that the slogan is We Do Our Part, and not We Dupe Our Partner. To develop a rousing hatred of trickery. To remember that the only difference between a slacker in this crisis and a slacker in the World War is that the slacker in the World War had more good reason for being scared stiff.—*J. Kenfield Morley, Advertising Director, O. D. Jennings & Company.*

ARE NATIONS CATS AND DOGS?

JEFFERSON CITY, TENN.—I don't agree with the contention of H. G. Wells in his article, How to Bring Peace on Earth (December 29 Liberty), that the conflict of 1914-18 will be the last great World War.

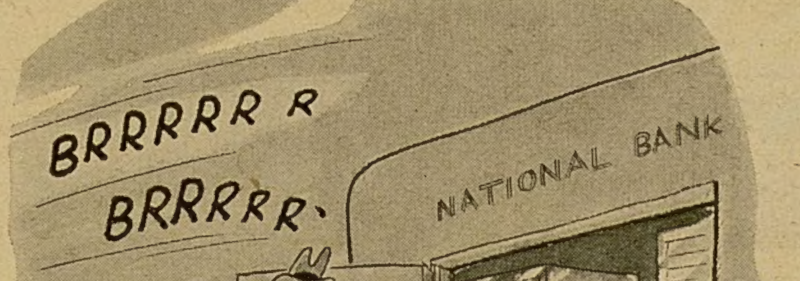
There will be wars as long as the world goes round, with probably a greater conflict than ever before. The United States should be prepared with an army, a navy, and an air fleet second to none.—*John W. Masengill.*

LUCERNE-IN-MAINE, ME.—Mr. Wells showed in his article that he is purely a theorist, and not an administrative officer of practical experience. As a philosopher he may recognize the trend of the times; but when it comes to giving us the details of a world state which he envisions, he apparently cannot, or does not, help us. Instead of being a destroyer of what we already have, why not try to build on its foundation? The American people support Roosevelt because he is practical. California rejected Sinclair because he was a theorist.—*Maxwell Kendall.*

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—I wonder if H. G. Wells got his idea about that " New Scale of dealing with human affairs " which he thinks is slowly taking place by observing European nations defaulting on their just debts?—*Melvin Gould.*

FLORENCE, MISS. — When I read Mr. Wells's proposal that all nations unite under one big government as a peace move, I thought of the story of Pat and his wife.

They fought continuously, and a neighbor, trying to mediate, pointed to a cat and a dog lying side by side in peace. " Yes," said Pat; " but tie them together and you'd see a h—l of a fight."—*Thomas E. Steen, M.D.*



"There goes the burglar alarm, Joe—the cops must be trying to get in."

For Your
WINTER
VACATION
In

Miami Beach
it's the
FLEETWOOD

A De Witt Operated Hotel

All rooms are outside rooms, well ventilated and with ocean or bay outlook. Ocean bathing, warmed by the Gulf Stream, just off shore; a choice of ten fine golf courses, deep-sea fishing, boating, horse and dog racing, polo, tennis, etc., are available. A private bus to ocean beaches at no charge, hotel-operated motor boats, private dock and splendid parking facilities.

¶ Two rooms, each with double bed and with connecting bath between, $16.00 per day for four persons. ¶ Room with double bed and private bath, $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00 per day for two persons. ¶ Club Suite of combination sitting room and twin beds, $18.00 and $20.00 per day for two persons. ¶ Parlor Suite, consisting of parlor and two bed rooms, $25.00 and $30.00 per day for four persons.

Other De Witt Operated Hotels Include:

In CLEVELAND it's the HOLLENDEN
In COLUMBUS it's the NEIL HOUSE
In AKRON it's the MAYFLOWER
In TOLEDO it's the NEW SECOR

A DeWITT OPERATED HOTEL

A·B·C Shorthand
IN TWELVE *easy* LESSONS

High school, college, or technical students who have at their command a practical, easy and efficient method of taking down lecture notes have a marked advantage over those who must set down all notes in longhand. Not only do you get far more from the lecture when it is delivered but when *examination time comes* a review of a word for word transcript of each lecture is the finest kind of preparation for successful passing.

Whereas it takes about two years to learn conventional shorthand methods, A. B. C. Shorthand can be mastered in from twelve to fifteen hours' study. Convince yourself of this fact by examining a copy of A. B. C. Shorthand now selling for only $1.00 postpaid. You risk nothing, for if it does not prove to be satisfactory in every way you can return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Send Coupon and $1.00 today

Economy Educational League,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. LIB 2-9-35.

I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of A. B. C. Shorthand. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove entirely satisfactory. (Enclose $1.25 from countries other than U. S. and Canada.)

Name.......................................
[illegible]reet.......................................
[illegible]........................ State...........

CONTENTS

Editorial 4
A Machine to End War .... Nikola Tesla 5
As told to George Sylvester Viereck
A famous inventor, picturing life 100 years from now, reveals an astounding scientific venture which he believes will change the course of history
The Ancient Dawn—*A story* .... Zona Gale 8
Hitler's Coming Doom—*Part II*
Princess Catherine Radziwill 14
Twenty Questions 20
A Charlie Chaplin on Four Legs .... Harry Lucenay 21
As told to D. E. Wheeler
Wife in Fame Only—*A story* .... Octavus Roy Cohen 22
Stirring, Shrewd, Sticky—*Movie Reviews*
Beverly Hills 30
Getaway Money—*Part III* .... Elmer Davis 32
Guests and Pests .... Baynard H. Kendrick 40
A hotel supervisor surveys mankind and tears his hair
Gambler's Maxim—*A story* .... James Edward Grant 42
Cross Word Puzzle 49
Safe with Alexander—*A short short story*
Marjorie McClure 50
$2,000 Game of Cities Contest 51
Passport to Hell—*Part V* .... James Warner Bellah 52
Good Books .... Oliver Swift 58
To the Ladies! .... Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 59
Vox Pop 60

Cover by H. R. Sklar

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

Beginning

WILD AS A HAWK

A Hollywood Novel

By

Vina Delmar

A WEST POINT FOR POLICE

By

Will Irwin

The surprising inside story of Uncle Sam's college-bred cops—soon, perhaps, to be given a national academy of their own

Other stories and articles by Adela Rogers St. Johns, Edward Doherty, Hagar Wilde, Dick Williams, and others

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Health Resort

...where building health is a happy game!

THIS great health resort, founded by Bernarr Macfadden, invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. This resort at Dansville, N. Y., is patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. A beneficent, non-profit institution. ¶ In addition to being the ideal health resort, the management of Physical Culture Hotel have gone to great lengths to make it a delightful and charming spot at which to spend a few days or weeks in rest and recreation. ¶ If you are seeking the ideal vacation resort or are generally run-down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

---------MAIL COUPON TODAY---------

Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L2-9,
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

Town ____________________ State __________

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies
They Taste Better

Copyright 1935,
The American Tobacco Company